

Tropic Landfall

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Books By
CLIFFORD GESSLER

TRAVEL AND HISTORICAL

Tropic Landfall: *The Port of Honolulu*

Pattern of Mexico

Hawaii: *Isles of Enchantment*

Road My Body Goes (*The Dangerous Islands*)

POETRY

Kanaka Moon

Slants

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Hunting Sperm Whale off the Harbor of Honolulu, 1833.

TROPIC LANDFALL

The Port of Honolulu

By

CLIFFORD GESSLER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. MACLEOD



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FIRST EDITION

Of the Sources

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to prepare a complete bibliography of the sources of all the material that helped to make this book. They have been so many, and the contact has extended over so long a time, that some would almost certainly be inadvertently omitted.

Fundamentally much of this material was gathered in now-forgotten conversations, in news or feature stories that I wrote, or the copy of which I edited, and in impressions derived subconsciously through years of association. Such sources can't be catalogued.

Thus the first immediate source is memory. But, since memory is not always reliable, I have checked it, as any conscientious writer must do, with written and printed records.

The first of these consists of my own notes—some of which are legible—and a file of newspaper clippings and similar aids to memory.

Other confirmation and expansion came from newspaper files, documents in the Archives of Hawaii, and old

Of the Sources

diaries and memoirs; and other works which are quoted in the text.

Historical facts were verified by consulting standard histories, old and new, among which I have used the scholarly works of Dr. Ralph S. Kuykendall as the definitive authority. Similar reference has been made to government reports and to publications of the Bishop Museum, the Hawaiian Historical Society, and the University of Hawaii.

Although avoiding duplication of my own *Hawaii: Isles of Enchantment*, I used that work in checking facts already confirmed from sources listed therein. Of the few verses interpolated in the text, *Hawaiian Columbus* is reproduced by permission of *Poetry World*; *Blue Sam-pans* from *Honolulu Mercury*, and the closing lines of Chapter XXXIV by courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers of my *Kanaka Moon* and holders of the copyright. To all these, my thanks.

I am grateful also to John Hamilton of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Harbor Commissioners of Honolulu, Major Dr. Alvin Lamb of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Experiment Station and the army, and Edwin H. Bryan, Jr., of the Bishop Museum, for late information; to the Library of Hawaii, the Library of the Bishop Museum, and the Archives of Hawaii for the privilege of research done long ago, and to many persons whom I can no longer name with certainty but whose words have helped to shape my picture of Honolulu—among them the sailormen whose yarns, spun in night watches on the Pacific or in afternoons of talk in Pacific ports, have enlivened, I hope, these pages. Some of them have sailed now on the last voyage: may they have found

Of the Sources

snug haven in the easeful port of the Island Hidden by Kane, where good Polynesian seamen go. . . . "It is a land not to be found by explorers who go seeking, for it is a land of the gods. Many are the good things of that land: the Living Water of Kane and Kanaloa is there; the dead, though their bodies be ashes, by that water shall have life."

And I wish to record here my appreciation of the encouragement and frequent helpful suggestions of my wife, Margaret Gessler, who shared my years in Honolulu and to whom, were dedications still customary, I would dedicate this book.

C. G.



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PROLOGUE

The Port at War

THE bombs fell. As this book went to press Honolulu was a closed port. Every ship entering or departing was under naval supervision. Freighters were being held pending formation of armed convoys.

War had struck in the Pacific. And it had struck first at Oahu, key point of United States defense in that ocean.

Over the seas around Hawaii ranged the navies and the air fleets of the United States and Japan, while Honolulu counted its dead.

Fifteen hundred, the word came, died on that Sunday morning, the seventh of December 1941, when Japanese bombers and machine guns struck that first treacherous blow. Fifteen hundred more lay in hospitals or in improvised emergency wards hastily established in schools.

Even while the "peace" envoys of Japan talked with Secretary of State Hull in Washington, even while President Roosevelt's personal message of firm but reasonable conciliation was in Tokyo for the Emperor of Japan, the

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aircraft carriers had been steaming toward their unwarned prey.

Somewhere in the unfrequented seas south of Hawaii, far from shipping lanes it was believed, they had lain in wait to speed forward beneath shielding darkness and to launch at dawn the swift bearers of death that bore the insignia of the Rising Sun.

Thus war came to Honolulu, as observers outside the Islands and a few thoughtful Islanders themselves had long expected, although many men of influence there had believed or affected to believe that it could not come.

High naval and military officers had expressed the opinion that war in the Pacific, if and when it occurred, would be fought west of the one hundred and eightieth meridian—far beyond Hawaii—and that no hostile fleet could approach near enough to attack the Islands.

But on that Sunday morning more lay dead and wounded on Oahu than had fallen in any twenty-four hours up to that time in the heaviest air attacks upon London.

Expected though it had been in some quarters, the assault came with devastating suddenness and with an undeniable advantage of surprise. The Matson Navigation Company alone, which had long carried the bulk of the freight and most of the passengers to and from the Islands, as well as plying to farther ports, had thirty-odd ships in the Pacific at the time. The liner *Lurline*, pride of the Matson fleet, bound from Honolulu for San Francisco, was gliding through the vicinity where a torpedo sent another American ship to the bottom. The ships did not turn back. They continued toward their destinations.

Shattering as the stroke was, its very suddenness and

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severity may have been, in the long run, for the best. It was a needed lesson. It united the Nation. The very shock of it jolted us out of our complacency, our political and industrial bickering, our absorption in petty personal affairs. It was a violent alarm peal calling, "America, awake!"

And in Hawaiian forests, jeweled with dew, bloomed the blood-crimson lehua flower, ancient symbol of battle's first slain.

Ended were the bright arrivals and sailings, fragrant with leis, gay with colored ribbons, and wreathed with melancholy, sweet, sentimental Hawaiian song. The dark diving boys no longer cleft the harbor waters. Honolulu was a port at war.

Silence lay over the air channels, censorship over the cables and radio waves that carry news. We in mainland ports, as the patrols droned day and night overhead, could not know all the details of those days in what had been called the Paradise of the Pacific. But we knew that death and suffering and destruction were in the flower-hung city around the gracious port, that our friends there were at the spear-point of peril, and that our Nation's life was at stake on that wide blue frontier of which Honolulu was the center and the gate.

Those whose profession was to know the strategic situation still maintained that Oahu was invulnerable to large-scale attack except by planes. Natural and man-made defenses—reefs and mountains and narrow beaches, heavily guarded, commanded by artillery and air power and by warships at sea—were held to make virtually impossible a landing of troops in force.

Islands in Hawaii other than Oahu had less immediate

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protection. But it was pointed out that a landing anywhere in the Territory of Hawaii in sufficient force to establish a striking base would require so large a convoy that it would be unlikely to escape early detection and interception. Estimates were quoted that ten to fifteen transports, accompanied by fighting craft and supply ships, would be needed for the troops and for the many tons of equipment necessary in military ratio for each man. Outlying harbors, with the exception of Hilo, were small and offered poor facilities. It would take days to unload, even without opposition—and meanwhile the fleet and the air forces from Oahu would be battering at the enemy expedition while it was in a highly vulnerable position.

While these opinions were being repeated or recalled, events in the Pacific were testing whether all that had been said of those defenses would bear up in the reality of battle.

Life in Honolulu had been changing rapidly in the last few years of armed peace. Day by day events had been building toward that sudden dramatic climax. As these words were written, Honolulu was under martial law; the army and navy were in charge. Japanese aliens were in custody; the Territorial "M Day" that had long been in preparation was in effect, and an auxiliary army of citizen volunteers, sprung from a dozen races, stood at its posts.

In the chapters that follow, the story of Honolulu up to that time is told and the life of Honolulu is pictured. Within that story can be traced the developments that led up to that climax, the reasons why Oahu had become this Nation's major stronghold in the Pacific—and the first to suffer devastating attack.

On the morning when the first bombs fell there cannot have been much time for thought, even for those citizens

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who, in characteristic Island fashion, hurried to the heights to watch the battle, just as in years of peace they had hurried to the volcano to watch the bombings and flame attacks of Nature. But in the days that followed there must have been many who remembered the words of Kamehameha, spoken on a day of desperate battle a century and a half before:

“Forward, my brothers, until you drink of the bitter water, for there is no retreat!”

Tropic Landfall

CHAPTER I

Tropic Landfall

YOUR SHIP GLIDES around the southeast point of the lozenge-shaped Island of Oahu, passing the furrowed dome of Koko Head, the tawny crouching lion shape of Diamond Head, the long white crests of surf that race over the reef toward the leaning palms and tall hotel towers of Waikiki. Honolulu Harbor is a sea monster's mouthful bitten out of a coral plain. Behind it rise steep mountains, mottled with the varied green of Hawaiian forest; their abrupt lift and bold modeling exaggerate their height.

The city of Honolulu curves along the shore, bending with its contours, sending spurs inland up deep green valleys, and climbing bladelike ridges that radiate between those valleys like fingers of a giant's hand.

Roofs peep through a canopy of foliage, save in the foreground, where the business and harbor district lifts its white or tinted walls. Even here tips of coconut palms brush cornices; along the shore at the right the flowering shrubbery and columned pergolas of Moana Park relieve the businesslike utility of the water front.

Tropic Landfall: The Port of Honolulu

Behind the town the cactus-bristling, truncated cone of an extinct volcano broods over the days when it was the Place of Sacrifice—since renamed, by a less devout race of mariners, Punchbowl Hill. Nearer the foreground two man-made landmarks write against the sky the signature of modern Honolulu: at the left, thrusting up from the industrial section, a huge tank in the form of a pineapple; at the water's edge, in the center of a row of piers, the pointed obelisk of Aloha Tower, with its clockfaces and its legend in bold block lettering, "Aloha," literally, "Love."

A tug chugs toward the ship. Its deck is crowded with people, over whose arms are draped heavy, fragrant garlands of flowers, the leis that traditionally express the spirit of the lettered greeting on the tower. Already you perceive that there is something different about this Island landfall.

Inside the harbor the water is dotted with dark heads of swimmers. Coins flash over the rail; bronze arms flail the water in quick strokes. The divers plunge in pursuit of the flickering disks of metal and come up with coins in their mouths.

As the ship eases alongside the steel-and-concrete pier a band blares welcome. Voices of singers soar above the clangor of the brasses, hailing arrivals in the ancient Island tongue. The pier is thronged with still more bearers of leis.

You may have resolved beforehand that you were not going to be moved by any of this "atmosphere." Perhaps you suspect that it is, in part at least, a synthetic tradition fostered, if not entirely without foundation in native custom, by a Tourist Bureau and a Chamber of Commerce.

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Perhaps you know that lei selling is a commercial industry, with a merchants' association, a code of prices, and "business ethics"; that the music wafting above that crowded pier is, in its origin, also synthetic, only remotely related to the authentic Hawaiian chant of old; that the diving boys are a comparatively recent development, largely an outgrowth of the tourist trade. Window dressing . . . tourist bait . . . but I'm not surprised, even though you may be, if tears gather in the cups of your eyelids and your voice trembles a little when you try to speak.

Traditions, of whatever origin, acquire a life of their own, and an atmosphere grows by accretion, developing and maintaining its own vitality. You yourself may have helped to create that atmosphere and that tradition. Honolulu, as I have written elsewhere, is in part a state of mind. For more than a century and a half the world has thought of it in terms of tropical glamour. Even in its commercial and industrial modernity it is still a threshold to the South Sea. In the vocabulary of travelers the world over, it is defined as one of the world's most alluring ports.

Newcomers who, despite all that has been written of the Islands, have been saturated with the romantic notion of Hawaii as it was long ago experience a shock on their introduction to Honolulu. This modern seaport city, with its sleek motorbuses, its animal and vegetable quarantine, its traffic police and income tax and virtually all the other blessings of civilization—can this be Honolulu? Where are the grass houses? Where is the lazy tropical life? Where are the natives?

In the nature of things Honolulu couldn't remain as it was. Situated only two thousand-odd miles from the continent—four and a half days' voyage by modern liners—

Tropic Landfall: The Port of Honolulu

the Islands couldn't avoid taking part in the growth of our country and contributing to that growth. But beneath the surface of its modernity something of the spirit of the old Hawaii lingers. The main theme of the ancient melody may have blown away down the wind of "progress," but its overtones still float in the scented air. Romance hasn't vanished. It has only changed its garment.

Perhaps you think of this as you look to the left, beyond the first harbor, to the great Kapalama basin, which wears the sober garb of trade. There freighters load the fruits of the Island earth that made Honolulu a world port long before the days of "luxury liners."

Through this port and other Hawaiian harbors flow about one sixth of the sugar and virtually all of the canned pineapple that are consumed in the United States. These alone make a business running annually to many millions of dollars. Through the port, too, pass other Island products; smaller in tonnage but no less interesting: coffee from the Kona coast, to add flavor and aroma to fine blends; small, sweet bananas; honey; January potatoes; canned tuna; guava jelly, and guava juice to be made into jelly in mainland factories, and small quantities of many odd and exotic things. And into the port stream the many products of all the earth that make Honolulu a place of gracious living.

I have pictured the port as I know it from years of residence and many voyages. But I see it, often, as it was before crowding pineapples and cane shrank the fields of taro and sweet potatoes, the groves of coconut and breadfruit. I see the harbor forested with masts of sailing vessels: fur traders, whalers, guano ships, sandalwood carriers, explorers, missionaries, when much of the Pacific still was



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.

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new. I see it blockaded by arrogant foreign admirals serving long lists of threatening demands upon one of the last independent Polynesian kingdoms.

I see it, too, before it became Honolulu: the shallow-mouthed inlet at the foot of the Nuuanu stream, with the coral reef stretching around it, the grass huts of fishermen on its shore, their dugout outrigger canoes drawn up on the narrow beach. I see Brown's Harbor. I see Ke Awa o Kou. I see Kulolia.

CHAPTER II

Brown's Harbor

IN ANCIENT TIMES the port that is now Honolulu was a rather obscure fishing settlement known as Kulolia. It is mentioned in Hawaiian tradition as an entry point for canoes bound up the Nuuanu stream to villages in the valley. Yet it had a certain distinction. A temple stood on the flat land of Pakaka near the water front; where Fort and Queen streets now cross, chiefs met to play a game resembling checkers, with pebbles on a scored flat rock. Along what is now Merchant Street they hurled the disk-shaped *maika* stone over one of the finest bowling courses in the Islands. A little inland, where Hotel and Nuuanu streets now intersect, was the Land of the Red Rainbow, where ghosts held carnival by night.

Hiiaka and Lohiau, immortal lovers of legend, entered this harbor in the course of their voyage from Kauai to Hawaii, and a little farther up the valley (at Nuuanu and Vineyard streets) Hiiaka's skill at the game of *kilu* won her sweetheart from the wiles of the local enchantress Peleula. I shall not go into details of *kilu*. It was a game of chance and skill, in which the losers paid a forfeit,

Brown's Harbor

somewhat as in the old-fashioned game of post office, except that they went into the matter more thoroughly.

But this harbor was comparatively unimportant in pre-discovery days and for some years thereafter. The great port at that end of Oahu was Waikiki. There stood the thatched palaces of the kings; there the war canoes were drawn up on the beach. Oahu itself was less considered, then, than the great Island of Hawaii in the south and Maui between.

Now, of the eight inhabited islands, Oahu is the chief, not in point of size, but as the seat of government and of business. And one of the reasons for this is Honolulu Harbor.

The early European discoverers passed Honolulu by with scarcely a thought. Captain James Cook did not land on Oahu at all, though William Bligh, against whom, in a later year, the men of the *Bounty* were to mutiny, sketched the Oahu sky line from the deck of one of Cook's ships. Cook's first anchorage in the Islands was at Waimea of Kauai in 1778. He went to his death in the following year at Kealakekua on Hawaii, and his companions carried to Europe the news of his discovery of the Islands. Clerke, King, and Gore, officers of his ships, coasting along the windward shore of Oahu after their commander's death, landed on the opposite side of the island from Honolulu in February 1779. They were the first white men who are known, in certainty, to have set foot on Oahu. But they did not know of Kulolia or, as it had come to be called by that time, the Harbor of Kou.

In the dim time before written history, when Kekuhihewa was king of Oahu, a chief named Kou was the marshal of his warriors, and this chief had a fishing camp

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on the shore of Kulolia. Hence the land and the harbor on which it fronted became known as Kou.

"Eyes will meet at Kou," chanted a chiefess there, who loved the Shark Man who still haunts the waters between the harbor and Koko Head. And to this day, from the ends of the world, eyes meet at Honolulu.

At about the same time when the Lord Marshal Kou was staking out his fishing camp along the harbor, another chief, it is said, occupied another fief under Kekuhihewa farther up the valley. This chief's name was Honolulu. For many years, far into the time of the white men's occupation of the island, a stone that stood near the intersection of Liliha and School streets was called Pohaku o Honolulu, the Honolulu Stone. But the area between the present course of Hotel Street and the sea was "the Land of Kou."

Guided by a native, Captain William Brown of the English ship *Butterworth* came, in the early 1790s, to the harbor hidden behind its low bar of coral and sand, where the Nuuanu stream mingles its mountain flood with the salt tide of the Pacific.

Brown's tender, the *Jackall*, crept cautiously along the narrow, twisting channel into a deep, calm anchorage behind the guarding reef. The *Butterworth* followed. And Captain Brown, looking up and inland from his deck, saw the fluted cone of Punchbowl looming over the plain, and the green valley of Nuuanu sloping upward, curtained with mist, to the Pali notch that looks down toward Windward Oahu. At either side of that lofty gate the whirling winds of heaven flowed about the sentinel peaks.

Brown called his new-found port Fair Haven. But for

Brown's Harbor

years after it was known among men of the sea as Brown's Harbor.

The transition from Fair Haven to the present name of Honolulu is plausible enough, for the English and the Hawaiian words can be bent to a similar connotation. John Wesley Coulter, in his *Gazetteer of the Territory of Hawaii*, says that *hono* is an obsolete word for harbor, and that Honolulu means, quite literally, Quiet Harbor. One interpretation of the Hawaiian name is "Where the Back of the Neck is Sheltered from the Wind." A more poetic version is "Place of Abundant Calm."

Other captains followed up Brown's discovery. William Broughton of the British ship *Providence*, in February 1796, "came to anchor abreast of a small harbor called Fair Haven" and made a survey of it, "using the boats three days."

Otto von Kotzebue, in the Russian frigate *Rurick*, surveyed the harbor again in 1816, alarming the natives. When he set up flags for the survey they thought he was preparing to seize the Island. To calm them Kotzebue had to take down his flags and use brooms instead.

Lieutenant Malden of the British frigate *Blonde*—the same for whom Malden Island, in the Equatorial Isles, was named—made still another survey of Honolulu Harbor in 1825.

But Captain Brown, of all foreign explorers, seems to have found Honolulu first. With it, he found his doom.



CHAPTER III

Death at Fair Haven

IN DECEMBER 1794 three ships lay in the new-found Fair Haven. They were Brown's *Jackall* and *Prince Lee Boo* and Captain John Kendrick's *Lady Washington*. Around the peaceful-seeming shores stirred the ferment of feudal war.

The Islands then were ruled by independent or semi-independent chiefs, each of whom held an island or district and allotted tracts of land within it to his vassals. But events were shaping toward a change.

In the years preceding Captain Brown's discovery of the harbor two powerful lords had been conquering their neighbors and augmenting their territories. The more formidable of them, up to the time of his death in 1794, had been Kahekili the Thunderer, supreme chief of the Island of Maui. But on the greater Island of Hawaii had been rising Kamehameha, the Lonely One, whose destiny, according to chanted phophecy, was to "swallow the land."

About 1783 or earlier the Thunderer, at the head of his spearmen and slingers, had invaded and occupied Oahu,

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making his headquarters at Waikiki. Then, in alliance with his half brother Kaeo of Kauai, and himself controlling Maui, Oahu, and Molokai, he prepared to meet the attack he knew was coming from Kamehameha.

By the 1790s European and American ships were calling fairly frequently at Hawaiian ports, and the contact introduced a new element into Hawaiian warfare: the use of guns. A race for armament sprang up among Hawaiian chiefs. Turbulent local lords, partly out of greed and partly in revenge for outrages committed by unscrupulous foreign captains, cut off and captured visiting ships. Others acquired ships and guns by trade. Deserters from the fo'c'sle and sailors kidnaped by chiefs became military and naval advisers.

Some weapons were salvaged from wrecks. When Captain Henry Barber sailed from Honolulu the last day of October 1796 for Canton with a cargo of sea-otter skins from Nootka Sound, his brig, the *Arthur*, was wrecked on a shoal near Pearl Harbor. He and sixteen survivors of his twenty-two men reached the shore near the promontory that has since been called Barber's Point. John Young, the kidnaped boatswain of the American ship *Eleanora*, who had become a chief under Kamehameha, salvaged the cargo and later returned it to Barber, but Kamehameha mounted ten guns from the *Arthur* in front of his palace and refused to return them or to trade for anything but powder. He got the powder.

On another occasion a visiting skipper told Kamehameha he could have an anvil if the royal divers could bring it up from ten fathoms. They dived. The anvil was too heavy to raise to the surface. So, in relays, they rolled it along the bottom for half a mile until they got it ashore.

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Kamehameha had the advantage in the armament race, since more ships called at his island. When Kahekili and Kaeo attacked Hawaii in 1791, Kamehameha's fleet met them with withering broadsides from foreign guns. The remnant of the Maui and Oahu war canoes fled to their own harbors, and the Thunderer and his ally began preparing for the next clash.

Kahekili died in the spring or summer of 1794 at Waikiki. Kaeo of Kauai and Kahekili's son Kalanikupule fought for Oahu. Kaeo's army marched from Waianae, on the west shore, toward Waikiki. By December they were in the Ewa district, only a few miles from Honolulu.

Kalanikupule and his vassal chiefs looked at the three foreign ships in Fair Haven. There were guns and powder and bullets aboard those ships: munitions with which the invaders might be repelled.

They made a deal with Brown—so many muskets, so much powder and ball, for so many hogs and sweet potatoes, casks of water, bundles of firewood. Thus armed, they marched to battle. But still Kaeo's troops advanced.

News from the front came to Fair Haven. Kalanikupule's army was being driven back. Brown was in a fair way to lose the uncollected balance of his bargain.

George Lamport, mate of the *Jackall*, and eight English sailors dashed to the rescue of the hard-pressed Oahu troops. From boats along the East Loch of Pearl Harbor their flanking gunfire shattered the invading ranks that were deployed along the low shores. Then the Oahu spearmen charged, falling in wild fury upon the regiments that had already been thrown into confusion. The Kauai army was routed. Kaeo, its leader, was surrounded and killed.

When Lamport and the sailors returned to the ships:

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"Man the guns," ordered Brown. "This victory deserves a salute."

Thunder of the guns rolled out over the still waters of the harbor and reverberated from the tumbled hills. And Captain Kendrick, in the cabin of the *Lady Washington* near by, crumpled in his chair, his head falling forward to the table.

There were no inquests in Honolulu in those days and no official records. Kendrick's friend Captain Amasa Delano wrote that one of the *Jackall's* guns had been loaded, by error, with round shot and grape. He added that, besides Captain Kendrick, several members of the *Lady Washington's* crew were killed.

The bodies were borne ashore. Files of sailors followed them across the coral plain to the foreign burial ground, where "Padre" John Howell, an English clergyman voyaging on the *Lady Washington*, pronounced the rites for the dead. The natives watched with superstitious awe, interpreting the ceremony in the light of their own customs and beliefs.

"See," they muttered. "The haoles perform sorcery. They invoke their gods to bring death to Brown."

The word haole will necessarily occur several times in this book, since there is no exact substitute for it. It meant, originally, a foreigner, a stranger. Since most of the foreigners in the Islands were white men, the term later became almost synonymous with "white person" but not precisely so. It usually means a person of northern European descent. The word is in common use by people of all races in the Islands and may be said to have been adopted into the English language.

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A few days later the *Lady Washington* sailed for China. Brown, with his two ships, remained.

A chief, it is said, approached Kalanikupule. "Brown is under the spell of the English kahuna who came with Kendrick. He is already doomed by the foreign gods. Let us seize his ships. With those ships and the guns we can crush Kamehameha."

Kahuna is another word that has entered the English language as spoken in Hawaii. Originally it meant, in Hawaiian, a member of any of the learned professions. More recently it has come to refer almost exclusively to sorcerers of one kind or another, especially, as in this case, to those whose specialty is "praying" people "to death" by incantations.

The king, it is related, opposed this treachery at first, but his need was desperate. His advisers insisted. The plot was laid.

Brown, confident of the king's gratitude and friendship, suspected nothing. On New Year's Day, 1795, his ships still lay in the harbor. Most of the sailors were ashore, in quest of such recreation as Island villages afforded to men of the sea.

Suddenly armed warriors swarmed over the side. Swift, unequal battle surged on the decks of the *Jackall* and the *Prince Lee Boo*. The few seamen who had remained aboard were helpless against the weight of numbers. Brown and Captain Gardner of the *Jackall* were killed.

The Oahu chiefs hurried to strike at Kamehameha before he could complete his plans for invasion of their island. They rounded up the crews of Brown's ships and compelled them to fit the vessels for the voyage to Hawaii. There is a story that while doing this some of the sailors

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smeared the rigging with a nauseous oil and then waited for the motion of the ship to take effect.

Whether this story is authentic or not, it appears that when the ships had been warped out of the harbor and lay in the swell off Waikiki, few of the Hawaiians aboard were in condition to fight. The two mates, Lamport and Bonallack, gave a signal, and the English sailors rose in a concerted attack. Marlinespikes and belaying pins crashed on skulls; knives flashed; guns were seized. The battle was brief. Soon many of the Hawaiian warriors lay crumpled on the decks, and the rest were swimming for the beach.

Setting the king and queen and their immediate attendants ashore, the mates and crews sailed for the Island of Hawaii. There they told Kamehameha's advisers, those stout seamen John Young and Isaac Davis, of the warlike preparations at Oahu. They left Kamehameha some arms and ammunition before they sailed for Canton.

Kamehameha was already mobilizing an army that is said to have numbered sixteen thousand men and the largest fleet of armed ships and transport canoes ever assembled in the Islands up to that time. They overran Maui, then Molokai. When they landed along the southern shore of Oahu the canoes are said to have stretched along the beach all the way from Waialae to Waikiki.

The crucial battle was fought on Oahu. Kamehameha pushed northward over the coastal plain that was to become the site of the city of Honolulu, past the port, and into Nuuanu Valley. There the Oahuans made their last stand. Crackle of musketry, thunder of cannon mingled with the whine of slingstones, the hissing of spears. The precipitously boxed head of the valley became a trap. Bones of Kalanikupule's warriors are still found, it is said,

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on the steep slopes and at the foot of the cliff that plunges twelve hundred feet to the windward plain. Most of them, however, were buried when John H. Wilson, later mayor of Honolulu, built the Pali road that replaced the ancient trail.

For several years Kamehameha remained on Oahu to consolidate his conquest. The island, and Honolulu with it, gained in importance. Had this sequence of historical events not occurred when it did, it is possible that Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, would have become, as some early voyagers predicted, the principal port of the Islands.

Kamehameha's conquest ended the period of confusion and turbulence. There were no more major disturbances. In 1810 Kauai submitted to diplomacy rather than risk battle, and from then on Kamehameha and his successors ruled all the islands. Except for a few brief rebellions there was peace for many years. With relative stability trade increased, and the port of Honolulu grew.

Ships out of Boston and other Atlantic ports rounded the Horn, collected furs from the Indians of northwest America, and then sailed to the Islands to trade trinkets and tools, firearms and ammunition, and all manner of knickknacks, in exchange for sandalwood. They traded the furs and sandalwood in China for silks and tea. In the first few years after the conquest all these ships had to come to Honolulu. For trading was controlled by Kamehameha, and Kamehameha at that time was at Honolulu or at near-by Waikiki. From year to year Honolulu Harbor was more and more thickly forested with masts.

Honolulu was already a village of several hundred grass huts under slanting palms when Archibald Campbell, a Scottish sailor who had been maimed by freezing in the

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Arctic, was landed there to recover as King Kamehameha's guest. For a year or more Campbell, like Mephibosheth in the Scriptures, "continued to eat at the king's table, and was lame in both his feet."

Campbell left one of the earliest detailed descriptions of the port:

Three miles to the west of Whyteete [Waikiki] is the town of Hanaroorā [Honolulu], now the capital of the island and residence of the king. The harbor is formed by the reef, which shelters it from the sea, and ships can ride with safety in any weather, upon a fine sandy bottom. There is a good channel through the reef, with three or four fathoms of water, but if there is a swell, it is not easily discovered, as the sea often breaks completely across. . . .

A small river runs by the back of the village and joins the sea at the west side of the harbor. Owing to the flatness of the country, the water is brackish, and there is none fresh to be had within several miles of the place. Ships, however, can be supplied at a moderate rate by natives, who bring it from the spring in calabashes.

The thatched huts straggled along the shore under the leaning trunks and tawny and green fronds of tall coconut trees; others clustered along the stream. The king's houses—for, in the Hawaiian fashion of his time, he had several, for different purposes, as we have in our houses several rooms—stood near the shore. They were protected on the land side by a palisade above which flew what Campbell described as the British colors. Perhaps Kamehameha was still flying the British flag Captain George Vancouver had given him, or perhaps this had already been replaced by the Hawaiian flag, adapted from it.

Near by were two stone storehouses where the king

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kept European articles which he had acquired in trade. The harbor was as yet unimproved, but the king's one-hundred-ton brig *Lelia Byrd* lay at a rude wharf, and her sixteen guns had been mounted as a land battery. His smaller vessels, of which he had about thirty, "chiefly sloops and schooners, built by his own carpenters," were drawn up under sheds at Waikiki, where he had another palace, built of wood and stone.

Already there were some sixty European residents, living in grass houses like those of the natives. Among them were the Spaniard Don Francisco de Paula Marín, Wynn the American, the king's councilor Isaac Davis, deserters from ships, half a dozen convicts from Australia, and others. Among the Australian group was "Long Willie" Stevenson, celebrated as the first distiller of ti root into the fiery beverage called okolehao.

(Ti, or la-i, is a plant of the lily family. Some botanists call it *Cordyline terminalis*, and others *Taetsia fruticosa*. The layman may recognize it as dracaena, although it does not belong to that group of plants. Most okolehao in modern times has been made not from ti root, but from raw sugar, pineapple parings, and rice. The genuine ti root "oke," however, is considered to be of such superior quality that it has become almost a legend.)

Such was Honolulu when the High Chief Kalanimoku, depressed at being deserted by his wife, told Kamehameha: "I want to burn the world."

"Burn!" replied the king.

And Kalanimoku set fire to the village.

The harbor water in those days bit deeper into the land than now; the present lower part of Fort Street and the adjoining piers are on "made" land. The fort from which

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the street takes its name was built a few years later, as Hawaii's first answer to a foreign threat.

The *Bering*, a trading ship sent out by Alexander Baranov, Russian governor of Alaska, was wrecked in 1815 near Waimea, Kauai, and the salvaged cargo was left in care of Kamehameha's vassal Kaumualii, king of that island.

Later in the same year a passenger disembarked from the American trading ship *Isabella* at Kailua, on the Island of Hawaii, where Kamehameha then was residing. He presented himself to the king as Dr. Georg Anton Scheffer, German physician and naturalist. Would the king permit him to travel through the Islands collecting specimens of plants and minerals?

The king told the harmless-seeming German to proceed in the interests of science. Dr. Scheffer made a leisurely tour, collecting as he went.

In the spring of 1816 the Russian ships *Ilmen*, *Kadiak*, and *Otkyrie* arrived at the Islands, and Scheffer's mission as an agent of Baranov became apparent. He appears to have intrigued against Kamehameha with King Kaumualii of Kauai; then, returning to Oahu, built a blockhouse at Honolulu, over which he raised the Russian flag.

Reports came to Kamehameha, mingled with complaints that the Russians had desecrated the temple that stood near Honolulu Harbor. Kamehameha sent his elite guards to the scene. The Russians, confronted by a superior force, left for Kauai. There they built a stone fort, the ruins of which still remain at Waimea, before they were expelled from that island.

Meanwhile John Young came up from Hawaii to fortify Honolulu Harbor for the king.

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The fort built under Young's supervision remained a landmark for nearly half a century at the water's edge, where the street that was named for it slopes gently to the piers. Old chronicles say "all the men and women of Oahu" were summoned to erect it. It extended three hundred and forty by three hundred feet. Its walls, built of adobe faced inside and out with coral blocks hewn from the reef, were twelve feet high and twenty feet thick at the base. Forty-two guns rested on old-fashioned carriages atop the parapet, to which stone steps mounted from a two-acre parade ground within. Facing on the parade ground were stone cells—for the fort served also as a prison—as well as a powder magazine and two frame houses, used as barracks and a police court. Against the wall leaned rude shanties put up for shelter by the soldiers. At high tide waves dashed upon the seaward wall. On the landward side the main entrance was closed by heavy wooden gates.

Kotzebue, on his more friendly Russian visit in 1816, called Honolulu Harbor "the most beautiful spot in the world, if the entrance were not too shallow for large ships."

His ship, the *Rurick*, anchored at the harbor entrance, "because the wind blows all day out of the harbor," until, in the calm just before sunset, she was towed into port.

Towing was done by ships' boats, or, as another visitor described it, by canoes. "On our handing out a hawser to these fellows, who, if sufficiently numerous, could, I verily believe, tow a vessel swimming," wrote Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1841, "we were speedily hauled close to the wharf."

Other early accounts describe gangs of natives, tram-

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pling a towpath along the reef, hauling ships into the harbor in the manner of Volga boatmen. An old print shows the same task being performed by oxen. Still other sources tell of ships anchoring outside, for fear of striking the reef, and the crew rowing the passengers half a mile to the harbor.

A lookout on Punchbowl Hill watched for ships rounding Diamond Head, and boys ran through the streets blowing conch shells to announce arrivals.

Fur ships, sandalwood ships, whalers, miscellaneous traders, smugglers to ports of Spanish America, thronged the harbor. And in 1820 came a ship with a new kind of "cargo" that was to exert a powerful influence toward making Hawaii and Honolulu what they are today.

CHAPTER IV

Gospel Ship

ON OCTOBER 23, 1819, the brig *Thaddeus*, Captain Blanchard, sailed from the Long Wharf at Boston, amid the solemn cadences of hymns and the rolling periods of prayers. In the cramped quarters aboard a group of earnest men and women, most of them young, cherished an inward flame of devotion. They believed they had been chosen by God to redeem a nation from idolatry.

In the forty years since Captain Cook had died, "with his face in the water," beneath the clubs and daggers of outraged warriors at Kealakekua, foreign influence in Hawaii had been almost entirely secular. Most of the traders and sea captains who called at the Islands, and deserting seamen who settled there, were more concerned with profits of trade, or with pursuance of their own notions of happiness, than with interfering in the customs and religious beliefs of the natives. Such influence as they did exert was mainly by example rather than precept—and often that influence was not wholesome.

But now the "god in the black box," whose coming had been prophesied by a high priest of Hawaii, was on the way.

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Eleven "companies" of New England missionaries were to follow later. Those aboard the *Thaddeus* were the pioneers. The names of a few of them and of some who joined them later were to become prominent in the history of Honolulu and of the Islands: Bingham and Thurston of the first company; Dole, Judd, and others, among them some who were not technically ordained ministers but who were associated with the mission, such as Castle and Cooke. A few of these names are synonymous with power in the Islands today.

The voyage was long and hard—approximately six months at sea, around the Horn and across the Pacific. The missionaries were crowded, two couples to a room—for all were married. The Board of Missions had deemed it unwise to send bachelors into the temptations of a heathen land. Hence before sailing each unmarried man was obliged to choose a wife who was willing to undergo with him the hardships and possible dangers of life at the gospel front.

Most of them were not long out of college. Old portraits show the faces of the men grave and stern, those of the women demure under the peaked bonnets that caused Hawaiians to dub them "longnecks."

Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, the only ordained ministers in the company, practiced their calling on the seamen in the course of the voyage, but apparently without very promising results. Samuel Whitney, making himself useful aboard by painting ship, fell into the sea but was rescued.

At one o'clock of a March morning in 1820 Tom Hopu, a Hawaiian youth from the school that had been founded for his kind at Cornwall, Connecticut, laid his hand on

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the shoulder of Samuel Ruggles as the latter lay asleep in his bunk. Hopu beckoned Ruggles to come on deck, and he saw the snow-crested summit of Mauna Kea, the White Mountain, shimmering ghostly under the moon.

Early next morning Hopu went ashore with a landing party to "discover the state of the Islands." From fishermen they learned momentous news.

"With almost breathless impatience to make the communication," wrote Sybil Bingham, "they leap on board and say Kamehameha is dead. The government is settled in the hands of his son Liholiho—the tabu system is no more—men and women eat together—the idol gods are burned! How did we listen? What could we say? The Lord has gone before us and we wait to see what He has for us to do."

By "the tabu system" Mrs. Bingham meant the complicated restrictions, consecrations, and prohibitions which made up much of the practice of the ancient Hawaiian religion. The word tabu has been definitely adopted into the English language and can be found in any fairly comprehensive dictionary. Its meaning is too complex to define here in full. In its modern Hawaiian form, kapu, it is used extensively in the Islands to denote "forbidden" or "no trespassing."

Thus the missionaries, who had prepared themselves to face martyrdom, if necessary, at the hands of a hostile priesthood allied with royal power, learned that they had come to a country whose gods were dead.

I do not think of the Hawaiians of that time, or of pre-discovery days, as a savage people, but merely as a people whose background and environment had produced a culture differing from ours. Lack of metals and of some other

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natural resources, and prolonged isolation, had restricted their material development, but they had a well-defined social system, a rich, though unwritten, literature, and a code of ethics which, though it did not coincide in all points with ours, had its noble aspects. They lived in permanent communities; they practiced agriculture and such arts and crafts as their environment permitted. They had their poets and philosophers, their astronomers and surgeons, their orders of nobility and of priesthood. In general, if in a somewhat irregular scope and uneven distribution, they had most of the essential attributes of a civilization. Some of its features were deplorable; the same might be said of some of our own ways. I venture to suggest that that civilization might have taught some helpful things to ours.

But it was a Polynesian, not a European civilization, and it was "heathen." Hence the missionaries looked upon it with a shocked and pious pity, and the more ignorant laymen viewed it with undiscerning contempt.

It is the fate of most such cultures to crumble beneath the impact of more aggressive ones. The world tends toward a monotonous uniformity, imposed by the standards of the dominant race or races. And the good, along with the bad, of the old, islanded cultures vanishes away. The old Hawaiian life was already doomed. The formal abolition of the tabu was but a symptom of the change.

Despite the lack of Christian endeavor in the years since the discovery of the Islands, the ancient gods had been declining, as natives saw foreign residents violating tabu without serious consequences. But the gods had received at least nominal honor as long as Kamehameha lived. Their breath floated with his into the Great Darkness in May

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of 1819. And the old faith was buried half a year later, while the messengers of the new God were already upon the sea.

Gradually the newcomers learned the rest of the story. The overthrow had proceeded from various causes, but in part it seems to have been precipitated by a feminist revolt. The laws of the old faith, which were designed to exalt priests and chiefs, had become complex and burdensome, and they were particularly grievous to women. Women were forbidden to eat certain foods or to eat at all in the company of men. These restrictions applied even to Kaahumanu, Kamehameha's favorite wife, and to Keopulani, mother of his sons and highest by birth in all the land, before whom the Conqueror himself must kneel.

In selecting this single aspect for comment, because of its interesting nature, I am overemphasizing its importance. In a larger sense, as Dr. Ernest Beaglehole has pointed out (in his *Some Modern Hawaiians*), the abolition of the tabu was only an outward expression of the changing attitude resulting from forty years of contact with foreigners—in other words, a symbol of the disintegration of Hawaiian culture.

After Kamehameha's death these powerful dowagers urged the young new king Liholiho (Kamehameha II) to abolish formally the tabu system, which was already being violated in secret.

The king consulted Hewahewa, the high priest. As Hewahewa told a Boston man on the *Thaddeus*, both he and the king favored the change, but each feared to admit his attitude to the other. He reported their conversation as follows:

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King: "What do you think of the tabu?"

Hewahewa: "What do you think?"

King: "Would it be well to break it?"

Hewahewa: "That lies with you."

King: "Just as you say."

In November 1819 the fateful step was taken. Liholiho and his companions had been reveling at sea for two days. On the way to Kailua, where a feast had been proclaimed, the king hurled a bottle of liquor into the sea, saying, "Let the gods of ocean be drunk, even as men."

Chiefs and foreigners were bidden to the feast. Food was placed, as usual, separately for men and for women. But the king sat down among the women and began to eat. This action was the signal of the revolution. For then, as those present later told the missionaries, the guests cried out, "The tabu is broken."

The action was not unanimous. The king's cousin, Kekuaokalani, who was custodian of the war-god, rebelled. Conservatives and disaffected elements among the chiefs and their followers supported him. Beneath the banners of the ancient gods a mighty army formed.

Kalanimoku, the king's commander in chief, drew up his battle line from the mountain to the sea. The rebels were entrenched on a hill behind a stone wall. The king's troops charged and drove them back. At Kuamoo the partisans of the gods made a determined stand, and for a time the result was in doubt. Then Kekuaokalani fell, bleeding from many wounds. Reviving, he struggled up, but was unable to stand. He sank down on a stone. There he loaded and fired his musket until he could fight no more, but covered his face with his feather mantle and died. Manono, his wife, who had fought beside him all day, called out

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for mercy. A bullet pierced her temple and she fell across her husband's body, dead. The conservative rebels were defeated.

Thus arms confirmed the royal power, and the tabu was no longer the law of the land, although the chiefs continued to hold many of their sacred prerogatives and the old practices were not entirely abandoned. Indeed, some vestiges of them survive even now.

All these events occurred on the Island of Hawaii, but they helped to shape the future of Oahu and of Honolulu.

When the missionaries came to the land that was without gods they sought audience with the king. Liholiho, having just broken the power of one body of priests, was not certain whether he should admit another. No doubt he feared the growth of foreign influence. In any case, foreign influence was already at work.

John Young, who had been his father's adviser, counseled Liholiho to admit the newcomers. Some of the queens, too, favored them. It appears that the royal ladies were intrigued by the clothes of the missionary wives and by the prospect of obtaining such garments, as well as of having many a delightful feminine chat about fashions. The New England women, meanwhile, were just as eager to put clothes on the queens.

When one of the royal wives urged her husband to admit the missionaries the king replied: "If I do I'll have to put you away, and three others besides, for the foreign religion permits a man to have only one wife."

Nevertheless, the missionaries were admitted, and the king kept his wives.

The children of Daniel Chamberlain, the missionary farmer, unwittingly played a part in convincing the court

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of the harmless intentions of their elders. Nancy Chamberlain, two years old, captivated the queens. They insisted on keeping her with them, and her mother, at this critical moment for the future of the mission, dared not offend them by refusing. She passed two anxious days until the little girl was returned to her. For those two days Nancy was the pet of the entire court. Her brother Daniel, at the age of six, became the teacher of one of the highest chiefs, a stout warrior who had fought at the side of Kamehameha in many a bloody battle. The young instructor commented that his pupil was "very dull."

The king and chiefs insisted that if there was to be education, they must have it first. "It is not good," they said, "that the people should know more than their rulers."

So the nobility first, and later virtually the entire nation, went to school. Liholiho, although described as "not studious," learned to read in four months. Meanwhile, however, he had other instructors whose precepts were not approved by the missionaries. White companions of a different sort taught him four-letter words that were not a part of the missionary vocabulary. They also taught him card games and cultivated the taste which he had already developed for liquor.

The missionaries settled at strategic points on the several islands. Bingham and Chamberlain established headquarters in Honolulu, in the district called Kawaiahao, not far from the harbor.

Honolulu in 1820, as Bingham described it, was "an irregular village of some thousands of inhabitants, whose grass-thatched habitations were mostly small and mean." Fishponds and salt pools lay along the shore; taro was planted in the valleys. The missionaries occupied grass

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houses lent by foreign residents until they obtained permission to erect the frame building which came, in pieces, around the Horn, and which still stands on King Street in Honolulu.

Laura Judd, a missionary wife arriving with a later "company," vividly described Honolulu as she viewed it from the deck of the ship *Parthian* on March 30, 1828, 148 days from Boston:

A mass of brown huts, looking precisely like so many haystacks . . . not one white cottage, no church spire, not a garden nor a tree to be seen, save the grove of coconuts. . . . The background of green hills and mountains is picturesque. . . . A host of human beings are coming out of that long, brown building. It must be Mr. Bingham's congregation, just dismissed from the morning service; they pour out like bees from a hive. I can see their garments of brown, black, and white print and yellow native tapa.

At night there were lights among ships in harbor and off port, but none was visible ashore. "The houses are windowless, looking dark and dreary as possible."

Dust swirled over the arid plain between the huts of grass. Kaahumanu, the queen dowager, sent carts drawn by natives to meet the new arrivals. Mrs. Judd refused to ride in such style and walked with her husband from the landing. Later, however, she learned to ride in a litter, the usual conveyance of chiefs.

Bingham described his first church as "resembling a haystack without and a cage in a haymow within." It was merely a grass house of unusual size. Cattle and goats nibbled away its outer coat as high as they could reach. and twice a cigar butt tossed by some careless or hostile white man set the church afire. More than twenty years

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passed before it was replaced by the dignified structure of coral blocks that now stands on the site at Kawaiahao.

"Kaahumanu," wrote Mrs. Judd, "treated us like pet children; examined our eyes and hair, felt of our arms, criticized our dress, remarking the difference between our fashions and those of the pioneer ladies, who still wore short waists and tight sleeves instead of the present long waists, full skirts, and leg-of-mutton sleeves." The dowager even held the missionary ladies on her ample lap.

Mission wives in those days had their hands full. Mrs. Judd found Mrs. Bingham keeping house, teaching natives, and besieged with requests to make clothes. The king had ordered half a dozen shirts, ruffled, with pleated bosoms, and a broadcloth suit. With Mrs. Ruggles' help, she made the shirts. The suit was a more difficult problem. Finally they took apart an old coat and cut it over on an enlarged scale. The king was satisfied.

Another missionary wife, after making three dresses for a chiefess, rebelled at the demand for a fourth and suggested teaching the chiefess's servants to sew.

Converted chiefs, though some backslid at times, took the new faith seriously. Evidently they considered the missionaries successors to the old priesthood and the Protestant establishment the prop of the kingdom, as the old tabu system had been.

Doubtless they perceived, too, that the missionaries, though somewhat narrow in their views, were sincere in seeking to promote the welfare of the Hawaiian people. The rulers of Hawaii came to rely upon Bingham, William Richards, and others for advice and for protection against the encroachments of traders, sea captains, and foreign powers. Richards and Dr. Gerrit P. Judd eventually re-

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signed from the mission and became government officials. Several sons or grandsons of missionaries served in royal cabinets. Hence arose controversies, the echoes of which are still heard. Traders, sea captains, and representatives of foreign powers complained that the missionaries "usurped the government of the Islands."

As time went on and the feudal system of landholding was changed to a system of individual title in order to conform to practice elsewhere, some missionaries and sons of missionaries acquired land. Some descendants of missionaries or of persons associated with the mission went into business. Some of these prospered, and a few families of missionary descent are wealthy and powerful in the Islands today, along with some descendants of sea captains and of early traders and of other foreign settlers who married Hawaiian noblewomen. Hence arose the generalized assertion which is often heard, to the effect that the missionaries "stole the Hawaiians' land."

However these matters may be, the primary purpose of the mission was achieved. By the end of the American Civil War the Islands had been declared Christianized, and the parent board cut them loose, while the locally organized Hawaiian Board, in turn, was conducting missions in other islands, some of which were headed by sons of original missionaries. A ship played a prominent part in this extension of missionary activity—three ships, in fact: the three vessels that succeeded one another in service under the name *Morning Star*. They plied to the Gilbert Islands and the Marquesas, bearing Hawaiian missionaries and others into lands where conditions did not favor them as much as the situation in Hawaii had favored their predecessors. I recall meeting a group of Micronesians, far

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from their home and mine, who displayed with pride and affection a Bible and a hymnal, translated into their language. "Bingama! Bingama!" the natives repeated. Those works are a fitting memorial to the Rev. Hiram Bingham II, apostle to the Gilbert Islands.

By the time the original mission was considered to have completed its work a good part of the Hawaiian people had learned to read and write and had acquired an elementary education in other subjects. Indeed, we owe to the original missionaries the reduction of the Hawaiian language to written form and the choice of a simple and fairly consistent phonetic system to represent the sounds of that language in Roman characters. In the interests of consistency and ease of pronunciation, it is particularly fortunate that they represented the vowels by their approximate Latin equivalents. Most of the now-written languages of the islands of the Pacific were developed in that form by missionaries.

This is as good a place as any to insert a note on the Hawaiian language for the convenience of those who may wonder how the names of persons and places mentioned in this book are pronounced. It's really a more consistent language than English. The thrifty missionaries used only twelve letters of the alphabet to represent its sounds.

For the present purpose we don't have to be too precise or detailed about this. In general, *a* is sounded as in "father"; *e* as in "obey"; *i* as in "machine"; *o* as in "more"; *u* like our long *oo* in "moon." In a few words some of these vowels take a slightly shorter sound. The consonants take the sounds we naturally give them in English, except that *w*, in a few words, is pronounced like *v*.

The missionaries were puzzled over what to do with

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three of these consonants, which were in a process of transition. They debated whether to choose *k* or *t*, *l* or *r*, *w* or *v*. They made a survey and decided that the majority of Hawaiians rendered the disputed sounds as *k*, *l*, and *w*. From a standpoint of Polynesian consistency this decision was unfortunate, since a large portion of Polynesia has clung to *t*, *r*, and *v*. But most Hawaiians today pronounce their language as the missionaries transcribed it.

Accent of syllables follows a fairly definite rule, but the difficulty is that you have to know the language before you can apply the rule. The rule is, "The accent generally falls on the penult," that is, the next syllable to the last, of a word, and this rule is good for about five words out of six. But many words are made up of two or more other words, each of which may keep its original accent. Thus, Hawaiians tell me, the name of the last king of Hawaii is properly pronounced Ka-LA-KA-oo-a. That's because the name is composed of three words: *ka*, the; *la*, day or sun, and *kaua*, war. And Haleakala, the big crater on Maui, is HAH-lay-ah-ka-LA, for the same reason. It means House of (or Built by) the Sun.

It's beside the point, but this word *kaua* looks just like another word which is the pronoun of the first person, dual number, inclusive form, meaning "thou and I." So when one of those dancing girls in a skirt of green ti leaves sings "*Honi kaua wikiwiki*," she's not declaring war. The phrase means, "Let us two kiss in a hurry." And from the tone of the text, I suspect that "*Kaua Kabuabuai*," which the makers of phonographic recordings have labeled "Hawaiian War Chant," has just as little to do with hostilities. The words indicate that it's erotic.

Long Hawaiian words often bewilder strangers. The

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secret of pronouncing them is to divide them calmly into their component parts. For example, there's nothing intrinsically difficult about *humuhumunukunukuapuaa*, the big name of a very small fish. HU-mu-HU-mu is the generic name; the rest is a descriptive term for the particular species. NU-ku is snout; double it, and you get emphasis; this fish has a lot of snout. *A* is a preposition that in some circumstances means "of" or "belonging to." PU-A-'a is pig. The *humuhumunukunukuapuaa* is the kind of *humu-humu* that has a snout like a pig.

The ' in the above explanation indicates a sound that the missionaries ignored but which is still regularly pronounced by Hawaiians. Often it is the only distinguishing characteristic between words of very different meanings. It represents an ancient *k* that was lost out of the language while the Hawaiians were changing the original Polynesian *t* to the modern *k*. The word for pig was originally *puaka*. The Hawaiians have dropped that ancient *k*, but they allow for it by what authorities on language call a glottal stop. This explanation may sound formidable, but the glottal stop need cause no real difficulty. You just get ready to say a *k* and then don't say it.

There are no silent letters: every syllable is pronounced. Always sound the *h*. Say a-LO-ha, not a-lo-a. Say Ka-MAY-ha-MAY-ha. And *u* doesn't create a *y* in front of itself, as it does in "United States." Don't say YOU-ka-lay-lay. Say OO-koo-LAY-lay (though I have heard Hawaiians shorten up that third syllable so as to say OO-koo-LEL-lay, and they ought to know). And spell it UKU-LELE. There is no *e* in the second syllable.

This isn't the place to go into full details of that rich and intricate language. But a very few of the most com-

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mon errors may be mentioned. Old residents don't say HON-a-LOO-la. They say HO-no-LOO-loo. If they're old-fashioned or a bit pedantic, they pronounce it so you can't tell whether they're saying loo-loo or roo-roo, which is one of the things that gave the missionaries such a hard time in the 1820s.

That brings up again the vexed question of the *v* and the *w*. That's the one that bothered the missionaries the most. If you listen to Hawaiians you'll hear them saying *w* most of the time, but sometimes *v*. Early authorities say the true sound was somewhere between *v* and *w*—and that doesn't help much. But most people say Wy-kee-KEE, and practically everybody says HAH-lay-EE-va and EV-va. There's another of those rather misleading rules, to the effect that *w* is *w* at the beginning of a word and *v* in the middle of a word. But that isn't always so. In this case, too, words that are composed of other words tend to keep the original sounds of their component parts. That happens very often when the definite article has become part of a name, as in Ka-Wai-Loa, the Long Water; Ka-Wai-Hapai, the Lifting, or Pregnant, Water, and so on. And I have yet to hear any resident call Wahiawa, on Oahu, anything but WA-hi-a-WA. But Kaaawa, on the same island, is pronounced Ka-ah-AH-va.

One hears radio announcers say Hah-VY-ee, but that doesn't necessarily make it correct. Historically there's some ground for that pronunciation, since the parent land for which Hawaii was named seems to have been called Havaiki. But I haven't heard many Hawaiians or old residents pronounce the name of the Islands with a *v*. Nearly all say Hah-WY-'ee.

When in doubt, follow the general rule in regard to the

Gospel Ship

sounds of the letters; break the word up into its syllables, and distribute the stress fairly evenly, and you won't go very far wrong.

Throughout their work in the field the missionaries contended with more opposition from white men than from Hawaiians. A bishop from a remote South Sea diocese once told me: "Our problem is not so much to convert the natives, most of whom are already converted, as to convert the unregenerate white men." The clergy in Hawaii had that problem too.

At the same time there were resident and visiting foreigners who welcomed and aided the missionaries. Hiram Bingham, writing his memoirs many years later, recalled among the outstanding memories of his arrival in Honolulu the kindness of a sea captain, "a godly man," who invited him in from the hot, dusty street and gave him a cup of tea. As early as 1827 the Rev. Mr. Bishop at Hilo, "after marrying twenty Hawaiian couples in one day, proclaimed the Gospel to listening crowds of the people and the crews of nine whaleships, free from the distractions which rum sometimes occasioned where it was sold."

In Honolulu the Rev. John Diell opened the Seamen's Bethel in 1833, and in 1837 the first church for foreign residents. I am not sure how largely the services for seamen were attended, but the chaplain didn't confine his activities to preaching. He and his successor, the Rev. Samuel Damon, helped seafaring men in many ways, often quite practical. It is a curious commentary on the surviving regionalism of the Islands that the principal church in Hilo attended by white persons is still called the First Foreign Church, and that the annual report of the Board of Harbor Commissioners of Honolulu as late as 1941 still

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referred to other craft than inter-Island ships as "foreign" vessels.

King Liholiho tolerated the missionaries and accepted instruction from them, but when they urged him to accept the faith he temporized.

"I know my sins are great," he is reported to have told them. "But I am young. Give me five years; then I'll turn and become a good man."

But no prophet revealed to Liholiho his future—the outcome of his voyages.

CHAPTER V

A King Puts to Sea

I WROTE once of another land: "The islands know many farewells." An aroma of parting clings about islands, to which ships always are coming and from which they are always sailing away. There have been sad voyages in and out of Honolulu. And there have been voyages that might have been sad, but instead were somewhat comic.

On a July day in 1821 the young King Liholiho set out, with a party of friends and servants, in a small sailboat. His companions thought the excursion was to be a short pleasure sail. Two chiefs, Boki and Naihe, were with him, as well as Naihe's wife Kapiolani, another woman, and about thirty attendants.

When the boat was well clear of the land the king suddenly ordered the helmsman: "Steer for Kauai."

The Island of Kauai is about a hundred miles from Oahu. The party had aboard no food or water, no chart or instruments. The channel was roughened with wind.

The helmsman protested: "We have no compass."

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The king, who had been drinking, spread out his hand: "Here is your compass."

The king's word, in those days, was final. They sailed on. Waves broke over the sides. Twice the boat nearly capsized. His companions, wet and cold and terrified, begged the king to turn back.

"Bail out the water and go on," he commanded. "If you turn back I'll swim to Kauai."

All night, in such discomfort as can be imagined, they battled the waves. In the morning they were off Waimea, then the chief port of Kauai.

Not only the perils of wind and wave had caused Liholiho's companions to fear the voyage. They were not sure how safe they would be on Kauai. For that island, alone of the archipelago, never had been conquered. Kamehameha I had made two attempts. The first time his fleet was scattered and decimated by a storm. The second time an epidemic smote his army, and he postponed the invasion. But in 1810 Captain Nathan Winship, an American trader who wished to promote peace in the Islands so as to facilitate collection of sandalwood, brought King Kaumualii of Kauai to Honolulu for a conference with Kamehameha. At that meeting it was agreed that Kaumualii would continue to rule Kauai but would acknowledge Kamehameha as his overlord and that the kingdom would pass to Kamehameha at Kaumualii's death.

Thus Kauai had remained semi-independent. Naihe, who was a sagacious chief, and possibly Boki as well, must have reflected that Liholiho was undertaking a risk in placing himself, with so small a party, in Kaumualii's power.

The Kauai king, however, received them graciously

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and sent a ship to Oahu to relieve anxiety there over the king's absence and to bring the wives of several of his guests to Kauai. Boki's wife Liliha hadn't waited. Her outrigger canoe, dipping under a small sail and manned by four stout retainers, arrived at Waimea the next day.

Chiefs and foreigners gathered around the two kings. Kaumualii spoke:

"Liholiho, when your father was living I acknowledged him as my lord. Since he died I have held you as his rightful successor. Here, then, are my land, my warriors, my guns and powder, my ships, my fort. Do with them as you will; they are yours."

There was silence as chiefs and foreigners awaited the reply. Then Liholiho answered: "I did not come to take away your land. Keep your island, your guns and ships, your fort and your men."

There was feasting for weeks; there were games and dancing and tours of the island. The royal yacht, *Haaheo o Hawaii* (formerly *Cleopatra's Barge*), which Liholiho had bought for ninety thousand dollars' worth of sandalwood, arrived, bringing nobles and ladies of the Honolulu court to join in the feasting.

One day the unsuspecting Kauai king accepted Liholiho's invitation to go aboard the yacht. As the two rulers sat in the cabin Kaumualii felt the deck sway beneath him. Stepping to a porthole, he saw the green and rosy shores of his island slipping away. He never saw them again. Liholiho had secretly given the order to sail with his royal guest aboard.

Kaumualii was received in Honolulu with royal festivity, but he was not permitted to return to Kauai. Meanwhile, it is said, a group of Oahu chiefs discussed the matter

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among themselves. Would it not be wise to remove Kaumualii permanently and thus make sure he would cause no trouble? A little poison in the earth-baked pig or in the fish steamed in ti leaves, or disguised by the bitterness of the narcotic beverage awa, would eliminate what they considered a potential threat.

Stout Isaac Davis, himself a chief, learned of the plot and was revolted by it. Davis had been the sole survivor of a massacre when Chief Kameciamoku cut off the schooner *Fair American* in 1790. Under Kamehameha's protection Davis had become, along with John Young of the *Eleanora*, a companion and adviser of the Conqueror.

Davis whispered a warning. And within the month Davis himself was dead. Gossip averred that the vengeful chiefs had turned on him the plot he had exposed.

Kaumualii lived, but he lived a prisoner—in more ways than one. His handsome features and courtly bearing had attracted the affection of Kaahumanu, most forceful of the widows of the first Kamehameha. Kaahumanu always had had an eye for men. Captain Vancouver reported that she once asked him to persuade her husband to cease beating her after she had remarked that a certain young chief was handsome. And an affair between her and Chief Kaiana is believed to have caused the only recorded defection in Kamehameha's army at the time of his conquest of Oahu. It is said that Kaahumanu warned Kaiana that their relations had been discovered, whereupon he fled and joined the enemy, and a cannon ball ended his life at the battle of Nuuanu.

Kaumualii and Kaahumanu were married on October 9, 1821, a circumstance which did not deter the dowager from marrying also Kaumualii's son Kealiihonui. As a

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missionary recorded, she and her two husbands attended church together, riding thither in state in the first carriage seen in the Islands, drawn by a dozen natives. Kaahumanu, characteristically, occupied the driver's seat. Kealiiahonui sat on the footman's box, and Kaumualii rode in solitary grandeur within.

The home life of Kaumualii and his bride was not entirely tranquil. Kaumualii, who had been friendly to the missionaries from the beginning, was pious, and Kaahumanu, at first, was not. On one occasion, when he delayed a meal by saying grace, she hurled a plate at his head. The missionary chronicler who tells the story adds that the plate didn't hit him, having been deflected by a loyal retainer. When Kaahumanu, at length, was converted, she exerted the same impulsive vigor in destroying sacred images associated with the ancient faith—an activity which pleased the missionaries but which is deplored by archaeologists. So pronounced was the change in her attitude that she was called "the new Kaahumanu." Her last word, as she lay dying in her home in Manoa Valley, was "Aloha"—love.

Liholiho's longest voyage was not to turn out as fortunately for him as his reckless one to Kauai.

The king had long wished to visit England. That country had been considered Hawaii's friend ever since the visits of Captain Vancouver in the latter years of the preceding century. Indeed, the British officer had recorded in 1794 what he called a "cession" of the Island of Hawaii to Great Britain by Kamehameha I, although it is probable that Kamehameha had in mind only a protective alliance. With the suspicious actions of the Russians

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still fresh in Hawaiian minds and American settlers becoming numerous, the son of the Conqueror is believed to have felt that it would be wise to cultivate British friendship, even to the extent of a formal protectorate. Other reasons have also been suggested for his visit to England. The "five years" which the king had allotted to himself for enjoyment of life before yielding to the austere faith of the missionaries were passing. It has been surmised that, by taking only one wife with him on the voyage, he intended to make a test, to see how well he could endure monogamy.

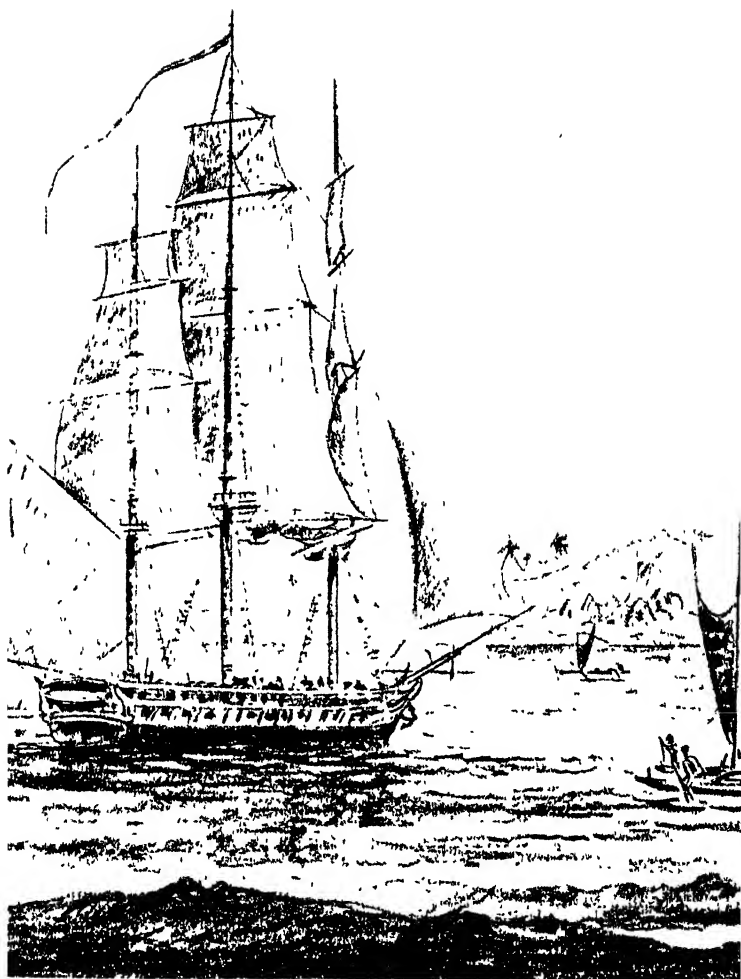
A note of foreboding sounds in contemporary accounts of his departure. As the ship *L'Aigle* sailed from Honolulu on November 27, 1823, Kamamalu, his half sister and favorite wife, who was accompanying him, chanted a sad, poetic farewell to her native land:

*Land for whose sake my father was eaten by sorrow,
farewell, alas! farewell!*

Several chiefs, including Boki and Liliha, went with them, besides a staff of servants and the king's secretary, Jean Rives. The king's younger brother, Kauikeaouli, was named as heir apparent, under the regency of Kaahumanu.

The chronicles hint that the king, on his five months' voyage, "fell among thieves," or at least among gamblers. Neither Rives nor Captain Valentine Starbuck of *L'Aigle* ever accounted for fifteen thousand dollars of the royal funds alleged to have been spent en route. Liholiho, however, still had ten thousand dollars left when the party arrived in London in May 1824.

The royal visitors made an obscure and rather ludicrous entry. Notice of their arrival had not been given the



Arrival of H.M.S. *Blonde* from England with the Bodies of
Liholiho (Kamehameha II) and His Wife Kamamalu, May 6,
1825.

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authorities, and their baggage was left aboard ship at Portsmouth when they went up the river to London. When first seen in the British capital, Queen Kamamalu and her companion Liliha, attired in trousers and velveteen bedgowns, were playing whist with soiled cards and complaining of the unaccustomed cold.

As soon as King George IV was informed of their arrival he saw to it that they were received royally. Memoirs of the time indicate that they enjoyed their visit in London. They went to the opera, the theater, the Epsom races. After they discharged Rives they felt so good that they drank twenty bottles of wine in celebration.

They relished the sights and sounds of the city and the new foods—although on one occasion, in passing a market, the king saw a fish that reminded him of home. With delight he snatched it from the hands of the astonished fishmonger and carried it to his lodgings where, it is related, the party ate it raw.

In the midst of the merrymaking the High Chief Manuia fell ill of measles. Manuia recovered, but the malady swept through the royal party. Polynesians, who had been isolated from the rest of the world for centuries, had not acquired resistance even to diseases which are regarded by the white man as relatively mild. Measles, as late as 1848, killed ten thousand persons in Hawaii, or one tenth of the estimated population. Even the common cold, in some parts of Polynesia, has been known to decimate the inhabitants of an island.

The king and queen, among others, were stricken. King George sent his own physicians to attend them. But the best medical skill of London did not avail Kamamalu, beloved of the Hawaiian king. On the eighth of July it became

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evident that she would not rally. Liholiho, who was recovering, sent away his attendants and sat by her side. At five o'clock he asked to be taken to his own bed and lay there without speaking. At about six o'clock word was brought that the queen was dead. Liholiho made no further fight for life. Contemporary accounts say he chose not to live without Kamamalu. Six days later his spirit followed hers into the ancestral Darkness.

The survivors, with the bodies of the king and queen, sailed for Honolulu on the forty-six-gun British frigate *Blonde*, commanded by Captain the Right Honorable George Anson, Lord Byron—"a cousin of the poet, and," wrote the missionary Bingham, "a very different man."

The *Blonde* arrived at Honolulu on May 6, 1825. Forty chiefs drew the two catafalques; before them marched twenty other nobles, wearing feather capes and carrying, in pairs, ten feather standards. As the bodies were borne to the mausoleum that stood in the grounds of the present capitol, the air was shrill with wailing for the royal dead.

Byron carried secret instructions to establish a protectorate if the Islands appeared to be in danger from any foreign power. He found no occasion to act at that time, but the British policy expressed in those instructions was to have its influence upon later history.

Boki brought the new king and his chiefs this message from King George:

"Return to Kauikeaouli and tell him I will protect his country. To any evil from abroad I will attend, but evils within the country are not my concern."

Boki himself was to sail from Honolulu a few years later on a voyage that was to be remembered in sorrow—one of the strangest voyages that ever started from that port.



CHAPTER VI

Sandalwood Quest

THE TRADE that was to build the Port of Honolulu, along with other Island ports, started with provisioning of ships—the hogs and sweet potatoes that were bartered to Captain Cook and other voyagers for mirrors, nails, and bits of old iron; the fresh water that was traded, a calabash of it for a nail. The Hawaiians had had no metal, save what had drifted ashore attached to the timbers of wrecked ships. Iron was more precious, to that belated Stone Age people, than gold.

Ships on the way to and from China took on firewood and water, pork and salted fish, chickens, vegetables, ropes of coir—that cordage of coconut fiber that was considered better than all others for hawsers. In exchange they left firearms and ammunition, rum, cloth, tools, and furniture and miscellaneous trinkets for the chiefs.

Later, as Hawaiians learned the value of money, the king and important chiefs accumulated hoards of big silver dollars coined in Spanish America. Ships from Atlantic ports rounded the Horn, traded with the Indians of the northwest American coast for furs, and traded the furs in

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China for silks and tea. They traded, too, with the Russians in Alaska and Siberia and smuggled goods into the Spanish settlements of Mexico and California. Nearly always Honolulu or some other Hawaiian port was a supply station. Often ships wintered at the Islands.

About 1790 someone discovered that sandalwood grew on Hawaiian mountains. It is a curious tree, which appears to grow independently but is really a parasite on the root of another tree. It was valued, and still is, for its fragrance. In China at that time it would bring up to eighteen dollars a picul—a weight of 133 $\frac{1}{3}$ pounds. In Hawaii, if not worth its weight in money, it was worth its volume, or more, in ships. In places not yet invaded by modern towns and modern crops great furrows are still pointed out as “sandalwood pits.” A hole was dug of the size of the ship to be bought, and the hole was filled with sandalwood as the price. Sometimes the price was higher. In 1817 Kamehameha paid for the ship *Columbia* “twice its full in sandalwood.”

Captain William Douglas of the schooner *Grace*, in 1790, and the unfortunate Kendrick of the *Lady Washington*, in 1791, left men on Kauai to gather the wood. But the trade really got under way twenty years later, with the activities of three Boston skippers: Nathan Winship of the *Albatross*, Jonathan Winship of the *O'Cain*, and William Davis of the *Isabella*. Kamehameha controlled the Islands' sole export, and the three Yankees contracted with him for a monopoly of the trade. The war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain interfered with commerce, and the contract lapsed, but after the war New England traders swarmed in Hawaiian ports.

Canny old Kamehameha regulated the cutting of the

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wood, conserved the forests, and accumulated a store of bright silver dollars. His successor was less shrewd or less forceful in controlling his subordinates. The royal monopoly was abandoned, and chiefs entered the trade on their own account. They bought foreign articles recklessly, for, among them as among us, imported things were considered superior. Under the authority of the chiefs the man power of the country deserted the fields for the forests. While nobles filled their homes and their storehouses with foreign goods the people hungered and sickened. The sandalwood trade has been listed, along with disease and the introduction of foreign customs, as one of the causes of the decline in numbers of the Hawaiian race in those years.

There was no more conservation. The fragrant trees became scarce. And still the chiefs, pressed by debt, demanded more.

By 1826 the claims of foreign traders were estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. The chiefs could not pay. Lieutenant John Percival, in the United States warship *Dolphin*, obtained an acknowledgment of these debts in the name of the Hawaiian government. Later in the same year Captain Thomas ap Catesby Jones, in the *Peacock*, confirmed this obligation. The king and chiefs imposed a tax. Every able-bodied man was to deliver half a picul of sandalwood or four Spanish dollars, or goods to that value. Each woman was to bring a lauhala mat twelve by six feet in size, or a tapa of like value, or one Spanish dollar. In addition, each man might cut half a picul of sandalwood for himself if he could find it.

Thus the scented forests perished. Not utterly; there is still a tree of the species here and there in the mountains, though the "sandalwood ships" that the Spanish novelist

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Vicente Blasco Ibáñez thought he saw in the harbor of Hilo when he visited the Islands in the 1920s were only lumber schooners bringing building material from the Pacific Northwest. In recent years Territorial foresters have planted new sandalwood trees, of a more valuable species, imported from the Orient. These will mature long after those who planted them are gone.

The slaughter of the sandalwood forests led to a fateful voyage. The "sandalwood debt," which had become the national debt of Hawaii, dragged on. The tax of 1826 failed to meet it in full. Among the chiefs who were entangled in the debt and partly responsible for it, was Boki. An old portrait preserves his coarse but handsome features, in which a hint of the recklessness of his character may be discerned, and the beauty of his wife Liliha. They held lands on Oahu, of which they gave the missionaries a large tract for the campus of Punahou School.

Plagued with debt, Boki plunged into new and ever-expanding ventures in the effort to recoup his fortunes. He sent ships to Alaska, to the American coast, to the Philippines and China, to Tahiti. He opened a hotel and a retail store in Honolulu. He planted sugar and made rum. But Hawaiians were not yet accustomed to business, and it is probable that shrewd foreigners took advantage of Boki and other chiefs. In addition, Boki fell out of favor at court. The regent, Kaahumanu, who by that time was full of the zeal of a convert, plowed up Boki's cane fields and planted them to potatoes, forcing him to close his distillery.

In 1829 Boki's known obligations included one fourth of a national debt estimated at about forty-eight thousand dollars and additional personal debts growing out of his

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business ventures. Moreover, his rum selling, his opposition to the "blue laws" of the time, his association with "ungodly" traders, and his befriending of Catholic clergy had embroiled him in controversy with the ruling group, which was closely associated with Protestant missionaries.

"My fault" (or debt), Boki admitted, "smells from Hawaii to Kauai."

Just when his fortunes seemed tottering to disaster a ship from Australia brought news of a "sandalwood island" in the New Hebrides in the far South Seas. One Thomas Blakesley asserted that he could guide Boki to that island of fragrant treasure.

In the king's absence Boki fitted out the royal brigs *Kamehameha* and *Becket* and sailed from Honolulu on December 2, 1829. Aboard were more than four hundred Hawaiians and foreigners.

The Rev. Sheldon Dibble recorded that "the outfit of water was put aboard on the Sabbath Day, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties and faithful admonitions of some influential church members." Thus the enterprise was considered in some quarters to be doomed from the start. Dibble wrote of the result: "Their own rash and ungodly enterprise was made use of to sweep them from the earth."

The reason Boki gave for the undertaking was that he must have sandalwood to pay off the national debt. But he also said he would not return "until a certain chief is dead." It is believed he meant Kaahumanu.

From the reports of the survivors a fragmentary story of the expedition has been gleaned. Both brigs arrived at the Island of Rotuma, north of Fiji. Natives of that island were recruited to cut the wood. Boki, in the *Kamehameha*, sailed from Rotuma, leaving instructions for the *Becket*

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to follow and meet him at Eromanga in the New Hebrides.

The *Becket* arrived at Eromanga. Boki was not there. The expedition waited. Boki did not come. And the strange country gnawed at the Hawaiians. For the New Hebrides are no such mild islands as Hawaii. They are deeply tropical, jungled, miasmic. Their people are of a different race, and at that time they were still warlike and vigorous. The adventurers did not get along well with the natives, who resented attempts to force them to cut sandalwood. Spears and arrows whizzed from the bush. Fevers coiled out of the dank forests. Tortured nerves broke, and the newcomers quarreled among themselves. And still the horizon showed no sail. Still Boki did not come.

For five weeks this went on. Manuia, commander of the *Becket*, who had survived the measles in London, succumbed to infection at Eromanga. With a crew crippled by disease the *Becket* sailed for Honolulu. Death sailed with her. Food and water supplies failed; tropical fevers and diseases of malnutrition struck ever more savagely. Daily bodies—and even sufferers not yet dead—slid over the side to the sharks.

On August 3, 1830, the *Becket* sailed wearily into Honolulu Harbor. Of more than four hundred who had left in the two ships, only twelve Hawaiians and eight foreigners remained alive.

The "certain chief" died two years later, but Boki never returned. Men guessed at his fate: storm, wreck on an uncharted reef, or a cigar spark wafting into the gunpowder. And some remembered Boki's discontent, his words, "I will not return until . . ." Had he landed on some unknown island to found his own kingdom, free from traders

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and missionaries and from debts that "smelled from Hawaii to Kauai"?

In my own years in Honolulu there came a report of the discovery, deep in the interior of New Guinea, of a tribe differing from its neighbors and superior to them in culture. It was said that tribe resembled, in some ways, Polynesians. And some imaginative persons nodded their heads, murmuring, "Boki."

CHAPTER VII

The Life of the Land

KAUIKEAOULI, King Kamehameha III, stood on the rampart of the fort, looking gravely down upon the assemblage that thronged the parade ground. Nobles and commoners, foreign residents, officers of the British navy, stood tense and silent, awaiting his words.

The mild Hawaiian sunlight slanted across the harbor, casting sharp shadows from the parapeted walls. The trade wind wafted down from beyond the green mountains behind the town; past the lower bastion waves danced beneath the sun. But a shadow, felt though not seen, rested over Honolulu.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of February 25, 1843.

Erect he stood, the sadness of his handsome dark face accentuating the royal dignity of a son of Kamehameha the Conqueror. Slowly and solemnly he spoke: "*Auheau oukou* . . .

"Where are you [i.e., Hear ye!], chiefs, people and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands. Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in per-

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plexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause; therefore, I have given away the life of our land, hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges, shall continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct shall be justified."

It had been a troubled throne to which Kauikeaouli had ascended after the death of his elder brother in London nineteen years before. At first the strong regency of Kaa-humanu had afforded some protection. Even then troubles had multiplied.

The main source of difficulty was the presence of a growing colony of foreigners, some of whom had scant regard for Hawaiian customs and Hawaiian rights. The situation was further complicated by conflict among the foreigners themselves—between those of different nationalities and between the missionary element and some of the merchants and sea captains.

These groups intrigued constantly against one another, seeking influence in the court and sometimes stirring up dissension among the Hawaiians. One source of trouble was the difference between Hawaiian and European ideas of property, particularly in land. Hawaiian land tenure was feudal, vested in the king and allotted by him to his chiefs and through them to the people, and it was revocable at will. The king and chiefs gave, and the king and chiefs took away. So it could happen that a foreigner who thought he had bought property found, inconveniently, that he had acquired only temporary permission to use it.

Another cause of dissension was the clash between two broad groups of foreigners and between corresponding groups of natives over the laws regulating community

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morals. Some merchants and sea captains wanted a "wide-open town." The more powerful chiefs, relying upon the advice of New England missionaries, had enacted stern laws, the nature of which was summed up in the proposal of 1825 to declare the Ten Commandments the basic law of the land. Some traders and mariners resented missionary "meddling," as they considered it.

Still another difficulty arose from religious differences. The New England Protestants, arriving first, had acquired influence with important chiefs. When Roman Catholic missionaries arrived in 1827 Hawaiians who had been converted by the New Englanders regarded the newcomers with suspicion. There had been such a revulsion against "idolatry" that the regent Kaahumanu and her associates could not distinguish in principle between the wooden gods they had burned and the images of the Roman saints.

Hawaiian authorities closed grogshops and levied prohibitive duties on liquor. They fined and imprisoned foreigners for drunkenness, gambling, and adultery. They expelled Catholic priests and set Catholic converts to breaking rock, as convicts. In pre-Christian times religion and the feudal government had been so intertwined that the Hawaiian mind considered them inseparable. Some of this feeling persisted. In the 1820s and 1830s Protestantism had become as much a state religion as the tabu system and the worship of the Polynesian gods had been.

The British wanted to protect the property and business privileges of their nationals. The French wanted their liquors admitted at a reasonable duty, with no restrictions on their sale, and they wanted freedom for the Catholic mission to operate in the Islands. Both nations wanted a measure of extraterritoriality. If their subjects got into

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trouble they wanted them tried by juries of foreigners, picked by their consuls, rather than by Hawaiian courts. Such chiefs as Boki, who had come under foreign influence, intrigued against the administration and at times plotted revolt.

Thus "rum, Romanism, and rebellion" were as synonymous to the Hawaiian authorities, and in a more real sense, than they were in the American political campaign in which the phrase was invented.

Twice French warships appeared at Honolulu and forced concessions, once exacting an indemnity. "Let us go on board," Admiral Legoarant de Tromelin is reported to have said on one such occasion, when he met no resistance to his attempt to occupy the fort. "They won't fight, and there is no glory in this."

But the most dramatic episode of those troubled years was the British occupation which brought about the king's words on that February afternoon in 1843.

On February 10 the British ship-of-war *Carysfort* had arrived off Honolulu, and on the seventeenth Admiral Lord George Paulet had served demands on the Hawaiian government, with an ultimatum expiring at four o'clock the next afternoon.

The demands concerned the grievances of certain British subjects, notably the consul, Richard Charlton, who was involved in a controversy over a parcel of land. There is evidence, however, that larger purposes, not clearly discerned in Honolulu at the time, were behind the British action. A French expedition had just seized the Marquesas Islands and Tahiti, and in the long-range historical view it is believed that the policy in London was to prevent French seizure of the Hawaiian Islands as well. It has

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also been suggested that there was some thought of counteracting American influence in the Islands.

Paulet later told the Rev. Titus Coan: "The French were determined to take your Islands as they took Tahiti. I knew it, and I hastened hither before them and saved the country."

But at the time, Honolulu looked upon Paulet's intervention as an act of aggression. Indeed, he seems to have proceeded in an untactful manner.

Foreign residents were notified that bombardment of the city was imminent. An English brig was offered as a refuge for British citizens. Americans, particularly missionaries, were told they would have to take their chances with the native population, but Commander John C. Long, who had arrived in the United States sloop-of-war *Boston*, invited them to go aboard his ship.

Throughout the morning of the eighteenth carts loaded with trunks, chests, money boxes, and all kinds of personal property rumbled toward the water front, as foreign residents prepared for flight.

Meanwhile the king and his chiefs and foreign advisers conferred. "Let the British fire," said some. "They won't fire," said others. "It's a bluff." Cooler heads proposed that the king yield under protest and meanwhile send secretly an appeal to Queen Victoria in London and to President Tyler in Washington. A Hawaiian mission was already in Europe, seeking formal recognition of Hawaiian independence.

The king and chiefs agreed to Paulet's initial demands, only to face still further exactions, including indemnities amounting to around a hundred thousand dollars. As daily parleys continued the king became more and more

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despondent. "I am a dead man," he said on the twenty-third. "Let them take the Islands."

The council, in desperation, considered a cession to France, or jointly to France and the United States. On the morning of the twenty-fifth the king, who had not slept, sent for Dr. Gerrit P. Judd, a former missionary who had become a member of the Hawaiian government.

"Shall I cede to France and the United States?"

"No," replied Judd. "You may have my resignation."

After a night of prayer and deliberation, as related by Mrs. Judd, the king said: "I will not die piecemeal; let them cut off my head at once. I will yield the breath [i.e., the life] of my kingdom and trust to my commissioners in London and to the magnanimity of the British government to redress the wrong and restore my rights."

Hence the gathering in the fort and the king's melancholy yet obscurely hopeful words. The deed of cession was read. The Hawaiian flag rippled down; the British flag—so like it—rose. Twenty-one guns boomed from the fort; twenty-one guns from the British warship. The ship's band blared "God Save the Queen." Paulet proclaimed a joint commission to govern the Islands and seized the three government ships.

For five months the Islands remained under British naval control. Dr. Judd, the king's representative on the joint governing commission, soon found his position untenable and resigned. Meanwhile the appeal was being prepared.

The king withdrew to Lahaina, on the Island of Maui. Judd, in the windowless crypt of the royal tombs, drafted the documents which were to be carried by the king's secret emissaries to London and Paris and Washington.

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The coffin of Kaahumanu served him as a desk. A ship's lantern cast ghostly reflections about him as he worked.

A canoe slipped by night across the channel to Maui. The king stepped aboard at Wailuku and was paddled silently to Waikiki. He signed the documents and returned to Maui before Paulet learned of his visit. The documents went abroad by the same ship—the *Albert*, formerly the Hawaiian government schooner *Hooikaika*—by which Alexander Simpson, the acting British consul, carried Paulet's report of his proceedings. The schooner had originally been chartered by the Honolulu business firm of Ladd & Company for a voyage to San Blas, Mexico, and the firm had given up the charter to the British on condition that the firm's representative should have passage to San Blas and return. That representative, James F. B. Marshall, became also the secret envoy of the king. The firm of C. Brewer & Company, which was friendly to the missionary group, supplied funds for the trip.

Five months of waiting ensued. Paulet and his officers governed Honolulu, while the king, from Lahaina, and Judd, from his secret office in the tombs, conducted a clandestine government that was literally "underground."

It is interesting to record that the United States made its voice heard in behalf of the beleaguered Hawaiian kingdom. In July, Commodore Lawrence Kearney, arriving in the frigate *Constellation*, protested the cession and saluted a Hawaiian flag which was hoisted aboard ship. A flag had to be made for the purpose, since Paulet had ordered all Hawaiian emblems destroyed. The British officer was so incensed by Kearney's action that he declared any further salutes of that kind would forfeit all claim to protection

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or consideration of the Hawaiian king on the part of Great Britain.

Thus matters went, in a state of increasing tension, until on July 26 a lookout sighted the British frigate *Dublin*, flagship of Rear Admiral Richard Thomas, arriving from Valparaiso.

Thomas seems to have been more fully informed than Paulet of London policy. He took immediate steps to modify the severity of Paulet's action. An agreement was signed, subject to London approval, guaranteeing certain rights and privileges of British subjects, and the cession of the Islands to Great Britain was formally renounced.

On July 31 nobles, commons, and foreigners again gathered, this time on "the plain" east of what then was Honolulu, in the locality which today honors the memory of the British admiral in its name, Thomas Square.

A tent or canopy had been erected for the foreigners at the mountainward side of the field, and another at the seaward side for the king and his suite. Four hundred British marines were drawn up in the center, and a battery of field guns at the right.

Admiral Thomas and his staff arrived in the king's carriage. The king himself rode up on horseback. Paulet, according to contemporary accounts, was not present.

"The Commander in Chief of Her Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the Pacific," read the admiral, aloud, ". . . does not accept of the provisional cession of the Hawaiian Islands."

Two English color-bearers advanced, flanked by guards, dipped the British colors, and unfurled over the king and chiefs a Hawaiian flag, made, by Admiral Thomas' order, with a crown and an olive branch in the center. The field

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battery boomed a salute of twenty-one guns. At this signal Hawaiian flags were raised over the fort at the harbor and over the battery on Punchbowl Hill. The guns of the *Carysfort* and of the other British ships saluted in turn. The fort and the Punchbowl battery replied. The crowd, as one who was present recorded, "cheered themselves hoarse." The marines drilled before the admiral and the king.

Kauikeaouli's first act, upon the restoration, was to issue an edict releasing "all prisoners of every description from Hawaii to Niihau" and to suspend all government business for a ten-day holiday of public rejoicing.

Nobles and commoners and the more devout of the foreign residents met that afternoon in a service of thanksgiving in the Stone Church, as it was then called, the same which now bears the name of its site, Kawaiahao. The king, addressing his people, uttered, according to tradition, the words that are still the motto of Hawaii:

Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono.

"The life of the land is preserved—in righteousness," according to the usual translation, or, more in accord with the circumstances, "the life of the land is restored of right," or, "in justice."

A banquet followed at which, under missionary influence, the only drink was water. "The admiral," wrote Mrs. Judd, "was cheerful, but it was plain he missed his wine. His secretary had cramps in his stomach; cold water always has that effect on him. I had a mind to go to the medicine chest and get a glass of wine for him—but there sat our sovereign and chiefs . . ." for whom she didn't want to set a bad example. The king had signed a pledge of

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abstinence only a year before and had emptied out a hundred and twenty gallons of liquor.

It was a slow party. "It seemed," Mrs. Judd commented, "a lifetime between courses."

From another source I derive the menu and dimensions of one of the dinners given in celebration of the restoration: "271 hogs, 482 large calabashes of poi, 662 chickens, three whole oxen, two barrels of salt pork, ten barrels of biscuit, 3125 salt fish, twelve barrels of ham and cabbage, four barrels of onions, eighty bunches of bananas, fifty-five pineapples, ten barrels of potatoes, fifty-three ducks, eighty-two turkeys, 2245 coconuts, 4000 heads of taro, 180 squid. . . . Queen Kalama fed 10,000 people. . . ."

On November 28 of the same year France and Great Britain jointly recognized Hawaiian independence and pledged themselves not to infringe upon it. The United States was a little before them. In October, George Brown, arriving in Honolulu as United States commissioner, bore a somewhat more cautious recognition.

The life of the land was preserved—for a time. But the troubles of the Island kingdom were by no means over.

CHAPTER VIII

Riot in the Port

THE Port of Honolulu was again to face the guns of foreign warships. Its harbor was to be blockaded, its ships seized, government buildings occupied by landing parties, the fort itself dismantled, and demands served, after the familiar pattern.

These events occurred in 1849 at the hands of the French. Kamehameha III this time looked to the United States for aid. He gave United States Commissioner Luther Severance a sealed envelope containing a proclamation of an American protectorate. By a private understanding between the commissioner and Captain William H. Gardner of the USS *Vandalia*, the warship was prepared to defend the American flag if the king saw fit to raise it over the Islands.

This situation might have developed into as dramatic an incident as that of the British seizure in 1843, but the dispute was patched up temporarily, and in the years following, American and British pressure modified the French demands.

One of these demands concerned the privilege of whal-

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ing ships to import, duty-free, goods to the value of two hundred dollars, to be used in trading for supplies. This applied to all goods except spirituous liquor. The French held this exception to be discriminatory, since French whalers seldom imported anything else.

And no story of the Port of Honolulu is complete without mention of the whalers.

Sandalwood was *pau*—finished. But the first whaleship had arrived in Honolulu about 1819, and in later years the port had become the principal rendezvous of whalers in the Pacific. From New Bedford, Nantucket, Provincetown, they sailed on voyages of years' duration. Often they wintered at the Islands; nearly always they called there for fresh food and water, for rest and recreation of crews, and later for transshipment of whale oil for the lamps of America.

Twice a year the fleet thronged Hawaiian ports—in spring and fall. For weeks at those seasons Honolulu was busy. Cattle were driven down from the uplands, through the streets of the town; firewood was brought from the mountains; potatoes and vegetables of various kinds from gardens in the valleys and on the Honolulu plain. As time went on shipyards were established and whalers were refitted and repaired at Honolulu. By the forties and fifties six out of seven whalers in the world were operating in the Pacific, and ships in Honolulu Harbor sometimes numbered more than a hundred at a time.

"Our young men," wrote the Rev. Titus Coan, "often shipped for whaling voyages. Noting these cases, I would watch for their return and then visit them, inquiring whether they chased whales on the Lord's Day, used intoxicants, or violated other Christian rules of morality, and

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I dealt with them as each case demanded. . . . Several masters and officers gave up Sabbath whaling and instead held religious meetings with their men on the Lord's Day."

For less pious crews on shore leave Honolulu was a sailor's paradise, or would have been, were it not for the "blue laws" that from time to time were more or less strictly enforced. An old sailor once told me, in a watch south of the Line, "There's just three things that are any good—women, rum, and tobacco." And many, though not all, of the men of the whaleships adhered to that creed. In Honolulu, arriving lean with months at sea, they ran riot—often literally. And often they came into conflict with the authorities.

Drunk and disorderly conduct was punishable by a fine of six dollars, or twenty-four lashes, or a month in confinement in the fort. Those who fell over fences and broke them down must rebuild them or pay a dollar for each fathom broken. The authorities tried to enforce prohibition of liquor. Chiefs in office forbade women to visit ships. Chapter XI, Section 3, of the Laws of 1839 read, quaintly:

"All loud noise and all wild running about of children, and all conduct which causes confusion in worshipping on the Sabbath . . . are tabu" on pain of fines of one dollar and up, according to the gravity of the offense.

Chapter XII prohibited, salutarily enough, "reviling, swearing, and slander." Other laws forbade gambling, prostitution, and "riding on the Sabbath for pleasure or business."

To those seamen who, according to the missionary-historian William D. Alexander, held that there was "no God this side of Cape Horn," some of these prohibitions

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seemed outrages, and attempts by the native constabulary to enforce them were an invitation to violence.

And violence there was, sometimes condoned or even abetted by masters of ships. The recalcitrant sailors blamed the missionaries for the laws that interfered with their pursuit of happiness. One blustering skipper threatened to hang the Rev. Hiram Bingham to the yardarm. Another bombarded Lahaina. Twice sailor mobs stormed the houses of missionaries, and, according to contemporary accounts, only the stout resistance of native parishioners saved the reverend gentlemen and their families from a dire fate.

It isn't important in history, but the climax of these disturbances, as far as the Port of Honolulu is concerned, was the Sailors' Riot of 1852.

John Burns, able-bodied seaman, was drunk. That, he thought, if in his condition he thought at all, was what ports like Honolulu were for: for a sailor to ease himself with liquor and revelry and women after the weary months at sea. It was a hard enough life, blast it! The raw cold of the Arctic; the blistering heat of the doldrums; the stinking food and foul water; the grinding work of the ship; the numbing of hands, aloft in blizzardy gale; the hard fists of brutal mates. He'd earned his few hours of relaxation.

Plenty of his shipmates felt that way too.

As he careened along the uneven street he felt a glow of freedom. He was a man, he was; no lubber could blow him down. Perhaps, in this fleeting exultation, he lifted a harsh voice in tuneless song. Perhaps he lurched against a native, crowding him with careless contempt, then, in muddled resentment that the man was in his way, kicked at him.

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I'm only guessing at the details. The record is more concise: one John Burns was arrested for drunkenness in Honolulu on the ninth of November, 1852.

He flung off the restraining hand, grappled with the Hawaiian constable. He was an honest white seaman, he was; no swab of a landsman could do that to him.

The officer's club crashed down hard—too hard. Burns was unconscious when the constable dragged him to the jail in the coral fort that Kamehameha had built to fight off the Russians at the water's edge.

John Burns died there the same day. He was buried the next. Even today funerals are seldom delayed in Honolulu.

By evening half a thousand sailors, inflamed with liquor, thronged the streets. They trooped to the fort, beating upon the heavy doors, demanding that the policeman be turned over to their vengeance.

"Give him up, or we'll tear your jail down!"

The fort, although its coral walls would not have stood up against modern artillery, was stout enough to withstand a mere mob. So the sailors turned upon the less substantially built station house near the foot of Nuuanu Street. Soon the crackle and hiss of flames mingled with the roar of the throng.

Thence the seamen marched through the town, breaking into saloons and terrorizing citizens. The police, not sufficiently numerous to cope with a disturbance of such scope, appear to have remained within the fort.

Next day, when the fury of the mob had spent itself and most of the sailors, no doubt, were nursing the aftereffects of debauch, the situation was taken more firmly in hand. About two hundred foreign-resident volunteers guarded the fort, and Governor Kekuanaoa's Hawaiian troops re-

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remained in reserve while unarmed natives cleared the streets. Fifty suspected rioters were locked up. This occurrence led to formation of the Hawaiian Guard, composed of foreign residents—indicating the increasing foreign influence that was tending, inevitably, in the long view of history, toward the twilight of the Island kings.

Whaling, too, was to go the way of sandalwood. But for some years after the riot it flourished more than ever. Honolulu interests fitted out their own whaling ships to join the fleet in the Arctic. By this time whalers were remaining in the Pacific for longer periods, transshipping oil and bone to homebound vessels at Honolulu. The clipper *Sovereign of the Seas* loaded eight thousand barrels of whale oil at Honolulu in January and February of 1853.

Ten years later the war between the American states brought disaster. The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*, Captain Waddell, raided up and down the Pacific. In April she burned four whalers at Ponape in the Carolines. One of them was a Hawaiian vessel, the *Harvest*. In June the *Shenandoah* destroyed twenty more whalers in Arctic waters, sparing five ships to carry the crews, including several hundred Hawaiians, to Honolulu.

But the fall of 1871 is reckoned as the date of the decisive blow to Honolulu as a whale port. On October 23, 24, and 25 of that year five ships limped into the harbor. A thousand sailors thronged their decks. They told the story of the thirty-three ships that did not return.

Most of the fleet had been caught in the ice near Point Belcher. At first they waited, hoping the ice would break up, and working feverishly to get free. But ever the grinding floes gripped more tightly; soon the hulls would be crushed. On September 14 the men abandoned the trapped

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ships. Carrying what food and equipment they could, they marched over the ice to Icy Cape, where they were picked up by the five vessels that had escaped the trap.

Old histories refer to this disaster as the blow from which whaling out of Honolulu never recovered. But the industry was already declining. Coal oil, as petroleum was called then, was beginning to take the place of whale oil for lighting. And whales were becoming scarce.

For a time the Port of Honolulu suffered a severe depression. Whaling and the supplying of whalers had been the bulk of its business, and now that business was gone. But even then beginnings had been made toward a more solid, stable economy than the fluctuating trade with the fleet. Hawaii was going back to the land.

Back to the land, but Honolulu continued to be a port. And in and out of that port sailed mutineers and black-birders, pirates and treasure seekers. There were ships that never came back. And into that port came haggard survivors of shipwreck and of fire at sea.



CHAPTER IX

“Millions in Doubloons”

PIRATES and blackbirders and mutineers . . . treasure and bloodshed . . . Many stories cluster around the water front of Honolulu. Tales of Spanish doubloons tossed by fishermen on the counters of Island stores; of “great chests” removed three centuries ago from wrecked ships that had been manned by “white men with black beards”; of treasure boxes seized by Hawaiian chiefs and hidden away in caves. The chiefs had the men who had done the work bound and thrown into the sea so that none might know the secret. After the chiefs died the legends lingered on, though none knew the place and none dared search because of the tabu.

Only a few years ago the tale was revived of a treasure cave a little way out of Honolulu. It was accessible only at low tide, the story ran, and it was marked by carved symbols in its rock floor. A group of young men organized a search. No reports followed of their finding anything.

These stories are legendary; it is difficult to trace them down to a basis in fact. But records of the port and the memories of old-time sailormen yield the outlines of true

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stories of the sea. For ships have come into that port bearing survivors of the violence of Nature and of man; open boats have arrived, or their occupants have been picked up and brought to Honolulu, to tell of days or weeks of hunger and thirst at sea or of months on remote and inhospitable islands. Often, after the tale was told, no small mystery remained.

One of the earliest of these stories concerns other Hawaiian ports than Honolulu, but its meager outlines serve as a background.

Early in 1818 a ship arrived at the Island of Hawaii. Her name was the *Victory*, Captain Turner. But it did not require a very keen eye to note that this name had been painted over another. And the cargo included such unusual items as gold and silver vessels of the kind that are used in churches.

The fragmentary records of that time do not indicate that the arrivals were questioned very closely. Kamehameha needed ships: he bought this one, renamed her the *Liholihō*, and sent her to China with a cargo of sandalwood. The crew—patently a hard lot—joined other ships or settled down ashore.

In September of the same year arrived the Spanish man-of-war *Argentina*. The master, Captain Bouchard, interviewed the king. He was on the trail of pirates who had seized the sloop-of-war *Santa Rosa*, belonging to the Province of La Plata. In the commandeered vessel they had sailed around the Horn, landed in Chile, and sacked a church, then sailed across the Pacific.

Captain Bouchard's description left no doubt that the *Victory* was the *Santa Rosa*, and Turner and his crew the pirates. Kamehameha restored the church property and

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delivered up most of the men. But my sources do not reveal that he ever restored the ship.

In 1823 a ship's boat arrived off Honolulu. Aboard were three survivors, as they reported, of shipwreck: a captain, a mate, and a cabin boy. The cabin boy shipped for Lima. The captain and his mate, who appeared to be well supplied with money, chartered the schooner *Swallow* and sailed for the Mariana Islands. At intervals, long afterward, bit by bit, the story came out. Even yet it is incomplete. But this is the tale as it was told me:

The master of the wrecked ship was an Englishman who had served as a lieutenant in the Peruvian navy. It was at the time when Simón Bolívar, José de San Martín, and other revolutionists were wresting South American colonies from Spain. A group of wealthy citizens of Lima, sympathizers with the Crown, had chartered a three-hundred-ton brig for flight. They had loaded it with their movable property, money, and jewels. Monks added monastery treasures, to be sent to safety in Spain. Aboard the brig were “two hundred millions sterling of doubloons alone,” the story ran, and great heaps of silver ingots and plate.

All was in readiness; the brig was to sail next day. In the morning the rich men and their families drove to the water front at Callao to go aboard. They cried out in astonished dismay. The brig was gone. The lieutenant, with an armed band, had seized the ship by night and sailed away.

The pirates buried the treasure on one of the Mariana Islands, and then sailed for Honolulu. On the voyage quarrels arose among the crew. Bullets and knives found their mark. It appears that there was a mutiny, in the

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course of which the ship burned and the English lieutenant, with the mate and the cabin boy, made for Honolulu in a boat. The others presumably perished.

When the cabin boy sailed from Honolulu for Lima he took a message to the lieutenant's sweetheart, the wife of a Peruvian officer. She was to join him in Honolulu.

The lieutenant was overoptimistic. The lady declared she would have nothing to do with "that detestable pirate," and the cabin boy was confined in a Lima dungeon.

Meanwhile the two other survivors were on their way from Honolulu to the Marianas to recover the treasure. One evening the lieutenant and his accomplice were sitting on the rail of the *Swallow*, discussing, no doubt, how to dispose of that ship's captain and crew.

As they sat there, with the sea slipping past below, temptation was too much for the pirate mate. A sudden shove at an unguarded moment sent the lieutenant overboard. Of those who had known where the treasure was hidden, only one was still alive and at liberty.

But Captain Thompson of the *Swallow*, lurking unseen, had overheard the conversation. Going below, he rummaged through the effects of the late lieutenant. Ha! A chart! (In treasure stories there must always be a chart.) An island was marked on it, but there was nothing to show just what island it was.

As Captain Thompson considered what to do next, the *Swallow*, then off an island in the Marianas, fell in with a brig whose captain was an old acquaintance of Thompson's. They decided to make a joint search for the treasure. They called the pirate mate before them and gave him this choice: to lead them to the treasure, or be turned over to authorities in Lima for execution.

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No doubt he suspected that he would not live long after the treasure was found. He pretended, however, to be ready to tell all. The loot, he said, was buried on the very island off which the two ships were lying. Take him ashore and he would point out the spot.

While a boat was being lowered the enforced guide went below and filled his pockets with lead and nails and bits of metal. Reappearing on deck, he climbed down the ladder to the boat, pushed it away with his foot, and dropped into the sea. As he sank one of the boat's crew leaned over to rescue him. But the reaching hand clutched only a few hairs from the sinking man's head. The mate was never seen again.

Whatever prospecting the two captains did on the island revealed nothing—or if it did, they never reported it. Captain Thompson said later that he had turned over the chart to the authorities at Lima.

But the tale of buried treasure in the Marianas has turned up several times since. Many years later the British schooner *Nereid*, bound from Yokohama, arrived off Guam. The captain went ashore to make arrangements to sail for Yap, in the Caroline Islands. When he returned to the water front the schooner was not in sight. The mate and two Japanese sailors had run away with her. As far as I have been able to learn, nothing further was heard of them or of the *Nereid*.

And then the captain admitted, according to the story, that he had thought he had a clue to the pirate treasure of the Marianas.

CHAPTER X

“Man of Blood”

IN THE SPRING of 1823 the three-boat whaler *Globe* of Nantucket, Captain Thomas Worth, arrived at Honolulu from a stormy voyage around the Horn with only seventy-five barrels of oil. After the usual refitting and provisioning she sailed, with the *Palladium* of Boston and the *Pocahontas* of Falmouth, for Japanese waters. When she returned several months later, alone, having become separated from the other whalers, she had only one hundred and fifty barrels of oil.

Six of the crew deserted in Honolulu. There had been complaints about the food, as was not unusual. Captain Worth signed on six men, including one Hawaiian, to replace them, and cruised south, sighting no whales.

In the vicinity of Fanning Island, early in 1824, the *Globe* fell in with the *Lyra* of New Bedford. The two captains arranged to set lights on both ships at night, so as not to become separated while tacking.

Aboard the *Globe* watches were three hours long. At ten o'clock in the evening Gilbert Smith shook the rattle that signified the end of the first watch and was relieved

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by Sam Comstock and the crew of the waist boat. Sam's younger brother George was posted at the wheel. At the expiration of his trick he took up the rattle to call the next watch. But Sam seized him. “Keep still, damn your eyes, or I'll send you straight to hell!” George, in terror, obeyed.

Sam, lighting a lantern, brought a boarding knife from the steerage and handed it to Silas Payne, one of the men who had signed on at Honolulu. Three other Honolulu recruits—Bill Humphries, steward; Jack Oliver, and Tom Lilliston—joined them, and they all went to the cabin.

There lay Captain Worth, asleep in a hammock—for his room, in that latitude near the equator, was hot and stuffy. Creeping up to the sleeping captain, Comstock split his skull with an ax, then ran to help Payne, who was grappling with Bill Beetle, the first mate.

Payne's knife thrust missed. Beetle, turning upon Comstock, seized him by the throat. The lantern and the ax clattered on the floor. The lantern went out. Payne, groping in the darkness, retrieved the ax and handed it to Comstock. Beetle went down with a broken skull.

Comstock left Payne and Oliver to guard the doors behind which the second and third mates lay and went on deck to get another lantern. Coming below again, he got two muskets and then listened for sounds from the mates' rooms.

Lumbard, the second mate, shouted through the door, “Well, are you going to kill me?”

“I guess not,” replied Comstock.

Hearing a sound as of someone creeping along the bulk-head, Comstock fired through the door of Third Officer Fisher's room.

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"Did I get you?" he asked.

"I'm shot," the words came back in a choked voice.

The mutineers battered at the two doors. As Lumbard's door crashed in Comstock fell forward into the room. Lumbard grappled with him. As they fought Fisher appeared, wrenching the musket from Comstock and swinging to thrust with the bayonet.

"Give up the musket, and I'll let you live," said the mutineer.

Fisher handed over the musket. Taking it, Comstock thrust the bayonet into Lumbard's body again and again. Then, turning to Fisher: "Your time has come. You've got to die."

"If I must die," replied the mate, "I'll die like a man."

"Turn about."

Fisher turned. "I'm ready."

Placing the musket at Fisher's head, Comstock fired.

Fisher died at once, but Lumbard, despite his many wounds, still lived. "Spare me," he pleaded.

"I'm a man of blood," returned Comstock. "I'll have my revenge." And so saying, he thrust again.

"Water . . . Water . . ." muttered the mate.

And Comstock bayoneted him yet again.

Going on deck, Comstock and his companions made all sail. At midnight, as agreed, they set a light for the *Lyra*, but when that vessel tacked, the *Globe* remained on her course so as to evade her companion ship.

The murdered and the dying were tossed into the sea. Lumbard, bleeding from many wounds, still clung to life. Tying a rope to his feet, they hauled him on deck. As they rolled him overside his hands gripped the planks. Comstock pounded at his fingers with a gun butt. The

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mate's hold loosened; he fell. But the last they saw of him, he was swimming.

Comstock called up all hands, appointed officers, and organized the crew for a career of piracy. Articles were signed: any man who saw a sail and failed to report it was to die. Any man who refused to fight in capturing a ship was to be boiled in a try-pot of whale oil.

Shortly after this Comstock caught Humphries loading a pistol in the cabin and accused him of a plot to recapture the ship. Humphries, denying the charge, accused Gilbert Smith and Peter Kidder of such a plot. A trial was held. It was agreed that if Humphries was found guilty he was to be hanged; if not, Smith and Kidder were to suffer that fate.

Humphries' defense failed to convince the pirate jury, and he was hanged to the yardarm. Just before the noose tightened he said, in true folklore fashion: “Little did I think that I would ever come to this.”

The mutineers sailed west in search of an island where they might establish headquarters. At island after island in the Marshalls and the Gilberts natives refused to let them land. But on the thirteenth of February, 1824, they sighted an island that looked suitable. It was the atoll of Mili, in the Ratak chain. Next day they landed, and the natives seemed friendly. Since the pirates found no good boat harbor they rigged up a floating pier and began to take provisions ashore.

Payne was superintending the work aboard. Looking ashore, he saw Comstock giving presents to the natives and suspected him of a plot. Comstock, he thought, was ingratiating himself with the natives so as to be able to use them against the other men of the pirate crew.

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Payne confronted the captain with this charge, and Comstock went off to the native village. Payne posted a guard at the shore camp. In the morning, as Comstock approached, cutlass in hand, the guards shot him down, and Payne finished him with an ax.

Payne, now in command, sent Gilbert Smith, with six men, to take charge of the ship—first removing the binnacle compasses, lest they sail away without him. His suspicions were justified. Smith found a hanging compass aboard, which he brought ashore and put in place of one of the binnacle compasses, hoping the substitution would not be discovered until he and his six companions could escape.

The ship lay moored at bow and stern. At dark the men aboard cleared the ship and laid out a hatchet and a saw—the only edged tools they could find—ready to cut the hawsers.

That night they sailed. Their late companions ashore ran to the water's edge, firing muskets, but in vain.

Smith and his crew, suffering severe hardship, sailed across the Pacific to Valparaiso, where they surrendered to the United States consul. A hearing in the Chilean port brought out that the seven refugees were innocent victims of the mutiny, except one Joseph Thomas, who was held as an accessory. The *Globe*, with a Captain King in charge, was sent to her home port, Nantucket.

Meanwhile the marooned pirates explained to the natives that the ship had been carried away by a sudden wind in the night. And they set about decking over one of the ship's boats with planks taken from another.

The natives were friendly at first. But, as often happens in such situations, woman trouble brought about the white



Whalers in Honolulu Harbor in the 1820s

“Man of Blood”

men's downfall. Payne and Oliver, after staying overnight in a native village, brought two women to the camp. One of the women ran away. Payne and two companions went to the village, scattered the natives with musket shots, and brought the woman back to the camp. Payne whipped her and put her in irons.

After that the natives' attitude changed. They loitered sullenly around the camp, stealing tools. Payne kept one native in irons overnight and the next day sent him, under guard, to bring back a stolen hatchet. Other natives attacked the party, killing one pirate and wounding others with stones.

Then the men of the island besieged the camp. Payne offered terms. He would give up all the property that remained from the ship if he and his companions were permitted to join the tribe. The natives, in answer, stormed the camp. Spears and clubs and stones crashed in upon the white men. Only two of them came out of the melee alive. Bill Lay and Cy Hussey, neither of whom had taken part in the mutiny, were spared and were adopted by native families. For more than a year they lived the island life, spearing fish and cooking them on hot stones or underground and dressing in native style.

Once the tribe was about to sacrifice them to appease the gods and thus halt an epidemic which had attacked the islanders. The chiefs deliberated in council and finally decided that slaughter of the white men might not placate the gods, after all, but might provoke some new disaster.

Thus matters went until on November 23, 1825, the United States warship *Dolphin*, Lieutenant John Percival, arrived off the island and took Hussey and Lay to Honolulu.

CHAPTER XI

Mutiny for Twenty Dollars

MOST of the crew of the sloop *William Little*, of Liverpool, deserted at Honolulu in September 1831. Just why doesn't appear in the records. One may guess at poor food and harsh treatment, which were frequent at sea in those times. Captain Henry Carter took on a crew of Hawaiians and sailed for California. And there the new crew deserted.

Early in 1832 the *William Little* lay off Port San Luís, while Carter scoured the town for a crew. At last he signed on six Hawaiians. There were many Hawaiians in California at the time. In February he sailed. He was still shorthanded, but he knew that the British brig *Griffen* was somewhere in those seas. If he could fall in with her he'd pick up a mate and a brace of able-bodied seamen.

A few days out of port he stood at night at the star-board quarter, looking out over the rail, thinking, perhaps, of England, or wondering where the *Griffen* was. He didn't hear the bare feet sliding up behind him. When hands seized his throat he struggled. But two pairs of arms

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heaved him over the rail. Down he went into the dark water.

The breeze was light, and the ship was barely moving. Carter swam, caught the main chains, and drew himself up. His hands grasped the rail. But the two mutineers beat at his fingers. The blows fell cruelly. His hold slipped; he dropped again into the sea.

The mutineers ransacked the cabin. There must be gold there, they thought. They found only twenty dollars.

Now they had a ship on their hands. They must get rid of her and invent a plausible story. They sailed west, navigating—who knows how?—by Polynesian instinct, perhaps, which had led their ancestors over thousands of miles of that wide sea.

Days or weeks later they sighted the greenish-yellow glow in the sky that marked a low-island landfall—the reflection from the long, shallow lagoon of Tapuaerangi, known on the charts as Fanning Island, 1054 nautical miles approximately south of Honolulu. There they scuttled the ship and went ashore.

Fanning is a habitable enough island. Its seventeen square miles of coral islets curve around the great lagoon in the shape that gave it its ancient Polynesian name, Footprint of Heaven. Above it green and tawny coconut fronds clash in the wind; the pandanus thrusts spiky branches from its stilt-propped trunk; thickets of naupata, the half flower, bloom along the sandy shore; fragrant piupiu scents the air. Huge, oily, but edible robber crabs stalk the land, and fish leap in the lagoon.

There the former crew of the *William Little* lived, fishing with crab claws for bait, gathering shellfish, drag-

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ging down coconuts and edible low-island pandanus fruit, and using what they had saved from the ship's stores.

Weeks passed thus. Then a sail was sighted—the American brig *Chinchilla*. Four of the mutineers sailed aboard her to Honolulu. What happened to the two other members of the crew I have not learned. The mutineers had their story ready. The *William Little*, they reported, had been seized by Mexican authorities in California for smuggling. They had escaped on the whaler *Caledonia* and had been landed at Fanning, which was a rendezvous of whalers, to await a ship for Honolulu.

The *Chinchilla* landed them at Honolulu in May. Richard Charlton, the British consul, was suspicious. The more he questioned them, the more his suspicion grew. Charlton didn't like Hawaiians very well, anyway. He was involved in a controversy with the Hawaiian government over the property on which the consulate stood and other matters.

The suspects' stories didn't agree on all points. Moreover, one of them had Captain Carter's watch. Charlton had the cabin boy, youngest of the four, confined aboard the British ship *Sir George Murray*, in charge of Lieutenant Thomas McDonnell, R.N. Next day the boy confessed. Thereupon the three others were arrested and confined in the fort. Confronted with the boy's testimony, they, too, confessed.

But the consul wasn't satisfied with their detention in the fort. The local authorities, he felt, might wink at the prisoners' escape. So he had the two slayers of Carter placed aboard the *Murray*. Even then, one of them, Napalae, made a desperate break for freedom. The ship's carpenter frustrated the attempt but was badly wounded.

The *Murray* sailed for Manila, and the prisoners were

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removed to the fort. Charlton kept the cabin boy in his own home, lest the mutineers take vengeance on him for exposing them.

Charlton meanwhile heard of a plot to free Napalae and Kaheniau, the murderers of Carter, from the fort. He asked Governor Kuakini to remand them to custody of British subjects, but Kuakini refused. Administration of justice between Hawaiians and foreigners and the latter's demands for extraterritorial privileges were sore points in Honolulu in those days. They were among the grievances that led to the British occupation of the city in 1843.

Soon after the consul had made his demand Napalae and Kaheniau escaped—with, Charlton suspected, the connivance of native officials. He complained to London that they remained at large, under protection of a minor chief. One of them became a mate on one of the king's ships; the other settled down on land granted him by the king. Charlton demanded their rearrest, but nothing was done.

The consul fumed for two years, with no result—until, in 1834, the British sloop-of-war *Challenger* arrived in Honolulu, and her master, Captain Seymour, demanded that the two murderers be delivered up for execution. Apparently no action was taken against the others.

It is all very well to refuse the demands of a consul. But a ship-of-war carries stouter argument. The High Chiefess Kinau, according to some sources, interested herself in bringing the slayers to justice. There is a lack of unanimity as to the precise manner in which they paid the penalty. One source says Kinau had them hanged at the yardarm of the king's brig, the *Niu*. Another asserts that Captain Seymour had them shot. In either case, Richard Charlton, for once, was satisfied.

CHAPTER XII

Pieces of Eight

WHEN the schooner *Amelia* sailed from Mazatlán for Hong Kong early in October 1848, she was laden with treasure: sixty thousand pounds sterling in Mexican silver and a chest of coins.

Aboard were Captain Robert McNally, a passenger or supercargo named Cook, Mrs. Cook and the latter's maid, Mary Hudson, and a motley crew, mainly "Spanish creoles," that is, men of Spanish descent who had been born in Mexico or other former Spanish colonies.

The night of October 3 was stormy. The wind keened in the rigging; spray dashed high over the bow, and great waves pounded the stout sides.

At about four bells of the middle watch, according to the deposition later made by a survivor in Honolulu, the winging-boom guy gave way. The second mate, Juan Bautano, hearing the cracking sound as the rigging parted, went forward to order the guy secured.

In the darkness three shadowy forms crept up behind him. Knives sank deep into his body. Leaving him dying, José Torres, Andrés Baldibego, and José Calero slipped aft.

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Ramón Alva, the first mate, awakened uneasily in his bunk below. He heard sounds: "yelling and hallooing" on deck, and the slap of loose sails; he felt the hampered motion of the ship. Going on deck, he asked what was the matter.

"A bit of wind, sir," replied Torres. "The boom guy gave way. Mr. Gaetano is up forward, securing it."

As Alva turned the three conspirators stabbed him from behind. Wounded though he was, Alva wrenched free and made aft for the companionway.

The passenger, Cook, hearing the commotion, rushed on deck and into the midst of the fighting. Letting Alva go for the moment, the three mutineers stabbed Cook and left him dying.

The mate, meanwhile, lurched down the companionway, seized a cutlass, and mounted again to the deck, calling out to Captain McNally as he went. As Alva emerged from the companionway he was stabbed from both sides. He still had sufficient strength to totter to the cabin. There he died.

The mutineers then woke up the larboard watch. "Any man who don't go along with us now will get this," they threatened, displaying their blood-smeared knives. The seamen could do nothing but agree. The ship was put about, making for Peru.

Meanwhile Captain McNally sat in his room with loaded pistols at hand. If he went on deck now the mutineers would strike him down in the darkness before he could do anything. As he waited for daylight he wrote a brief account of the mutiny in his log and signed off with the words: "I will sell my life dearly."

In the morning Jean Béranger, the carpenter, came down

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to offer the captain the mutineers' terms. If he would lay down his pistols and come on deck, unarmed, they would spare his life.

McNally had little faith in their promises, but he was one against many, and by making the best of the situation he might save Mrs. Cook and the maid. The mutineers couldn't navigate the ship without him. He could make terms.

"Tell them," he said, "if they'll put the two women and me in the gig, with provisions, I'll give the course for wherever they want to go."

The mutineers accepted the offer. The boat was prepared; provisions were brought up, and one of them went down to get the course for Malabrigo from the captain.

McNally laid aside his pistols, as agreed, and mounted the companionway, unarmed. As he stepped out on deck he saw that the boat had not been lowered. He called through the cabin skylight to the women, bidding them not to come on deck until he gave the word.

As he walked toward the boat the men fell upon him furiously and hurled him into the sea. Then they made all sail for Malabrigo.

There followed a carnival of loot and carousal such as occurs in pirate fiction. They ransacked the cabin, destroyed the ship's papers, brought the silver and gold on deck and divided it, then gambled for their shares, drinking as they diced. They had looted, too, the belongings of the slain officers and passenger. Donning the garments of the dead, they strutted the deck, smoking Mexican cigars. One of the survivors related afterward that they changed clothes four or five times a day.

Baldibego slashed open a bag of silver and strewed it

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on the deck. "Scramble and gamble" continued for two days, while more wine was brought up continually. It has been suggested that the leaders didn't trust the crew and thought it wise to keep them too drunk to start a counter-mutiny.

Indeed, violence was already smoldering. Calero, standing at the foot of the companionway, fired a pistol at Jan Smidt, who was at the wheel. The pistol wavered in his unsteady hand, and the bullet whizzed harmlessly past the helmsman.

"If any shooting is to be done, I'll do it," reproved Torres, and had the guns stored in the cabin.

Besides Smidt, who was a Hollander from Rotterdam, there were six other Europeans aboard, whom he had reason to believe to be not in sympathy with the mutineers. They were Béranger, the carpenter, from Bordeaux; José de Averasturi, from Bilbao; William Peter Christiansen, Norwegian; Francisco García, Portuguese; Tom Gannon and Charlie McDonald, apprentices. In addition, there were six Mexican seamen, a cook, and a steward of the same nationality, whose attitude was not known with certainty, and Ah Hee, the Chinese cabin boy.

Smidt and Béranger, conferring secretly, formed a plot to recapture the ship. A few others, when cautiously approached, agreed.

Calero had the first watch, which was to end at midnight. Smidt was at the wheel. Torres and Baldibego were asleep on deck. Béranger was repairing a boat. The two apprentices were playing checkers by the light of a lantern near the cabin skylight.

Smidt, relieved at the wheel at ten o'clock, passed the word to his coplotter to be ready to strike when the

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watch changed at twelve. Calero, being drunk and sleepy, sounded eight bells at eleven o'clock, an hour ahead of time, sent Christiansen aft to heave the log, and told Smidt to wake up Torres and Baldibego.

Running forward with the carpenter's ax, Smidt struck twice. The two sleeping mutineers never stirred again. Christiansen seized Calero about the waist and strained to heave him over the rail. The mutineer, clinging to the rail with one hand, groped with the other for his knife. But Smidt came running, swinging the ax. The blade sheared through Calero's arm. Béranger and Ah Hee arrived in time to help toss the mutineer chief into the sea. By that time the two apprentices had brought up cutlasses from the cabin, and the countermutineers took over the ship.

The crew, called on deck, chose Smidt as captain. Smidt gathered up the loot and replaced it in the cabin. Then after consulting with Mrs. Cook he put about for Mazatlán. The two apprentices, who knew something of navigation, undertook to plot a course.

The wind was against them, and the weather grew steadily worse. The foretop carried away three times. Smidt conferred again with Mrs. Cook and then asked the crew if they were willing to take the ship to Honolulu.

The seamen approved. Running before the wind, the *Amelia* reached Honolulu the morning of October 12. Consul General William Miller held a hearing on the *Amelia's* afterdeck. A statement was drawn up, which all aboard signed. The surviving members of the crew were held blameless, and grog was issued to all hands.

The *Amelia* remained in port until November 26. Then, with an English skipper, Captain Lindsay, and a pre-

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dominantly British crew, she completed the voyage to Hong Kong and back to Mazatlán.

In August of the next year the underwriters of the ship presented Jan Smidt with a sextant and a thousand pounds sterling.

CHAPTER XIII

Fifteen Men in a Boat

IT WAS JUNE of 1866, and Honolulu buzzed with news. An officer and ten sailors had been brought to hospital in Honolulu; the captain, a seaman, and two passengers were at Hilo. Their ship had burned at sea. They had sailed for more than six weeks in an open boat, subsisting on provisions that normally would have sufficed for no more than ten days.

They told a story of disaster and suffering, a heroic record of four thousand miles in thirst and hunger between tropic sun and storm and waiting sea.

The fourteen-hundred-ton clipper ship *Hornet*, Captain Josiah Mitchell, sailed from New York on January 15, 1866, bound for San Francisco with a cargo of barrels of kerosene, candles, engines, and iron rails. Sailing was smooth. The *Hornet* met no troublesome head winds, no prolonged calms, no rough weather, even when she rounded the Horn and entered the Pacific.

That vast sea, that lonely sea! On April 12, at 35° south,

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95° west, she spoke a Prussian barque, westbound. After that no more ships crossed her course.

On the third of May the *Hornet* was about twelve hundred miles west of the Galápagos and about one hundred miles north of the equator, making westing to round the great bulge of the continent for the run to California. The weather was still as fine as any sailorman could ask.

At about seven o'clock in the morning the first mate and two seamen went below to draw some varnish for a job they contemplated. The captain cautioned them to bring the barrel on deck before tapping it. The mate, according to the story told in Honolulu, disregarded the warning. Entering the hold with a lantern, he drew off a can of varnish.

Suddenly the varnish in the can blazed up. It had caught fire from the lantern. The mate, in startled confusion, dropped the can. The inflammable liquid from the barrel, flowing out through the unstoppered bung, caught fire and spread. Soon the entire hold was ablaze, and flames were shooting up to the deck.

The fire spread so rapidly that there was no hope of controlling it. In no more than twenty minutes, as the captain later reported, the cabin and mainmast were burning, and the rigging was gone.

Four sick men were carried up from below. While most of the crew fought the fire one watch was lowering the three boats. Two of the boats were damaged in getting them to the water; the longboat had a huge hole stove in her planking. The sailors stuffed a blanket into the hole, threw down what provisions they had been able to gather in haste, and the three boats were rowed away.

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All the men got off the ship. Some were barefoot, in trousers and singlet—a costume many sailors still wear at sea in the low latitudes. They had had no time to go back for clothes.

Less than an hour after the fire started the men of the *Hornet* saw the masts crash to the deck in a shower of sparks. The rest of the day and all that night they drifted, at a distance, watching the flames mount and sink and the smoke billow upward. They had a forlorn hope that the fire might die down.

At dawn the charred hulk was low in the water. A sighing sound came from her; the bow settled, and she disappeared beneath the quiet sea. A spar or two, a bit of charred rigging, swirled in the eddy. Nothing else remained.

Thirty-one men, in three open boats, with ten days' food and water, faced the Pacific. It was a mild-looking sea at the moment—sunlight sparkled on the small waves; the air was soft and the breeze balmy. But behind that gentle aspect lay a creeping menace of torture and death.

The officers divided the food among the three boats. There were thirty pounds or so of salt fish, four hams, a hundred pounds of ship's biscuit, a tub of butter, a dozen cans of oysters, a few raisins, some potatoes, twelve gallons of water, a hundred pounds of tobacco. The Ferguson brothers, passengers, contributed three bottles of brandy.

The islands of the Pacific are mostly far apart. Merely looking at a chart, one doesn't realize the vast distances in that ocean. Only when one sails for days and weeks without sighting land or ship does one really feel the tremendous emptiness, the loneliness, of the equatorial South Sea.

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The first problem was, where to go? To the east, head winds and the probability of calms barred the castaways from reaching the Galápagos. Southward, for much farther, stretched only empty sea. Due west, the Line Islands were very far and very small. Northerly, a thousand miles or more distant, were the Revilla Gigedo Islands, off Mexico, and roughly between, Clipperton Island, a narrow ring of coral and sand around a closed lagoon.

The prevailing wind favored a northerly course. The men lashed the boats together and made for Clarion Island, in the Revilla Gigedos, keeping a lookout for Clipperton on the way.

Thirty-one men and ten days' food. The captain doled out the ration. Half a sea biscuit, a tiny bit of ham or potato, one gill of water.

The damaged longboat leaked, and they bailed, in shifts, night and day. The equatorial sun blistered them, and the night wind chilled them. Rain drenched them, but it was welcome, augmenting their scanty supply of water. For the first two weeks they had enough. After that, for a solid month they suffered from thirst.

Some of the bad weather that had missed them when they had been aboard a proper ship struck the open boats. They shortened canvas and bailed.

Five days out, they gave up hope of finding Clipperton Island. Except for one prominent rock, Clipperton is little more than a reef; they could have passed within fifteen miles of it and not sighted it. But they thought they were in a fairly favorable position to make Clarion Island.

That day they caught a dolphin and ate it raw. They had no place to build a fire with which to cook. Nor could

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they dry the fish in the sun to preserve any of it for future emergency, for they had no salt.

Next day they caught two more dolphins; the day after, a bonito. A day or two later they crept up on a turtle which was asleep on the sea and hauled it into the boat. They did try to cook the turtle a little. They made a tiny fire in a tin plate and scorched the surface of the meat over it.

After that there was no more luck. Three quarters of a biscuit, an ounce of ham, a gill of water made up the day's ration. And still they didn't kill the rooster that had accompanied them from the ship. It cheered them, they said, to see him strut and to hear him salute the dawn.

Through sunshine and squall and storm they went on. A waterspout twisted past them, no more than two hundred yards off the port bow. Wet and cold and miserable with night rain, they carried on.

Between two and three weeks after the sinking of the *Hornet*, Captain Mitchell called a council and suggested that the boats separate. Each could make faster time alone, he said, and there would be three chances, instead of one, of reaching land or of being picked up. The first mate's boat then cast off, but the second mate insisted on remaining with the longboat.

There were fifteen men in the longboat, including the captain; nine and seven in the two others. In the redivision of provisions Captain Mitchell took for his boat only a third of the meager total. He had about two thirds of a ham, half a bucket of biscuit crumbs, three cans of oysters, a few raisins, and a keg of water.

Richard, the rooster, was transferred to the first mate's boat. The men shared their biscuit crumbs with him. But a

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few days after the boats separated the bird fell dead, just as he crowed in the bow to hail the morning.

That day the men in the longboat sighted a sail. So did those in the first mate's boat. But it was no rescue ship. They had only sighted each other.

The captain then insisted that all three boats separate, each to take its own course and its own chances, and they did so. That was the last seen of the two boats commanded by the mates.

By the twenty-fourth day after the loss of the *Hornet* the captain's reckoning showed that the longboat had made a thousand miles. But the sail it carried permitted it only to run before the wind, and it became apparent that the castaways could not reach Clarion Island. They were already too far west. They decided, then, to try for the American Isles, which were supposed to be about six hundred miles west of the boat's position.

They didn't talk much. Nobody had the heart. They were down to two "meals" a day: a teaspoonful of crumbs at morning and evening, an ounce of ham for breakfast, and a gill of water. At morning and evening Samuel Ferguson read a prayer. At other times the men looked silently at one another or at the sea.

May passed, and June brought storm. Seas spilled over the sides, and the men bailed for their lives. For four days no man aboard was dry.

The weather cleared. But the men began to grumble at the short rations and to mutter of killing one another for food. Mitchell and the two Fergusons kept their guns at hand. And still there was no sign of the American Isles.

Four flying fish flopped into the boat. They were divided equally and eaten raw. They didn't make much of a meal.

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Flying fish are small. Another day there was just one flying fish. Someone remembered that the day was the captain's birthday. They gave him the fish and, despite his protests, made him eat it, in honor of the occasion.

On the thirty-seventh day the captain's calculations indicated that they were at the supposed position of the American Isles. They found no land in that vicinity, nor has any land been found there since. If they had kept going long enough on approximately the same course they might eventually have reached Johnston Island, much farther west. It has been suggested that the elusive American Isles were really Palmyra, Washington, and Fanning. But it would have taken a wide error in observations to have placed those islands in the position where Captain Mitchell was looking for them.

The castaways concluded that there were no American Isles. They decided to head for the nearest known land, the Hawaiian Islands. They had about twelve hundred miles to go.

The canvas was falling apart, the rigging giving way. The men were weak and miserable. Third Mate John Thomas tried to climb the mast to repair a broken block but slipped back down after the first few feet. Joseph Williams, a seaman, struggled up the mast and made a temporary adjustment, then, worn out with the effort, brought the block down. After the block was repaired young Harry Ferguson, with equal difficulty, put it in place.

On the thirty-eighth day the party ate all the remaining food except the ham bone. Each man had about two ounces. Next day they scraped the bone and ate the shavings. In the days that followed they ate the canvas cover of the ham, the wood of the butter tub, the shell of the turtle

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they had caught many days before. They chewed shirts, socks, and boots.

Late in the afternoon of June 14 a rainbow glowed ahead of them.

"It's a sign, men," said Captain Mitchell.

And next morning—was it only a bank of clouds ahead?

Clouds, right enough, but as the sun climbed higher and the boat advanced they could make out, thrusting among those clouds, the summit of Mauna Kea, the great mountain of Hawaii.

They were off the northeast shore of the island. As they approached they could see sheer cliffs looming dark above the narrow strand and silvery threads of waterfall leaping down those cliffs from the green upland above. At the base of the cliffs a tongue of lava rock thrust seaward. Great surf was breaking on its black walls.

The men in the boat lowered sail, seeking a passage through or around the breakers. But no one had strength left to man the oars. Helpless, they lay in the boat, while the current bore it toward the reef. Had they come so far, through so much suffering, only to be dashed to death on the rocks?

A shout sounded from the shore. Then a splashing alongside. Friendly brown faces. Strong brown arms bending a line to the boat. Hawaiians, seeing their plight, had swum out to the rescue. The natives towed the boat, working it along to a safe landing place. The rescue was achieved by a narrow margin. When the Hawaiians gained control of the boat it was only five yards from the rocks.

The rescuers bore the exhausted castaways to the village of Laupahoehoe. Food and water, given carefully, a little at a time, brought back their strength, until they were

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able to endure the journey to Hilo and later to Honolulu.

They had been forty-three days and eight hours in the boat, on the face of the seemingly limitless Pacific. They had navigated that boat four thousand miles. And of the fifteen men in the boat, every one survived.

CHAPTER XIV

Bully Hayes, Pirate

IN RECENT YEARS one might still find, in Pacific ports, men who “knew a man who knew a man” who sailed with Bully Hayes.

Piracy, in the full, robust sense of the word, did not flourish in the central Pacific as it had flourished in the Caribbean and, for a time, off the Central and South American Pacific coasts. The time was late: Hawaii was not discovered by Europeans, or at least not known to the Occident in general, until 1778, when the days of Sir Henry Morgan, Teach and L’Olonnois, Drake and Hawkins, were past. But the Pacific had its pirates too.

Perhaps it is because the South Sea rovers lived in a time somewhat less gilded with romance and the wonders of new worlds that most of the blackbirders and ship scuttlers of the waters I am considering appear to have been a rather mangy and small-time lot. Perhaps it was because there were no more golden galleons to loot.

They dealt less often in pieces of eight or in bullion than in copra and pearls, *bêche-de-mer* and smuggled opium, and in laborers—willing or kidnaped—from many isles.

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There were many honest skippers and traders, by the standards of those days, in the Pacific. But sometimes the copra or the pearl shell was stolen, the dark-skinned workmen taken by trickery, bribery of chiefs, or force. There were ships that had been stolen or seized from their rightful owners. Sometimes violent combat raged on the deck of a schooner or in the compound of a trading post.

The most notorious of these South Sea pirates appears to have been Bully Hayes.

His exploits did not rival those of the Caribbean buccaneers or of Captain Kidd, and I can't make him a heroic figure. But he did live an adventurous and unscrupulous life, and he is a legend in those seas. His personality and his deeds have become the foundation for many a "pulp-paper" fiction tale in our own time.

Hayes was tall, handsome, and strong, and he had winning as well as "taking" ways. He loved music—Louis Becke, who sailed with him, reported that he played violin, piano, and accordion. He loved dogs. Once he dived into Levuka Harbor to battle a shark in a futile attempt to save a dog. Despite frequent reverses, he nearly always had a ship and he nearly always lost her. He also nearly always had a wife. He married frequently and without benefit of previous divorce.

Notwithstanding a certain repetitiousness in his activities, and the rather petty and sordid nature of many of them, I am unable to resist giving at least a somewhat condensed account of Hayes's career, as a type of the more disreputable South Sea skipper of his time.

He appeared in Honolulu in 1858: big, bearded, and blond, with a soft voice and a persuasive smile—240 pounds of intriguing manner and sly scheming. He had

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sailed from Melbourne in command of the 680-ton British ship *Orestes* for Vancouver Island with cargo and passengers. Shortly after the sailing the owner of the ship, learning of some earlier incidents in Hayes's career, had written to all British consuls on the route, asking them to protect his interests.

The owner's letters could hardly have caught up with Hayes, but the supercargo, for sufficient reason, put him ashore at Honolulu and went on without him. Several passengers brought suit—one of them seeking to recover two thousand dollars which he said he had turned over to Hayes to invest for him. Others had bought shares in a ship that Hayes claimed to own.

The plausible Hayes, nevertheless, acquired two thousand dollars in Honolulu through fraudulent drafts, loans, and by other means. The Rev. Samuel Damon is said to have lent him fifty dollars on Hayes's plea that his wife was ill. The fact was that Mrs. Hayes had obtained a separation on a charge of cruelty and was even then on her way to San Francisco aboard the packet *Adelaide*.

This visit was Hayes's only major contact with Honolulu, though at another Hawaiian port he once kidnaped a sheriff who had arrested him for smuggling. But the story of his escapades is told, in fragments, in Honolulu as well as many another Pacific port.

Naturally the stories don't agree. Even the descriptions don't quite tally, except that he was big and blond and smiling. Men who sailed with him spoke of his long yellow hair and beard, but at Ponape he was described as bald.

His name, as given in Honolulu newspaper accounts of his sojourn in that city, was William Henry Hayes, and he was a native of Cleveland, Ohio. His own version of his

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life story differed at various times and places. Once he claimed to have been born in Calcutta in 1832. At another time he said he was born in Cleveland in 1827, went to school at Norfolk, and served on a United States revenue cutter. Leaving the revenue service after a quarrel over a girl, he joined the navy and served under Admiral Farragut. Another quarrel of the heart interfered with his naval career. He encroached upon a love affair of one Captain Carroll, and as a result of the unpleasantness that ensued he resigned from the navy and went to New York. Other sources, whose account Hayes denied, placed him, as the son of a Cleveland saloonkeeper, on a Great Lakes schooner in his boyhood. According to this story, he was arrested for stealing a horse, gained liberty on a technicality, and fled to San Francisco.

He is reported to have been in San Francisco at about the time of the California gold rush. He next appeared in China, where, as master of the ship *Otranto*, he fought Chinese pirates and won a reward of one thousand dollars, besides keeping a large share of the loot.

From that time on Hayes had ship after ship, though his title to them was often questionable. Hong Kong storekeepers and tailors mourned his departure as they filed away stacks of unpaid bills. At Swatow he took aboard coolies who had been kidnaped or sold for gambling debts and transported them to die in the choking dust of the guano islands. He smuggled one batch of a hundred or more into Australia by a characteristic ruse. Pretending that his ship was sinking, he hoisted a distress signal. When rescue ships arrived he told them to save the Chinese and let the ship sink. They landed the Chinese, and their captains or owners paid fifty dollars' head tax on each one, as



Honolulu from the Sea, in the 1850s.

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was required by law. When they returned to the scene of the supposed sinking Hayes and his ship were gone.

Merchants in Singapore had cause to remember him, as did those at Batavia, to whom he paid bogus drafts on a Singapore firm.

In 1857 he was getting engaged to the harbor master's daughter at Fremantle, Australia, and marrying a widow, Amelia Littleton, of Adelaide, who, he said later, was his only legal wife. The voyage of the *Orestes* and his sojourn in Honolulu followed. With the two thousand dollars he had raised in Honolulu he went aboard the *Adelaide*, without informing his creditors, and in the course of the voyage effected a reconciliation with Amelia.

Arriving in San Francisco, he acquired the brig *Ellenita* and sailed, leaving behind him the usual accumulation of unpaid accounts. It was on this voyage that he was arrested at the Hawaiian port of Kahului for smuggling. Even Sheriff Peter Treadway was not proof against Hayes's plausible manner. The sheriff gave the prisoner permission to go aboard the brig to "give orders to the mate." Accompanying him aboard, the sheriff, according to the story, was persuaded to "splice the main brace" with the affable skipper, just to show there were no hard feelings. (Other accounts say Hayes never drank and that he merely invited the sheriff to tea.) Before the sheriff realized what was going on the ship was under way. Hayes made the officer of the law pilot him out of the harbor and then sent him home in a whaleboat, while the *Ellenita* sailed for Australia.

She never arrived there. As she was approaching Samoa the brig began to take water, and it was apparent that she would founder. The crew and most of the passengers took to the boats and a raft. Hayes and the mate, with two pas-

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sengers, remained aboard until the *Ellenita* sank. Then in the remaining boat they picked up the women and children and as many of the men as the boat would hold from the raft.

The rest of the party remained adrift. They had very little food. Occasionally they caught a shark by using a ham bone as bait. Some of them died. The survivors reached Uvea, where a British gunboat picked them up and landed them in Sydney.

Hayes and his party, in the boat, arrived eventually at the island of Savaii. There they fell in with the brig *Antonio*, which they sent to search for the raft. Hayes's smiling denial of all charges extricated him from whatever trouble was awaiting him in Samoa, and he left Apia on the *Antonio* in December 1859.

Arriving in Australia, he acquired the barque *Launceton* of Sydney, apparently on credit. In this ship he took on a cargo of Newcastle coal, consigned to Bombay—and sold it at Batavia.

From year to year he popped up in all parts of the Pacific, committing barratry here, plain fraud there. While mining for gold at Arrowsmith, in Australia, he became acquainted with Rona Buckingham, an actress with a traveling variety show, and married her. How he disposed of his latest previous wife is not recorded. She is said to have been living some years later at Apia.

The story is told that at that time Hayes wore his hair long, combing it over the place where his left ear should have been. The ear had been cropped for some offense in the past. Some practical joker told the local barber that whoever cut the lock over Hayes's ear would get a re-

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ward of five pounds. The barber cut the lock. He was rescued by bystanders, but the shop was wrecked.

Hayes then went back to sea, recruiting plantation labor by the process known as "blackbirding." The recruiter would cruise among the islands, supplying chiefs with trade goods in return for stated numbers of recruits, for whom a fee was paid to the captain on delivery at the plantations. The recruits often had no choice. Or they might be enlisted by less mild methods, such as out-and-out kidnaping. They were supposed to be returned to their homes after completing their period of service, but often they were dumped on any island that might be handy, perhaps to be captured and eaten by hostile tribes.

In 1864, while commanding the *Black Diamond*, of Sydney, Hayes put into Croixelles for repairs and there borrowed a yacht. On a voyage to Nelson the yacht sank. Hayes's latest wife, Rona, and their baby were drowned. Only Hayes survived. The *Black Diamond* was seized by creditors. These mishaps did not prevent Hayes from acquiring the ten-ton cutter *Wave*, aboard which he lured a girl of seventeen on the pretext of taking her to China to enter a theatrical career. The girl refused to go below but clung to the mast until the ship reached Picton, where she went ashore and complained to the authorities.

Hayes traded in the Fiji Islands and smuggled arms and ammunition to the Maori tribes who were fighting the English in New Zealand. He hid the contraband goods under straw on the cabin floor. With the constabulary in pursuit, he left for other islands. At Apia he picked up the missionary James Chalmers and family, who had been shipwrecked at Niue in the barque *John Williams*. Chalmers and members of his party were among the few mission-

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aries who had a good word for Hayes. Apparently the skipper was on his best behavior throughout the voyage to Rarotonga, whither the missionaries were bound.

In the *Rona* and the schooner *Samoa* he again recruited labor and again smuggled ammunition. He lost both ships. The *Rona*, laden with gunpowder, caught fire off Rarotonga. Boring holes below the water line, he sank her to put out the fire and beached her on a sandspit of Awarua reef, then plugged up the holes, pumped her out, and refloated her with the tide. Old-timers relate that he played the fiddle and sang while his crew went ashore. He sailed from there with half a hundred laborers for the plantations in Tahiti.

But the *Rona* ran on a reef, and the *Samoa* foundered. The crews landed on Manihiki. Natives helped them build a cutter out of timbers from a wrecked ship. Then, with the natives aboard, Hayes started for Rakahanga, only twenty miles away, but he didn't stop there. Instead he took the natives to Samoa and sold them to planters.

His next ship was the schooner *Atlantic*. He was arrested in Pago Pago in 1869 and in Apia in 1870 and was sent to Sydney for trial. But he escaped on the brig *Pioneer*, with Captain Benjamin Pease, who, according to South Sea gossip, hunted heads to trade for labor recruits in the Solomon Islands. Joining forces for a time, Hayes and Pease looted copra and coconut-oil sheds on many islands. A rare opportunity came when a Portuguese gunboat ran on a reef. Pease and Hayes obtained access to the gunboat by offering to help float it and then stripped the ship of everything they could use or sell.

The partnership broke up when the two men quarreled over a girl. Pease had bought her at Pelew Island for \$250 but, it is asserted, had never made payment. While Pease

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was in jail in Shanghai, Hayes ran off with the girl and with Pease's brig, which he renamed the *Leonora*. In this ship he cruised, in the 1870s, among the Line Islands, getting traders drunk and paying for their copra with bags full of iron washers in lieu of coins. A German consul had him arrested again at Apia in 1872, but the British consul got him acquitted.

Hayes's next recorded exploit was to leave a trader on a remote atoll to gather copra and then sail for San Francisco. The trader remained marooned for five years, until he was rescued by another ship.

Hayes stocked the *Leonora* in Hawaii with trade goods for the Marquesas; stole cargo and raided copra sheds in the Melanesian groups; fought and knocked out a trader on Drummond Island in a quarrel over a copra deal, and was in trouble at nearly every port. He sailed a ship from Apia to the Marshall Islands for sale to the king of Arnho. Aboard, in irons, was Black Tom, a Negro who had been sentenced by Samoa authorities to be marooned as a penalty for burglary. On the voyage Hayes and Black Tom became friends. He freed the Negro at Mili, and they became partners. The two are said to have buried \$250,000 on the Island of Kusaie.

Arriving at Pingelap, Hayes found the missionary brigantine *Morning Star*, of Honolulu, in port with missionaries from the Hawaiian Board. Despite his reported affability toward the Rev. Mr. Chalmers of Rarotonga, Hayes, like many other sea captains of his time, didn't like missionaries. Their influence, he felt, interfered with his activities. Finding Sam Biggs, his local trading agent, befriending the newcomers, he thrashed Biggs. Then he called a meeting in the chief's house and told the natives

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to choose between himself and the missionaries. The natives voted for Hayes. To celebrate his victory Hayes invited the Hawaiian missionaries and their wives aboard the *Leonora*, played his accordion, and made them dance. This occurred in 1873.

It was at about that time that he searched for treasure that was rumored to be buried in the ruins of the mystery city of Nan-Matal, on Ponape. All he found, according to report, was a metal bowl that weighed fifty pounds.

Louis Becke, who was a supercargo with Hayes, said Bully was never the same after the *Leonora* was wrecked on Kusaie in 1874. He became erratic, suspicious, at times morose, and was addicted to fits of sudden violence.

Temporarily without a ship, Hayes settled down for a time, on Kusaie, to the business of pressing oil from coconuts. This unaccustomed legitimate activity was interrupted when some of his past misdeeds caught up with him through the agency of the British sloop-of-war *Rosario*, Captain Dupuis. Hayes, while under arrest, knocked down a marine who was guarding him, swam across the harbor, and fled the island in a fourteen-foot boat.

Joining the whaling barque *Arctic*, Captain Whitney, Hayes arrived in February 1875 at Guam, where he bought a schooner. He was already wanted by officers of the law in several countries. At Guam the Spaniards arrested him for helping a convict to escape and sent him to prison in Manila.

In this emergency Hayes summoned back his old-time charm. He made friends first with his jailer, then with the governor and the priests, whom he permitted to "convert" him to the Catholic faith. Eventually his professed

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change of heart impressed even the bishop, who used his influence with the authorities to have the model prisoner set free. Arriving from Manila at San Francisco in the ship *Whittier*, he bought or stole a cutter-rigged vessel, the *Lotus*, robbed a lighthouse of stores, and sailed for the South Seas. He was heard of again in Samoa and in the Caroline Islands, sailing the *Lotus* with a crew of one native and a Scandinavian known only as Peter.

There are conflicting stories of his end, as there are of his beginning and of many points in his life between. One version is that he settled in the Bonin Islands and was shot by his old friend Black Tom after a quarrel. The more substantiated story attributes his death to the mate Peter, who was still living in the Caroline Islands as late as 1889.

It happened in the late 70s. Aboard the *Lotus*, Hayes and Peter quarreled. Details of the encounter are fragmentary and conflicting. There seems to have been a fist fight in which the mate was victor. Hayes went below to get a pistol. As he reappeared on deck Peter struck him on the head with a boat hook and threw him into the sea.

CHAPTER XV

Castaways on Midway

THERE WAS the New Bedford whaler *William Thompson*, three times afire in one voyage, in 1846 and 1847. Captain Ellis set two seamen ashore at Pernambuco, charging that they had set fire to the ship. Smoke sifted up again as she crossed the equator, northbound in the Pacific. In April the *William Thompson* put into Waimea, Kauai. There the crew fought fire in the hold for days, and three more seamen were arrested on suspicion.

There was the brig *Cypress*, bound for Macquarie Harbor with British convicts. The convicts, led by one William Sparrow, seized the ship and marooned the officers on an island. Sparrow called up the crew and changed all their names, as well as his own. He had the name of the ship painted out and a new name substituted. And the *Cypress* arrived at Honolulu as the *Edward*, Captain Waldon.

Sparrow, alias Waldon, wanted to stay in Honolulu. Nine of his crew did remain. But eight others kidnaped the captain, carried him back to the ship, and set sail for Japan.

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The Japanese, who at that time were suspicious of all foreigners, fired on the brig. Cannon balls pierced her hull below the water line. The convicts kept her afloat, by constant pumping, until they were near the coast of China. There they fell in with a junk, just as the *Edward* was sinking. Some of the convicts went aboard the junk. Others, with Swallow, took to the longboat and were towed into Whampoa Bay, where all but one Davis signed on an East Indiaman for England.

Swallow cannily left the Indiaman when she arrived at Margate. His companions, remaining aboard, were arrested. The marooned officers, meanwhile, had reached Partridge Island on a raft and had obtained passage to England. There one of them recognized the longboat of the *Cypress*, in which Swallow and his companions had escaped from the sinking brig off China. It had been taken aboard the Indiaman when the men signed on at Whampoa. Davis, too, had been arrested in China on suspicion and shipped to England.

Swallow was given up to the authorities by a man in whose house he was hiding. It appears he convinced the court that he had acted under duress, as a prisoner of the mutineers, rather than their leader. He was acquitted.

In our own time the liner *City of Honolulu* burned at sea on her run between Honolulu and Los Angeles Harbor. The fire was discovered at night, and passengers rushed on deck in a varied array of night robes and negligees. One will not soon forget the spectacle of a prominent Honolulu merchant clambering into a lifeboat in brilliant purple pajamas. Fortunately the sea was calm and the night mild; the castaways remained quietly in the boats, watching the

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ship burn, and were picked up after a few hours without extreme hardship.

The name of the burning ship led to an amusing misunderstanding in distant sections of the United States. Residents of Honolulu were surprised to receive anxious messages from relatives on the mainland who had heard a garbled news report that the city was in flames as the result of an eruption of the volcano (which is on another island, some two hundred miles distant) and begging them to wireless at once if they were safe.

But one of the most celebrated shipwrecks associated with the Port of Honolulu was that of the *Wandering Minstrel* on Midway Island in 1888. Some things about it never have been satisfactorily explained. And it is still a controversial topic in Honolulu. Robert Louis Stevenson, who interviewed survivors in Honolulu, made their story the foundation for his novel *The Wrecker*. His wife wrote that he "tried in vain to solve the mystery."

The *Wandering Minstrel* was a British barque, bound from Hong Kong to fish for sharks and gather bêche-de-mer, or trepang, in the Bird Islands northwest of Honolulu. Bêche-de-mer, corrupted in sailor language to "beach-la-mar," is a sea slug found in island lagoons and much esteemed by Chinese as a basis for soup. Sharks yield a tough, if untractable, leather. Their oil is useful for some purposes, and the fins of some species are another Chinese delicacy.

Late in 1887 the *Wandering Minstrel* put in at Honolulu. There was trouble among her officers and crew. She lay off port while a British consular court examined the case. Two mates were discharged. John Cameron, who

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went aboard at Honolulu as first mate, said afterward that the crew was still "practically mutinous" and "as choice a lot of cutthroats as ever I laid eyes on." A deputy marshal and fifteen Hawaiian policemen were called to suppress a strike on the ship while she was in port.

The ship's company was large for a vessel of her size—Captain Frederick Walker, his wife and three sons; the two mates, Cameron and Hanker; an American cook; three Chinese stewards, and more than thirty seamen: Filipinos, Negroes, Chinese, and one man from Mozambique.

With most of the crew in irons, the *Wandering Minstrel* sailed up among the Bird Islands and spent some time off the barren bit of reef that La Perouse had discovered in 1786 and which was named, from his two ships, French Frigates Shoal. The fishing was poor, but Walker seemed unconcerned. He and his family, according to Cameron, spent their time "picnicking."

Rough weather blew up. The *Wandering Minstrel* fled the insecure anchorages of that maze of reefs and shoals and headed for Midway, the last but one of the islands that stretch in an irregular chain for a thousand miles or more in a northwesterly direction from the main Hawaiian group.

Midway is now a place of some importance—site of a cable station and a way point on an air route across the Pacific, with a hotel, golf links, and gardens of a sort. In those days it was practically everything that is connoted by the term "desert island." It was not quite literally a desert; comparatively few islands are. But for practical purposes it was almost so. There was low, wind-twisted shrubbery, over which fluttered thousands of screaming sea birds. There were fish and shellfish in the lagoon. But the island had little else to offer. It is a coral atoll—a broken, irregu-

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lar reef including a number of small islets and two tracts of land of appreciable size, known as Sand Island and Green or Eastern Island.

Midway was technically uninhabited at that time—but not actually so. As the *Wandering Minstrel* approached those aboard could see a shaggy figure ashore, waving the remnant of a shirt.

The barque lay outside the reef for three days, while the wind howled and waves broke on the coral. When at last Walker tried to enter the wind fell away entirely, and the barque drifted dangerously near the reef. Three boats were lowered, and they towed her to a doubtful anchorage in what is now known as Welles Harbor.

The ship's company landed on Sand Island, now the site of the cable station, where they were received by the castaway—a blond giant with a story of his own that rivals that of the *Wandering Minstrel* and her crew.

He was Adolph Jorgensen, a Dane, late ship's carpenter of the schooner *General Sigel*, wrecked while on a sharking cruise out of Honolulu. His story, as was learned later, did not agree in all points with that of his shipmates. But, piecing the two together, it appears that this was approximately what had happened:

The *General Sigel* had had good fishing at French Frigates, Maro, and Laysan, and had arrived at Midway with a nearly full hold. There one of the sudden, violent storms that break on the Bird Islands parted her anchor chain and drove her on the beach.

On Sand Island the seven castaways of the *Sigel* took up quarters in a house they found there. It is believed to have been built, some years earlier, by contractors who were dredging an entrance when a project—later abandoned—

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was undertaken to establish a coaling station at Midway for transpacific steamers.

If, indeed, life on Midway could not be called abundant, there are worse places. Though the atoll is too far north for coconuts to thrive, there are numerous birds and birds' eggs and fish. The castaways lived on these things, together with such stores as they had been able to salvage from the wreck.

At this point enters one of the elements of mystery: who killed the captain of the *General Sigel*?

Peter Larkin clung too long to a stick of dynamite with which he was blasting fish out of the lagoon, and his hand was blown off. His shipmates couldn't do much for him. Ships' medicine chests in those days contained painkiller and little else. Larkin suffered for ten days until the captain, whose name has been given variously as Jacobsen and as Asberline, gave him an extra-stout dose of painkiller. Larkin, after draining the draught, cried out that his stomach was afire and died in about two hours.

Some of the crew accused the captain of poisoning Larkin. A short time after this occurrence the captain, Jorgensen, and William Brown, the man who had been most suspicious in regard to Larkin's death, rowed to Eastern Island. Jorgensen came back alone. And his story didn't satisfy his shipmates.

Jorgensen said the captain had told him that Brown had shot himself accidentally while hunting birds. He hinted, however, that the captain had shot Brown. He added that he didn't know what had happened to the captain, but thought he had fallen into the lagoon and drowned.

The survivors accused Jorgensen of killing both men, and they marooned him on Eastern Island while they

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worked to repair a sampan that had been left at Sand Island by a Honolulu fishing schooner some time before their own shipwreck.

Jorgensen, like many sailors of his time, could not swim. He made a raft by tying driftwood together with his suspenders and with strips torn from his clothing. The raft broke up soon after he had launched it, but he clung to a log and reached Sand Island, unobserved by his shipmates. Entering the house, he got his rifle from its hiding place. But Edvart Olsen, in some manner not fully explained, took the gun away from him.

The men still refused to have anything to do with Jorgensen. When they had rigged up their boat they sailed for the Marshall Islands, leaving Jorgensen alone on Midway.

And they got there. None of the party could navigate. Apparently they just pointed the boat in the general direction of the Marshalls and let it drive. Twenty dried fish were all the food they had, but Olsen reported stoically that they "didn't get hungry." Indeed, he had little to say of the voyage. They arrived in the Marshall Islands on July 18, twenty days from Midway, and some months later were landed in Honolulu.

The *Wandering Minstrel's* company had no better fishing at Midway than at the other islands. Walker thought he had found bêche-de-mer in the lagoon, but it proved to be only ordinary loli (the common sea slug), good for nothing but fertilizer. Walker quarreled with his second mate Hanker and put him in irons. Walker and Cameron also quarreled.

A typhoon blew up; the anchorage in Welles Harbor was on a sandy bottom and exposed to the northwest.

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The windlass was smashed; the anchors dragged, and the *Wandering Minstrel* drove on the reef.

The forty-odd persons aboard took to two boats. The weather was bitterly cold. Mrs. Walker, dressed in her husband's trousers and six sea jackets and wearing an old felt hat tied on with a neckerchief, slipped down a rope into a boat. She let go the rope too soon and narrowly escaped falling into the sea.

Her dog Jessie ran about on deck, whining to be taken off. A sailor tossed her down to Mrs. Walker's arms.

The boat was nearly swamped when sailors threw their sea bags into it. The captain ordered the bags thrown out, and a bag of sea biscuit, the only food that had been saved, went overboard by mistake.

The Walker family lived in the house that was already on the island. The crew built shelters out of lumber that had been left by the working party of some years before. Hanker, the mate, lived in a barrel. The castaways ate eggs, fish, crabs, and sea birds; they drank water from shallow, brackish wells. As a variation in the menu, they beat up albatross eggs in hot water. They evaporated sea water in depressions in the coral to extract salt.

As the wreck broke up they acquired a few small comforts: mattresses, blankets, plates and tableware, a soup tureen. They fared well enough through the spring and summer. But as the season advanced birds grew scarce, and there were fewer eggs. Only "puppy birds," Mrs. Walker said, remained—so called because they "barked" like puppies. The dog Jessie would run them down or dig them out of their burrows in the sand.

With winter coming on it was apparent that there would not be food enough for all. There were three boats, in-

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cluding the two from the *Wandering Minstrel* and a small one that Jorgensen had used between the two islets. Six of the crew left in the best boat in an attempt to reach the Marshall Islands. Nothing was heard of them thereafter.

About the middle of September, Jorgensen, Cameron, and Moses, one of the Chinese stewards, rigged up another boat, a twenty-one-foot craft. They sheathed the bottom with planks stapled together with wire from the rigging of the *Wandering Minstrel*, raised the gunwales, attached a five-inch keel with bolts fashioned from shark hooks. They made a shelter of canvas and erected a mast and sails. In this craft the three men left Midway, to experience still another saga of adventure at sea.

The Walkers and the remainder of the crew carried on. Food grew day by day more scarce. Storms crashed on the island. The fury of a Pacific typhoon can scarcely be imagined by those who have not experienced it or seen its effects. The wind, with nothing to break its force, hurls masses of water across the land; the sea tears up great blocks of coral from the reef and batters with them anything that stands. I have seen islands that have been stripped completely bare by such hurricanes—every tree and shrub for miles uprooted, and the very soil scoured away, leaving only the naked coral bones of the land. Mrs. Walker related afterward that in one such storm she stood in water up to her waist for twenty-four hours, clinging to the house to avoid being swept away.

As food failed the men went fishing on the reef. Another storm caught one fishing party. They lost their oars. Mrs. Walker could see her husband and their elder son clinging to the reef. She and the younger boys built a fire as a beacon and kept it alive all night, feeding it with oil

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tried out of sea birds' fat. The second day and the second night the fishermen were still marooned. The third day, when the storm lulled in the deceptive interval before renewing its attack from the opposite direction, the two younger boys swam out with oars and the party returned.

They lived through the storms, but the desert-island life and the unbalanced and scanty diet were beginning to take toll. It seems odd that, even on that comparatively inhospitable bit of coral and sand, they did not eat the green leaves that do grow there, however unpalatable some may be, in order to stave off illnesses of malnutrition. Even as early as whaling days crews used to land on coral islands to gather "scurvy grass." I have eaten the fat leaves of pokea, the Pacific Island portulaca, and found them more palatable than many greens that are more familiar to us at home. As Captain Walker later reported, a few of the men, who went to Green Island and remained there, kept their health. The water on Green Island was considered unpotable, being green with decaying vegetable matter or with living algae. They drank that water, and perhaps that was what saved them.

The first to succumb, as Mrs. Walker said afterward, was "the greediest"—a man who could kill fifty birds and not share one with his companions. Another man became despondent. Mrs. Walker tried to cheer him, telling him to have faith; they were sure to be rescued. One morning the man did not leave the cask in which he slept. Walker pulled him out—dead.

Just when the castaways were hungriest a bag of rice was washed ashore from the wreck. The rice had fermented, but they ate it with relish while it lasted. And there was a crate of potatoes. Fried in albatross oil, they weren't bad,

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Mrs. Walker reported. She couldn't eat shark meat, though the men brought it in from their fishing. The boys dived for edible sea slugs, of which there were a few.

At length one of the Walker boys fell ill with scurvy. He kept asking for rice, but none was left. His brother, hunting eggs in the sand, saw something shining in the water near by and dived for it. It was a bottle of lime juice from their ship which had gone down thirteen months before—and the one thing they needed most. Lime juice is a time-honored remedy for scurvy.

Ships passed, and the castaways built signal fires and waved shirts, but the signals were not noticed. Thus winter wore away; spring was coming on.

Nothing had been heard in Honolulu, meanwhile, of the *Wandering Minstrel*. There is a quaint story that the Japanese wife of Mrs. Walker's brother consulted a Japanese seer, who told her that Mrs. Walker was living but in distress and praying for rescue. The wife, just before her death, begged her husband to find the Walkers. And he asked Captain Johnson of the schooner *Norma* to search through all the islands, as he cruised for sharks.

On March 17, 1889, the castaways sighted a sail, and this time their signals were heeded. It was the *Norma*. The schooner remained at Midway a week, feeding up the survivors and taking on firewood, water, and birds' eggs for herself. She brought the party to Honolulu on April 7. They had subsisted fourteen months on the island. One died aboard the *Norma* as a result of his previous privations. Five or six others—the accounts are confused—had died of beriberi, scurvy, or starvation; one had been drowned while fishing, and six were accounted lost at sea in the first boat that left Midway for the Marshall Islands.

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Notes by Stevenson and his wife and the plot of *The Wrecker* suggest that Captain Johnson extorted all the money the Walkers had as his price for their passage to Honolulu.

Meanwhile what had happened to Cameron, Jorgensen, and Moses, at sea in a twenty-one-foot boat?

They had sailed from Midway on October 13, hoping to reach Honolulu. But they steered first for Kure Island, in the opposite direction. They hoped to find food that was known to have been cached there and to get useful articles from the wreck of the *Dunotter Castle*, which had run aground at Kure in 1886. They knew the approximate position of the island. Cameron had a sextant and a pocket compass. Resorting to an old Polynesian navigating trick, they took along a captive curlew, which they released when they thought they were nearer to Kure than to Midway, and then attempted to follow the bird.

But they did not sight Kure. Meanwhile they ran into a storm—perhaps the same one that so intensified the hardships of those remaining at Midway. Jorgensen and Moses were disabled by seasickness. Cameron remained at the tiller all night and the next three days.

As the weather continued bad Cameron decided to steer for the Marshall Islands instead.

The three men had brought from Midway a week's supply of eggs, two pounds of rice, some smoked fish, pickled birds, and 150 gallons of water. The water supply held out, being replenished by frequent rain. The food ran short. They speared one dolphin and later a shark, the liver of which poisoned them. Jorgensen commented gloomily that killing a shark always brought on a storm. Sure

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enough, a storm followed, and they had to bail steadily for five hours.

Cameron said Jorgensen began to show signs of insanity and had to be watched constantly lest he change the course while Cameron was asleep.

On the thirty-eighth day coconut husks floated alongside, and the voyagers knew that land was somewhere near. Each day they scanned the floating husks, in their path, marking how the barnacles adhering to the fibers were of decreasing size. This told them land was nearer; they were on the right course. On the forty-second day the husks were without barnacles. And that day the tips of palms appeared in view to the west. According to Cameron's count, the day was November 25, 1888. The three men had sailed more than fifteen hundred miles beeline distance, and actually much more than that.

The island was Mili. Friendly natives and a German trader gave them provisions. After recuperating at Mili they went on to Jaluit. United States Consular Agent Morgan, at Jaluit, gave Cameron command of the schooner *Ebon* for a San Francisco trading firm which Morgan represented. Cameron later took the *Ebon* to *Midway*, where he stripped the wreck of the *General Sigel* and caught sharks. After some years as a sailing trader he settled in Japan. Two years before his death there in 1925, he revisited Honolulu, where he told his story to refute a charge that had grown in the intervening years. A full account of his wanderings is given in his autobiography, *John Cameron's Odyssey*, edited by the late Andrew Farrell.

Captain Walker, to the end of his days, was bitter against Cameron, who, he believed, had not reported the plight of the remaining Midway castaways when he arrived in the

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Marshalls. Mrs. Walker, who outlived her husband, held the same grievance. Cameron said he had reported the matter to the consular agent at Jaluit and to the German commissioner and had planned to send rescue when a ship should arrive. While still at Jaluit, he added, he received word that the Walkers had already been rescued by the *Norma*.

All the actors in that drama are dead, and it likely will never be certainly known who killed the captain of the *General Sigel* and William Brown on Eastern Island; why Walker and Cameron didn't get along together, or just what was the arrangement between Walker and his rescuer, Captain Brown of the *Norma*. There were many minor discrepancies, to which space has not been given here, including those which led Mrs. Stevenson to write, in her preface to *The Wrecker*, that it was plain to her that "fishing for sharks was not the sole object of the *Wandering Minstrel*."

The story, with its voyages of many days in open boats, recalls the tale of the *Lady Lampson*. . . .

CHAPTER XVI

Every Man Was Saved

THE YEAR was 1893. The barque *Lady Lampson*, owned in San Francisco but of Hawaiian registry, was northbound from Australia for Honolulu with Australian coal.

The passage was stormy, and the weather grew worse instead of better. On a night when it was scarcely possible to see a boat's length ahead, a grinding crash shook the ship. She had run at full speed upon a reef—probably Kingman, which is in the vicinity where the ship is supposed to have been.

The keel, ripped off by the impact, banged against the ship's side. Waves battered the snared vessel; the upper timbers began to strain and crack loose. Those aboard doubted whether the *Lady Lampson* would hold together through the night.

In the howling gale and heaving sea two boats were lowered. There wasn't much time. Six gallons of water, twenty pounds of ship's biscuit, and six cans of meat were all the provisions that went into the boats.

Captain Julius Peterson's latest reading had shown a posi-

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tion about forty miles from Palmyra—an atoll of fifty-odd coral islets, bearing coconut palms, around a central lagoon.

The two boats were lashed together, the captain's boat taking the mate's in tow. For the first few days they had little chance to steer anywhere. It was all they could do to keep afloat. The storm must have been one of those cyclonic hurricanes that at times cause such devastation in the Pacific. The wind blows violently for a day or two from one direction; then there is a lull—sometimes a flat calm—while the center of the vast swirl is passing. And then the wind strikes from the opposite quarter. For the men of the *Lady Lampson* reported that soon after they abandoned ship the storm abated, then blasted at them anew with such force that the boats were driven in the reverse direction from their previous course.

Waves poured into the boats, soaking the sea biscuit and forcing the men to bail day and night. In three days all the food was gone. In two days more they drank the last drops of fresh water. As the storm lulled again some of the starving men began to lose their reason. One sailor announced his intention of killing the cabin boy for food.

Then the storm rose to new fury, and they had no time to think of anything but bailing. They were already weakened by thirst, hunger, and exposure, and the bailing was a cruel task. The boats shot up on tremendous waves, tottered, and plunged into deep chasms. Several times they were on the verge of capsizing.

But they lived through the blow. Then the crazed sailor declared that they must kill and eat the captain's wife. His shipmates bound him, lest he try to carry out his threat.

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On the ninth day they sighted the remains of the *Lady Lampson*. Wind and currents had brought them back to their starting point. This was good news, for the hulk had held together better than they had expected, and there were food and water aboard.

Weak as they were, they maneuvered the boats through the surf and boarded the wreck. They did not dare remain long. The ship might break up entirely at any time. They provisioned the boats and set out again. Two days later they separated, on the principle that two chances were better than one. The mate steered for Palmyra, the captain for Honolulu, a distance of more than nine hundred miles.

Although the storm had abated and they now had plenty of water and food, this voyage was a terrific ordeal. Spray drenched them; they were never warm. They could sleep only a few minutes at a time. The captain, remaining almost continuously at the tiller, kept his boat headed toward Honolulu. On the seventeenth day the peaks of the Island of Oahu were in sight. But three days of suffering remained before the refugees could reach their goal.

Off Maui the boat filled with water and almost capsized when a sudden squall bore down. They bailed out and went on. No one sighted them, it seems. They rowed all the way into Honolulu Harbor and alongside C. Brewer & Company's wharf. Natives lifted them out of the boat. The survivors had not the strength to stand.

The mate's boat, bound for Palmyra, had a shorter distance to go but had to fight current and wind. It struck better weather, for the first week, than the captain's party experienced, but all hands, exposed to the near-equatorial sun and its blinding reflection from the water, suffered

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from the heat. They said afterward that their legs and arms swelled, and it became a tremendous effort to move.

On the eighth day, toward evening, the wind freshened. Waves began to break over the sides. The men forced themselves to bail for their lives. Thus they fought for eight more days. Hope was almost gone, when at last they sighted a sail. It came nearer; then their hearts sank as it veered away. But the ship was only tacking for position. Soon she had tacked again and was bearing down. A boat was lowered. The exhausted men of the *Lady Lampson* were lifted into it and up to the deck of the schooner *Martha Tufts*, of San Francisco.

The entire company of the *Lady Lampson* was saved.

The little inter-Island craft out of Honolulu that plied the Eight Seas among the Islands of Hawaii also had their disasters, despite the boast of their skippers that they didn't have to navigate but could tell where they were at any time by the color of the water alongside.

In Honolulu the tale is still told of Captain Sam Manu's swim.

Manu was skipper of the schooner *Moi Wahine*—that is, the *Queen*. He knew those seas; he had sailed them many years. He was seventy years old when the *Moi Wahine*, on a dark night, collided with the *Kukui*, between Honolulu and Maui, and sank so quickly that only Captain Sam survived.

The *Kukui* had already gone by. Manu, floundering about in the darkness, found a floating plank. With this as a support he started for Honolulu. But the current was dead against him. He could feel that he was making no headway. So he turned and struck out for Molokai. Ac-

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cording to the story as I heard it from an old-timer of Honolulu, he "charted his course by the stars."

I don't know just how far Sam Manu was from Molokai when he started. That island is barely visible from the southeast tip of Oahu, and he was somewhere in the sea off a position presumably between them. All the rest of the night Sam Manu swam.

The stars paled; daylight outlined the dark rampart of Molokai's mountains. As he drew nearer he could see surf crashing tempestuously upon the rocky shore of that long, precipitous land. And he realized that there was no safe landing on Molokai that day, even if he could reach it, which was doubtful. A strong current was running across his course; it would carry him past Laau Point, into the vast emptiness of the sea.

Undaunted, the seventy-year-old captain changed his course, heading for the Island of Lanai.

It is sixty-four miles, air-line distance, from Honolulu to the Molokai port of Kaunakakai, and seventy-five miles, computed in the same way, from Honolulu to Lanai City on the Island of Lanai. Manu had already been in the water the greater part of the night.

He let the current carry him past the point, then struck out, calmly and steadily, to the west. The sun veered as he swam on—to his left, in the south, then swinging until it shone full in his eyes. Captain Manu swam on.

Just before dark he crawled up a narrow beach on the shore of Lanai. He had swum all night and all day in the open sea.

In more recent years a comparable exploit was performed by a member of the celebrated Duvauchelle clan

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of Molokai. On a Sunday morning Edward K. Duvau-
chelle, Jr., was piloting a sampan crowded with excursion-
ists bound from Honolulu for the Territorial homesteads
on Molokai. In the unquiet channel between the islands
the overloaded sampan capsized. It did not sink, however,
and men, women, and children clung to its slippery planks.
They could not cling there indefinitely. Even in the com-
paratively warm sea of that latitude the chill creeps up as
hours pass, numbing, stiffening, cramping the limbs. A
few lost their hold, in the course of the day, and drowned.
But for those who could hang on rescue was coming.

Duvauchelle, as soon as he had seen that all the passen-
gers and crew were placed as securely as possible around
the edges of the overturned craft and had hauled to it
those who could not swim, had struck out, alone, for
Molokai.

No details of that swim, as far as I know, are available
—of the tossing waves, the treacherous crosscurrents, the
glare of sunlight in eyes inflamed by salt water. Duvau-
chelle doesn't talk much. If he is asked he says he just
kept on swimming.

Five hours later he landed on the shore of Molokai. But
his task had only begun. Molokai—called of old “the
Lonely Isle,” although a prideful Chamber of Commerce
has striven mightily to amend that designation to “the
Friendly Isle”—is rather sparsely inhabited and has few
harbors. It is a country of cattle ranches, homestead farms,
and precipitous mountains; its settlements are few and far
between. Duvauchelle had to reach a port where there
were boats.

And he ran. After that five-hour swim in rough open
sea he ran—on and on, mile after mile, over lava and sand

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and through thorny scrub, circling precipitous gorges, to the nearest place where he knew there was a boat.

Guided by Duvauchelle, a sampan put out from Molo-kai. All who still clung to the disabled ship were saved.

It is men like this who have sailed the Eight Seas of Hawaii. Hawaiians, with the tradition of tremendous voyages behind them, and sons of the vikings, like Jorgensen of the *General Sigel*, and men from nearly all the seafaring nations of the world, and men of mixed descent, in whose veins flows blood of two or three or a dozen peoples, sometimes of three or more races. Duvauchelle was of Hawaiian and French ancestry. That is but one of the many racial blends that have made Honolulu and the Islands one of the most interesting studies in human hybridization under the American flag. Perhaps it is time to tell how it came about that the ends of the earth flowed in to Honolulu.

CHAPTER XVII

The Eyes Meet at Kou

SANDALWOOD was *pau*—finished. Whaling was *pau*. And Hawaii turned back to the land. To the deep red earth and the shallow blond earth, to the dark rich earth and the pockets between the black, contorted lava.

In the earth lay sweetness and treasure, cargoes to fill the fat bellies of tall-masted ships and to exchange in the world's marts for other treasures that this soil did not yield, or which it gave in less abundance. Streams of commerce to flow in and out of the Port of Honolulu beneath the green and tawny hills.

Already the beginnings had been made. Don Francisco de Paula Marín, in the 1790s and early 1800s, had planted almost every crop that later became important in Hawaii. Since the first "floating islands," as Hawaiians called the white men's ships, had burst through the curved horizon from the fabled lands beyond the pillars that upheld the sky, the fields and pastures of Hawaii had supplied foreign ships with food and firewood and water. Potatoes and grain from the Islands had fed the gold seekers in Cali-

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fornia. But all this trade had been on a relatively small scale.

Many different crops were tried, and for one reason or another many failed. But always effort swung back to the crop for which Island climate and Island soil seemed best suited—the giant grass that feeds the sweet tooth of the world.

Sugar cane had been grown in Hawaii since the Polynesians, in their uncertain history before the time of written speech, had brought it from their earlier homes. Commercial plantations had been attempted; Paula Marín and, after him, Boki had planted cane. Since 1835 a small plantation had been struggling, but gradually growing, on Kauai.

But there was lack of hands to furrow and stir the fruitful earth. The Hawaiians, who knew that earth best, were becoming fewer year by year. Diseases to which their centuries of isolation had given them no resistance, and the shock and disruption of their entire economic and community life by the impact of a foreign civilization were wearing them away. It was gloomily predicted that that gentle, kindly, too-generous and too-hospitable people in a few years would vanish from the earth.

Nor were they conditioned, by their history and temperament, to steady, driving wage labor for commercial exploitation. Only the old absolute power of the chiefs could force them to it, and that power was slipping away.

Thus it came about that the men of far and diverse countries trooped into the fragrant fields. And hence it is that Honolulu and the lands around it are today the home of a people compounded of many peoples and, through their mingling, the home of a new race.

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The somber predictions did not come entirely true. Not all of the native blood died out, although much of it appears now in altered guise, blended with that of the new migrations that rolled in successive waves over the land.

Planters, meeting in convention in 1850, resolved to import workmen from abroad. Kings sought new blood to revive the fading life of the land. Captain Cass of the British barque *Thetis* sailed out of Honolulu in August 1851 and returned in January 1852 from Amoy with two hundred Chinese—under contract to work five years at three dollars a month plus clothing, food, housing, and transportation.

More followed until, in the course of half a century, forty thousand or more had left their mud-walled villages in southern China. Some saved their meager wages and returned; many married with women of the land and remained to help build the new Hawaii.

But meantime the fields spread and more hands were needed, while the frugal laborers, as fast as they could save a little capital, left the plantations and founded small businesses in the towns.

At about the time of the first organized Chinese immigration a few hundred Portuguese from the Azores and Madeira were in Hawaii. They had deserted from whaling ships or had made their way by other means to the Islands. Some joined the plantations, and they proved such able workers that the planters sought more of their kind. On September 30, 1878, the ship *Priscilla*, from Funchal, entered Honolulu Harbor with one hundred and eighty island Portuguese. As time went on ten thousand more joined them.

Their later history was similar to that of the Chinese.

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Comparatively few remain on the plantations today. Some resettled in California; many remained in Hawaii, marrying Hawaiians or women of their own people, and set up businesses of their own.

The government, though it realized the necessity of reinforcing the labor supply, was perturbed by the rising tide of alien immigration. Efforts were made to bring in people who were nearer akin to the Hawaiians. From various islands, both Polynesian and Micronesian, about twenty-five hundred came—the majority of them from the Gilbert Islands. Few of them remained.

An attempt was made to bring the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers—already a blend of English and Polynesian—from Pitcairn Island. The consent of the British government was obtained; arrangements were made to set aside lands for them. But the Pitcairn people refused to leave their steep and cliff-girt isle.

And still ships came from far ports, bearing human freight. From Spain, from Korea, from Russia, from Puerto Rico, and from still other lands, they came. Especially from Japan. The planters were continually experimenting with new racial and national types of labor. Moreover, it is probable that they preferred to have their employes divided by barriers of race and language, lest unity give strength to numbers and such subversive tendencies as collective bargaining arise.

Not until 1884 did the Japanese government, in response to the representations of a Hawaiian mission, consent to permit its subjects to migrate to Hawaii. Even then it tried to guard their interests against the harsh conditions of plantation life at that time and the exactions of unscrupulous recruiting agencies in Japan. At times there was pros-

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pect that the permission would be revoked. But in all, from the time when 956 arrived in Honolulu on the *City of Tokyo* in February 1885 more than 100,000 entered Hawaii.

A fragment of song, in mingled Japanese and Hawaiian, has been attributed to those days. As given me, it begins:

Watashi-wa hana wai . . .

"I irrigate the fields" is the sense of it. "You hoe the rows of cane. By and by we'll both be rich and go back to Japan."

A veteran plantation laborer told a sociologist: "We worked from early dawn until late at night, and we were driven like animals. The wages were small, but we were all expecting to make a fortune and go back to our own country."

In the course of about twenty years of Japanese immigration almost as many did go back as came, but natural increase more than made up for the loss. Today there are more than 150,000 persons of Japanese descent in the Island Territory out of a total population of nearly 425,000.

The planters were creating, for themselves and for the Islands, problems that may not have been foreseen when the *City of Tokyo* discharged her human cargo in Honolulu. The Japanese field hands, as they became numerous, showed a solidarity hitherto lacking in plantation labor in the Islands and confronted the planters in later years with the first serious strikes in Hawaii's experience. Moreover, it began to be feared that their large numbers, in proportion to the total population, would be difficult to assimilate.

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Law and international agreement eventually ended immigration from Asia, although as late as 1921 planters were circulating a petition to Congress to permit importation of contract laborers from China.

Meanwhile the industry turned to a new source of supply. The *Doric*, on December 21, 1906, brought the first score of "sample" Filipinos to Honolulu. Since their islands were then under United States jurisdiction, Filipinos were not subject to exclusion. They proved such efficient and, on the whole, docile workers that in the years following some seventy thousand were introduced, and the field force came to be composed mainly of Filipinos from several tribes.

The approach of Philippine independence and a change of policy on the part of the planters ended this migration, and many Filipinos were sent home as the industry began again to recruit citizen labor.

For the streams of humanity that had been flowing for more than half a century into the Islands had replenished the people, probably even beyond their predisccovery numbers. The ends of the earth had met and mingled; a new race was in birth. The Polynesians, already a mixed race; the already mixed Europeans of the north and of the south; the various Asiatics; the Latin-Iberian-African of the Atlantic isles—all were being blended in Hawaii. The physical form and the mental outlook of each group were already being modified by influences of climate and diet and changed surroundings. There was a new hybridization, of multiple and bewildering complexity, to which the rare Negro or American Indian, the occasional East Indian or Israelite, added further touches of flavor.

There were still large blocks of racially "pure" stock,

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but one out of three marriages in the Islands was interracial. Even the Japanese began increasingly to marry outside their own race. There was occurring an amalgamation of more varied human ingredients than perhaps had come about anywhere else in the United States.

For the older generation, whose thoughts turned back in its sunset years to the rice fields of southern China, the paper houses of Japan, the sea-fringed hills of St. Michael and St. George, was giving way to the new. The new generation, in many cases already of mixed blood, was beginning to feel itself to be of Hawaii rather than of Asia or the islands off the African and European coasts. Even haoles of unbroken descent from New England missionaries and sea captains and pioneer traders are not quite the same in body or in mind as their forebears who sprang from harsher soils. There is a localism inherent in the life of almost any island which, though it does not necessarily conflict with a wider patriotism, does set the islander, in a way, apart. The typical Island man or woman has a strong sense of the *'aina*—what Mexicans call the *patria chica*, the Little Fatherland.

So the youth grew up, youth of the Islands, its outlook circumscribed somewhat by the blue-green walls of salt water that shut in Island life, turning it inward. They grew up knowing little, save in an unreal, fragmentary way—as knowledge comes from textbooks—of the great world outside. They were increasingly no longer Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, but in birth and title Americans. More deeply, perhaps, they were Islanders or, as scientists have dubbed them, “neo-Hawaiians.”

As boys and girls of half a dozen or more races sat together in the public schools, played American games to-

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gether, attended class parties together, the old racial tabu faded; the voices of conservative elders became but a faint buzzing in the ears. Life was warm and fresh and glorious in the salt surf and under the mild Hawaiian moon. And youth turned to youth, as it has turned under the sun of all lands and by the shores of whatever sea: Islander to Islander, in many cases regardless of the lands from which either had sprung.

The blond-haired, gray-eyed office boy who sorted my mail and ran my errands and whose features resembled those of the late Rudolph Valentino was of Japanese, Spanish, and Hawaiian heritage. A belle of the beach, at whose exotic beauty tourists gaped in admiration, counted English and Hawaiian and Chinese among her ancestors. The son of a Cherokee Indian and of a Negro was courting a woman in whose veins ran the blood of Scotch and Irish and New England traders and of sea captains and Hawaiian chiefs. It is not uncommon today for an Islander to number in his ancestry half a dozen or more racial strains. Most of us mainlanders are almost as mixed, if we can trace our lineage, but we are seldom of quite such extremely varied ingredients.

This young Hawaii was growing up and needing work. Time had changed the ways of plantation life from the old, harsh, contract-labor days. And the planters began to change them further, trying to attract the young men who were streaming out of high school and college with nothing to do and nowhere to go. In small numbers at first, but increasingly, young Hawaii began to return to the furrowed, thirsty soil that its fathers or grandfathers had forsaken for the corner grocery, the taxi stand, the cleaning-and-pressing shop of the city.

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Thus, if told here only in brief and scanty outline, runs the story of the human cargo that poured for half a century and more into the Port of Honolulu. There were other elements than I have mentioned: Scotch plantation managers and mill engineers, German and Belgian sugar boilers, mainland American and British and Australian merchants, teachers, professional men, tradesmen, office workers—and all the varied assortment that is attracted to any growing city or country.

Some of these latter elements, especially in Honolulu, now tend to form a group by themselves, mingling less with the other races than did the pioneer settlers, when Caucasians in the Islands were few.

Caucasians of the pioneer stock, with some infusion from later-arrived mainlanders, continue to dominate the life of Hawaii industrially, politically, and socially. But the mass of the Island folk is of the changing, blending young Hawaii—still partly divided into its component racial groups, but tending to blend into the New Hawaiian. This tendency is not entirely uniform. In some groups there has been, of late, a slight evidence of reversing the trend. But I believe that on the whole, among the mass of the population, the blending continues. The new race is a people not yet fully acquainted with itself and with its potentialities, a people that has yet to find itself and to discover its own strength—a people groping.

But in the thought of the human cargo and its fruit I cannot resist harking back to the earlier and stranger ships that plied the Pacific long before that ocean was known to the white strangers who came from the doorposts of the dawn. I think again of the first Hawaiians—those pioneers out of the southern Far East who explored and

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peopled the vast Pacific at a time when European mariners dared not venture out of sight of their Atlantic shores.

One of the first questions that is asked by visitors in the Islands and one of the first questions asked me when I speak to mainland audiences is, "Whence did the Hawaiians come? How did they get to Hawaii?"

It is not inappropriate to answer that question here, even though Honolulu may not have been their port. They came in ships. . . .



CHAPTER XVIII

The Sewn Ships

FROM the Darkness we came, from the Night, from the Moving Space.”

So the Hawaiians answered, when they were asked, “Whence did you come?”

From the darkness of forgotten time; from the moving space, the unstable foundation, of the sea.

From a land so far in space and time that its location was forgotten, its memory surviving only in repeated place names spaced from island to island, from the setting toward the rising sun.

From Havaiki, whose name is perpetuated, in the altered dialect, in this northernmost outpost of the Polynesians: Hawai’i.

In ships they came, beating from island to island, stopping here and there for a time or for generations, some moving on when a land became crowded or a clan was defeated in war, or when ambitious younger sons of chiefs set out to find a new country where they might rule. Or, sometimes, when a restless chief merely wanted to know what lay beyond the notched horizon of the sea.

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In ships they came, and their chanting kept time to the steady stroke of the paddles; the sails bellied with the leaning wind; the navigator kept his course by the sacred star roads that striped the curving sky.

From Havaiki—somewhere in the west and south, it is believed. For the spirits of the dead, in all or nearly all the lands of the Polynesians, turn westward to the ancient home that is confused now with the spirit land, the Cosmic Night, where the universe was born.

Who knows now where lay that broad and fertile land beside the cleansing stream, with its mountains rising to the backbone of heaven? Who remembers what pressure of invasion or famine or internecine dissension drove the stout-keeled ships on the path toward the rising sun?

“Cold, cold is Havaiki,” I have heard the chant on an island near the equator. But “cold” is a relative term. And the same adjective is applied to the Great Night, the Darkness-World of the ancestral spirits and of the gods.

We know only that there are traces of the Polynesians along a path that leads through the East Indies out among the scattered steppingstones of the Pacific—to a central new Havaiki in the Society Islands; eastward as far as Rapa-nui, the Navel of the World, which the white man calls Easter; south to New Zealand, and north to Hawaii, and to the island-sown seas that radiate between.

They were a people out of Asia, it is conjectured. Distant kin of our own, perhaps. They have been classified by anthropologists as Europoid, which is a more modern term for Caucasian. To use a still looser terminology, that means they were an “Aryan” people, who became modified in the course of far voyaging by contacts and mixtures with other peoples. Their gods and heroes were dusky-

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blond and reddish-haired; from the earliest recorded time these characteristics have recurred among the people themselves.

But the pertinent fact for the purposes of this discussion is that they became a seafaring folk.

When the answer is given that the first Hawaiians came to the Islands in "canoes" questioners are incredulous. The word suggests merely the dugout outriggers, twenty or thirty feet long, that line the beach at Waikiki.

That is why I prefer to say "ships."

Some of the ocean-going ships of the ancient Polynesians were a larger counterpart of the small canoes of today: a hollowed log, stabilized by an outrigger and propelled by both paddles and sail. But there is a limit to the size of a craft of that type—although Hawaiian chiefs in historic times built canoes of huge redwood logs that had drifted from the American coast. You can build a dugout only as big as the biggest tree you can find.

But you can hitch two such canoes together, side by side, and deck over the space between. And that is what the Polynesians did. Just such ships came out to meet Captain Cook at Kealakekua Bay. Cook's artist drew them with ten paddlers on a side and a crowd of chiefs and warriors on the deck between.

But suppose you wanted a larger ship than could be built from one, or a pair, of the largest logs.

You could saw several such logs apart, fit sections of them together to make a craft of the size and shape desired, and build up the sides with added planks to obtain greater freeboard. Such ships are known to have been built in Tahiti.

Or suppose you lived on an island where no large trees

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grow. There's a way out of that difficulty too. Out of both the circumstances I have just suggested developed the Polynesian *pahi*—the sewn ship.

I have seen smaller vessels, constructed in this manner, still in use in the Tuamotu Islands. They were built of planks rather than of whole logs. The planks were joined together, not by nails and bolts, but in the ancient manner, by lashings of cord.

For Polynesia is without metal, save as metal has been imported in modern times. Before the white men brought metal tools—which still are scarce in many islands—the planks were hewn out and shaped with tools of stone, bone, shell, and hardwood. And they were literally sewn together. Holes were bored near the edges of the planks (with drills of shell, hardwood, or stone), and sennit, braided from the fibers of green coconut husks, was drawn through the holes to bind the parts.

I suppose there is a limit to the practical size of a ship thus pieced together, but with stout bracing it could be at least as long as the longest tree trunk you could find for a keel and as wide as a sense of proportion suggested, or as you wanted to make it. Deck it over between the two hulls, build a thatched shelter on the deck, and the ship would carry sixty to a hundred passengers and crew, as some Tuamotuan *pahi* at the time of the early European explorers are known to have done.

Tongan double canoes, described by early arrivals from Europe, were as much as 150 feet long, or twice the length of many a trading schooner that now plies the same seas. In such a ship, with anything approaching favorable conditions, one could go virtually anywhere.

In practice excessively long voyages were seldom nec-

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essary, unless ships were driven from their courses by storm. It seems unlikely that the Polynesians sailed all the way from the East Indies to Hawaii, for instance, in one jump. They wouldn't have had to do so. A glance at a chart of the Pacific shows islands extending in irregular but fairly marked series and small outposts of land even in many of the vast open stretches. At the speed known to have been made by some of their ships—eight or ten knots—the Polynesians, in most cases, did not have to make single voyages of more than three weeks' duration, the time for which they usually carried supplies.

I have landed upon some of those steppingstones between the major Polynesian ports, and there I have seen the remains of their encampments: the temple courts, the tombs, the house foundations, the paved pathways to the shore, the trenches in which crops were grown to replenish provisions for the next leg of the journey.

Legend, no doubt, has exaggerated some of the voyages. One may be permitted to doubt that Hiro-i-te-maro-ura, as one of his descendants assured me in Tahiti, actually sailed his three-masted ship from that island around Cape Horn, across the South Atlantic, and around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar. The more sober investigators no longer accept the early interpretation of the scope of the voyages of Tangia, which would have totaled some twenty thousand miles. But cruises of two thousand to twenty-five hundred miles were common and have been substantiated beyond doubt. Polynesians did sail repeatedly between the Society Islands and Hawaii; they did sail from Raiatea in the Society Islands to New Zealand. And it is believed they made at least one much longer trip, which will be considered later.

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Weather was considered very carefully—and the Polynesians are one of the most weather-wise peoples in the world. They knew, within reasonable limits, the most favorable time to sail.

The twin hulls were bound together, braced so as to be secure. The joining by lashing, rather than bolting, gave sufficient play to ease the strain on the parts. Sails of pandanus matting were run up to the masts. There was a stone anchor or, as in the Tuamotu, a seaman dived and secured the boat to a head of coral.

Fresh water was carried in joints of bamboo or, where these were not available, in gourds or in coconut shells. There were also drinking coconuts, which will keep for a week or so, and containers hollowed out of logs. The tradition I have heard, that Polynesian deep-sea voyagers were able to drink salt water, is probably an exaggeration. It is known, however, that they trained themselves to subsist on a minimum of water and food.

They had taro and, on the later voyages, sweet potatoes; they had bananas and breadfruit for the first ten days and yams that would keep about two months. There were ripe coconuts, fermented poi of breadfruit or taro or pandanus starch, dried root vegetables, dried fish and shellfish, dried bananas. The larger ships carried live pigs, dogs, and chickens, and live fish in bamboo containers of water. There was a fireplace: a mound of earth and sand, with porous stones, to retain heat for the seagoing counterpart of the underground oven.

The voyaging could not have been comfortable. The sewn ships, though pitched with tree gum and calked with coconut fiber, undoubtedly leaked, and a watch had to be kept bailing at all times. Polynesians, even today, seem

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indifferent about shipping water and take bailing as a matter of course. I sailed once with a group of them in a canoe so overloaded that waves spilled continually over the starboard side, and no one aboard seemed at all perturbed.

But the early Polynesian voyagers were better off than the European explorers who followed them, centuries later, in the Pacific. Polynesian sailors had a more healthful diet. They didn't get scurvy.

The most difficult thing to understand, even for many seamen, is how the prediscovery Polynesians, without chronometer or compass or instruments of navigation, were able to find their way. They did find it, and without instruments they had a more accurate notion of longitude than the Spaniards who sailed into the Pacific in the sixteenth century—who found the Solomon Islands and then couldn't find them again in two hundred years. For the Spaniards of that time navigated by sailing down a parallel of latitude and estimating their longitude by dead reckoning, based on the distance they thought they had sailed from their starting point; their logs read: Latitude so many degrees south, and so many leagues west of Lima.

Polynesian navigation is not all mystery. The Polynesians steered by the stars, whose "courses" they knew very well; by the stars that have guided mariners of all races since man first ventured on the sea. The principal stars were grouped into "roads" on the sky; these stars were named and numbered, and their habits had been studied.

Surviving sailing directions reveal that voyages were begun with reference to landmarks on which bearings were taken with relation to certain stars and that various

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stars were followed in rotation, as one after another sank below the horizon.

There were many accessory methods of navigation. Some people have doubted them, but I have seen a few of them in operation. Tuamotuans maintain that they can "feel" the peculiar quality of each wind so sensitively that they know whence that wind comes. I have seen a Polynesian captain studying the color of the water alongside, and the shape and apparent direction of the waves, and sniffing the wind for the smell of shore. I have been aboard boats that followed sea birds whose habits and whose range of flight are known. They fly out from the land, empty, against the wind, and at dusk, heavy with food, fly landward with the wind. I have glimpsed the green-yellow glow over a lagoon island long before the low shores came into view and the piled clouds that cluster around volcanic mountains when the land itself cannot yet be discerned.

Though the Polynesians had no chronometers, they maintained dead reckoning of a sort. A knot tied in a cord kept count of the days.

Even the humble pig, it is said, served as an assistant navigator. When nearing land, natives say, a pig could smell it farther away than could any human being and would invariably turn his nose in that direction.

Some modern sailing men, accustomed to depending upon instruments and precise scientific calculations, hold that all this was not enough; that no ship, except by lucky accident, could get anywhere by such primitive navigation. The theory grew up in recent years that the Polynesians had a kind of sextant. A specimen was found and exhibited. The Polynesian sextant, it was stated, was a

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gourd, a coconut shell, or a wooden bowl, with holes bored through it around the middle. These holes acted like a level, establishing an artificial horizon. Other holes, at specified angles, permitted sighting at certain stars.

This was all very pretty, and the "calabash of the stars" achieved, for a time, wide fame. But an ethnologist spoiled the beautiful story. The calabash, he declared, with much corroborative argument and plausible evidence, was merely a water container, and the holes held the cords by which the vessel was hung up. And then the part-Hawaiian naval officer who had "discovered" the calabash admitted that he had been playing a joke on the scientists.

I am not prepared to say, however, that the Polynesians may not have used some such instrument, though I know of no clear reference to it in their own traditions, and I don't know whether, in actual practice, the thing would work. Nor do I know that they used the "picture of the sea": the chart of sticks and pebbles and strings and shells by which their presumptive kindred, the Micronesians, indicated the position of islands, the direction of winds, and the drift of currents. It seems possible that some Polynesians did have such charts or some other mnemonic device. Certainly the Polynesians were capable of inventing both the chart and the calabash sextant. It would be highly interesting if it were discovered someday that they did.

But, with or without these things, they found the islands of the central and south and north Pacific, sailing, century after century, to many a new landfall in the track of the ancient stars.

Some of the minor and apparently unscientific navigating tricks must have been very useful when the mariners were exploring new seas, where they couldn't be sure

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whether there really was any land ahead. I suspect, however, that they usually had a fair idea that there was. A priest, I have been told, would have a "vision"; the gods would tell him in what direction the new land lay, and the sailing captains would take his word for it.

Nor is this necessarily the mere superstition that it may seem. The priests—*tahunga* is more properly the word, which is more broadly inclusive, meaning wise men, or scientists—were men of high intelligence and keen observation. The "vision," I am confident, was usually the result of long study. Observation of winds, of currents and the drift matter cast up by them, and of the flight of migratory birds, all laid a foundation for the *tahunga's* judgment.

Without doubt some of the hollowed-log *vaka*, some of the great sewn pahi, were lost. Some must have been shattered in storms or driven from their courses into seas from which they could not find their way to any land that might replenish their supplies. We hear of the voyages that succeeded, not of those that failed.

But enough of them did get through to populate Hawaii, the Society Islands, Samoa and Tonga, the Cook Islands, New Zealand, the Australs, Rapa and Rapa-nui, the Marquesas, the Tuamotu, and many a land between.

It is said that when a number of ships were exploring together they spread out in a fan shape, as far apart as they could still be seen, one from another, and then kept a lookout for birds, driftwood, and other signs of land. Many islands, no doubt, were discovered by accident when ships were driven from their intended courses. There are some historical instances of this.

Deliberate exploring expeditions usually consisted of

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men only—picked crews, chosen for hardihood, weather wisdom, and skill. When the new land had been found they sailed back for the women. In emergency, as in cases of defeat in war or flight from some other imminent peril, whole families sailed—for known lands if any uninhabited or friendly ones were within reach, or, if not, committing themselves to their gods and their own seamanship, in the knowledge that in the history of their race there always had been land toward the rising sun.

So it is not surprising if, as is believed by more than one levelheaded scientist, they drove even to the farther rim of the sea whose central trails they knew so well. This belief is not based entirely on legend. Legend, on this point, indeed, is extraordinarily sparse and vague.

“Maui voyaged far toward the rising sun, discovered a country called U-Peru, and brought thence the *kumara*” [the sweet potato].

Maui “fished up” the islands. The hook with which he fished them hangs spread across the heavens in the constellation which the white men call Scorpio; in more humble guise, carved of wood, it lies in a glass case in a museum. But any poet can recognize the figure of speech: the “lifting” of the land from the sea as the voyager approaches it over the curve of the world.

There probably once lived a Polynesian called Maui, and he probably was a mighty voyager. But he lived so far back in legendary history that practically all the Polynesian peoples, and even some of the Malays of the Philippines, have stories of him. Hence he must have done his voyaging before the great dispersion. Maui flourished so long ago that he became a half-divine culture hero, corresponding roughly to Hercules and Hiawatha, and no

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doubt feats of much later characters, whose identities became confused or obscured in long lapses of time without writing, were attributed to him.

A descendant of Maui, bearing the same name, might have carried on the exploits of his noble ancestor. It has pleased my fancy to connect the voyage to U-Peru with Tangaroa of the Flame-Hued Hair, who fought the great lizard that ate men (an alligator or a crocodile) and brought from a far land the new food that was like a "white, fragrant yam." But I can produce no corroborative evidence, and Tangaroa, too, though the name recurs from century to century, is placed by investigators in the dim time of the East Indian wanderings before his people branched out into the Pacific.

There are traditions, too, in the Marquesas and in the Tuamotu, of ancestors who sailed to a great land in the sunrise. But these traditions are shadowy. We do not know for certain the name of the Polynesian discoverer of America. But we are pretty sure that he existed. The belief is based on evidence that leads to something more than a surmise.

That evidence is not the alleged similarity of stone structures, or the coincidence of certain social customs, or the discovery of Polynesian artifacts in South American tombs. All these can be convincingly explained away.

More than anything else, it's the sweet potato.

When the first European voyagers called at Polynesian islands they traded with the natives for sweet potatoes with which to reprovision their ships. There is evidence that the sweet potato had been in the islands a long time—it is estimated, since the middle of the thirteenth century or earlier.

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Now the sweet potato also grew, from the earliest recorded time, in northern Peru. Many botanists say Peru was the plant's original home. It is unlikely, at any rate, to have originated in both places. As I understand the botanists' accounts, the indigenous vegetation of the American continents and of Oceanica is not similar in other respects.

So it was natural to conclude that the sweet potato was introduced, in pre-European times, from continent to islands, or vice versa.

This belief was strengthened when William Churchill or some other investigator before him pointed out that the word for sweet potato (*kumara*) was substantially the same in the Polynesian languages and in the Quechua language of Peru. Similarity of words alone is, of course, no safe criterion (Churchill, if I remember correctly, listed a dozen or more words that were fairly close), but in conjunction with the supposed botanical facts, it becomes significant.

Moreover, some botanist discovered that a Polynesian gourd, which grows as far east as the Marquesas, was also found in South America and apparently had been carried there from Polynesia.

The Indians of Pacific South America are not known to have been notable open-sea navigators or to have built ships fit for such a voyage. We know that the Polynesians were such navigators and that they built such ships.

I was told by Mexican scientists of several other bits of putative evidence that indicated Polynesian contact. And there are intriguing tales of Hawaiian bowling stones on an island off the California coast and poi pounders in the

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Pacific Northwest. But there is nothing quite so convincing as the sweet potato.

The nearest point from which such a voyage could have been made is Rapa-nui (Easter Island), a little more than two thousand miles from the South American coast. For practical reasons which it is not necessary to consider here in detail (the whole subject is discussed more fully in Dr. Peter H. Buck's *Vikings of the Sunrise* and in Don Pablo Martínez del Río's *Los Orígenes Americanos*, and in other studies), it has been suggested, however, that the forgotten botanical explorer came from the Marquesas. That would mean a voyage of four thousand miles, which is longer than Polynesians usually attempted without stopping places between, but with favorable conditions a good Polynesian sailing ship could have made such a voyage in a little more than three weeks. The voyage may have been one of those accidental diversions from an intended course, in the grip of overpowering winds. Possibly the reason we know so little of the Polynesian-South American contact is this distance and the circumstance that the new-found land was already populated and strongly held and thus not suitable for colonization.

We can only surmise what were the contacts, whether of peace or war, although the interchange of the sweet potato and the gourd suggests amicable trade relations. But it is clear that the nameless now, the unremembered adventurer, made his way home with what was to become one of the most important food plants of his race.

To the land beyond the pillars of the dawn, the great mountain-ribbed land that floats on the fanwise rays of morning, through unrecorded hardships and unsung perils sailed, two centuries or more before Columbus, the men

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of the sewn ships. Oh, that we knew, now, the lost chant that must have kept, for a while, the memory of that voyage! Or by what calamity of war or pestilence or hurricane that record was lost—for such chants are handed down through the generations to the last survivor of the family line.

In the city of Milwaukee there stands on the shore of Lake Michigan the sculptured form of Leif the son of Eric the Red—Leif the Lucky, who drove his long ship from the islands of the North Atlantic to the eastern coast of this continent. And I could wish, if we must have statues in our public parks, that there might be erected, in some seaward-facing city of the west, a mighty monument of stone and bronze—that there might stand, on the *pola* deck of a twin-hulled oceanic ship, the imagined likeness of that unknown bronze-skinned mariner, the Polynesian discoverer of Pacific America.

There was Hina of the Lonely Dawn; Hina, Star of the Sea. . . .

Hina, I was told in the Tuamotu, sailed the seas in a great double ship, discovering all known lands. When there were no more islands to find she sailed on—over the sea's edge, into the rising moon. There she dwells, beating tapa to clothe the gods and guiding voyagers at night. "When the moon sickens," a little child told me, looking up at the moon that silvered the waters of an atoll lagoon, "then Hina sickens, and as the moon grows strong again, Hina strengthens with it."

Maui overcame the monstrous tail-lashing lizard and fished up from the sea the islands of Manihiki, Tongatabu, Tahiti, Raiatea, Borabora, the Marquesas, the Tuamotu,

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the Cook Islands, Rarotonga, the fabled U-Peru that may have been only Uporu, a place name in several known islands, or Peru (Beru) of the Gilberts. Then, weary with age, he returned to the home of departed spirits in Havaiki.

Ui-te-Rangiora, if we are to believe the tradition, penetrated the Sea That is Hard like Rock (with cold) in the Antarctic. . . .

It was the desire of the Chief Te Aru Tanga Nuku and all his people, when the ship was finished, to behold the wonders seen by the men of Ui-te-Rangiora's ship in former times: the rocks that grow out of the sea in the place beyond Rapa; the monstrous seas; the female that dwells in the mountainous surges, whose hair waves in the water; the frozen sea like arrowroot starch, where lives the deceitful animal that dives into the depths, in the misty place that knows not the sun. There rocklike things pierce the sky, and on them no plant grows.

Tangia quarreled with his half brother over division of breadfruit and fled his vengeance. From island to island he sailed in thirteen voyages, covering, if the ports are correctly identified, between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand miles. From Tahiti to Mauke, in the Cook Islands, and back. From Tahiti to Samoa—twice; to Fiji; to Rapa the Lesser in the far south, and thence to Great Rapa in the east; back to Moorea and Borabora in the Society Islands; again to Fiji, doubling eastward into the Tuamotu, and back to Tahaa in the Isles Under the Wind. Somewhere he fought and conquered four tribes of pygmies; he visited the Land of the Sacred Crimson Bird, which has been conjectured to be New Guinea. In his old age he went back to Havaiki-te-Varinga, land of his ancestors, to consult his family god. Obeying the god's command, he went to Rarotonga to end his days.

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Kupe, setting out from Raiatea in the middle of the tenth century to hunt the king of the octopi, chased him far to the south and discovered New Zealand. He handed down the sailing directions that were followed in later migrations: "a little to the right of the place where the sun, moon, and Venus set at the beginning of the hot season" . . . to the Land of the Long White Cloud, whose shore is beaconsed with scarlet-flowering trees.

There was Tahaki, who voyaged far in search of his father's bones. There was Hiro, and Honokura, and many another. But what of the first voyager to "Great Vaihi of the Burning Mountains"—the discoverer of Hawaii?

CHAPTER XIX

Hawaiian Columbus

*And so the long ships sailed from Havaiki:
in the purple night they sailed. The twin canoes
were bound together with cords. The mat sails
swelled with the wind that blew from the southern stars,
the White Stars that Spring from the Root of the World.
Hawaii-loa
called to Makalii the Navigator,
pointing the red star that glowed in the eastern sky:
"Follow that star," he said.*

*The moon rose, and the moon sank,
the wind freshened, the wind fell,
the waves crested and rolled, and flattened, and lay still.
Hawaii-loa's heart swelled as he heard
the beat of paddles, the crackling of mat sails,
plash and surging of sea, whistling of wind,
and over it all the hollow boom of drums
and the thin chant of the dark canoemen hurtling down
the sharp blue slopes and valleys of the sea.*

*The moon rose and the moon sank,
the moon swelled and the moon lessened,
the wind freshened, the wind fell,*

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*Hawaii-loa's heart leaped with the forward leap of the long
canoes,
his heart beat to the beat of the broad paddles, the thud of
the gourd drums,
his heart sang with the song of the dark canoemen
and his eyes shone with the gleam of the red star*

*while seven times the moon lessened and swelled
and day by day the wind freshened and fell
and night by night the stars whirled and sank
and day by day the waves crested and rolled
and flattened and lay still.*

*Hawaii-loa looked where the deep bowls
of poi thinned and failed, one by one.
Hawaii saw the fat heaps of yams
dwindle, the gourds of fresh water empty,
the last pig, the last fowl slaughtered, the last nut
drained and scraped dry, the canoemen falter and tire.*

*Hawaii-loa spoke to the priest Laau:
"Pray, Laau! Pray to the gods for rain!"
The clouds loomed and the wind blew,
the clouds gathered, the rain fell,
the fish rose to the hook shaped of shell.
The canoemen ate and drank, and Hawaii-loa
marked how the birds flew, far overhead,
into the eastern sky.*

*And in the new moon the haunting smell
of wild white ginger drifted down the breeze,
promising mountains; in the dawn they saw
a cloud-shape on the horizon to the east,
and in the heat of noon
a green land under a snow-roofed mountain dome.
"Hawaii's land!" shouted the dark canoemen.
"Hawaii's land," said Makalii the Navigator.
"Hawaii's land," said Hawaii-loa,
"and the bay Hilo, for we found it under the new moon."*

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SOME who have studied the lore of the more southerly lands say his name was Irapanga and that he lived in the fifth century of our era. We know only that it was so long ago that in Hawaii itself his personal name has been forgotten, and Hawaiians call him Hawaii-loa, which must have been the name of one of the lands where he had lived. He is less a personality than a symbol. But someone must have been the first to find Hawaii, and it may as well have been he.

The land of Hawaii-loa—the Long Havaiki—may have been, as students of the subject have suggested, in the East Indies; it may have been in the many and scattered islands between, or one of the memorially named Havaiki in the central Pacific. But this is the tale as it is told in Honolulu:

Hawaii-loa and his three brothers dwelt on the eastern shore of Kane's Land of the Dotted Sea. They were mighty fishers; often they would remain at sea for months or years.

Once when they had been cruising a long time Makalii the Navigator, for whom the constellation of the Pleiades is named, said: "Let us steer toward the Eastern Star, the discoverer of lands. For there is land to the eastward, and we have the Red Star to guide us. The land is in the direction of the Great Stars Resembling a Bird."

So they steered, through seven changes of the moon, to the eastward and found a land that they called Hawaii. They sailed home and came again and settled that land. Hawaiians add a poetic touch to the story of that discovery. They say that as Hawaii-loa sailed on, when provisions and water must have run very low after those weeks at sea, he smelled, in the night watch, the fragrance of wild

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ginger on the breeze and knew he was near a fertile land.

His brother Ki had settled, meanwhile, in "Kahiki"—which may have been Tahiti or any far country. Sailing back and forth, guided by the stars that were called The Chief of the South in the Moving Space and the White Stars of the World's Root, Hawaii-loa found that Ki had become a cannibal, worshiping a cruel god with human sacrifice, and so he forbade further voyages between the two countries. Thus the people of the First Migration remained isolated in the Hawaiian Islands until the great voyaging period of the tenth to thirteenth centuries, when their distant kindred sailed up from the land that is called, today, Tahiti and its neighboring islands.

On another voyage Hawaii-loa sailed westward, following the Long Star That Glows like a Fiery Coal, and landed on the eastern shore of a country where dwelt the People of the Upward-Slanting Eyes. Traveling inland, he reached a great mountainous region, one of the Backbones of Land created by the god Kane—whence, guided by the Dawn Star, he returned to Hawaii, bringing "white-skinned men" who married Hawaiian women.

The Island of Oahu he named for his daughter; Kauai, for his youngest son; Lehua and Nihoa, for his stewards. His wife, Hualalai, is buried in the volcanic mountain that bears her name.

Centuries passed; the unwritten history became dim and confused in the minds of men; the ancient lands in the west and south, a vague racial memory, barely more than fable. For practical purposes the world consisted only of the Islands of Hawaii and around them the great sea.

Centuries afterward one Makuakaumana was warned by a seer to stay inside his house if he heard a commotion

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outside. But when he heard shouting he forgot the warning and rushed out to frolic with his neighbors around a whale that had been sighted off port.

The whale swallowed him and swam out to sea. Details of the voyage are meager. But the tale tells that he emerged from the whale's interior at Tahiti, where he told the people what a pleasant country was Hawaii, and a large number of them accompanied him home.

This naïve legend may be a poetic interpretation of the Polynesian rediscovery of Hawaii. There are others. To the priest Kamapiikai a god revealed the existence of Tahiti and gave him sailing directions. The priest led a fleet of four double canoes to that land and returned after fifteen years. Not content with that, he made four other voyages, from the last of which he did not return.

But many followed him. For he told of a country of handsome people and abundant fruit, its beaches studded with edible shellfish and, in its interior, the fabulous spring of the Water of Life.

"If you sail for Tahiti," runs the old sailing order, "you will behold new constellations and strange stars over the deep sea. When you come to the Navel of the God Wakea you will no longer see the Firm Star that Guides Ships, and then the White Stars of the Root of Earth will be your guide."

Thus, from a point on the southern shore of Kahoolawe that is still called The Road to Tahiti, southward away from the North Star to the equator, and thence following the Southern Cross.

The historical fact, as far as it can be traced, is that in about the twelfth century ships sailed up from the central Pacific—that is, from the great dispersion center in

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the Society Islands—bringing new food plants, new customs, new chiefs, and new gods. Hikapoloa settled on the Island of Hawaii; Hua and Kalananuu on Maui; Maweke and Newalani on Oahu; Punanui on Kauai, and all became the ancestors of kings. Their sons and grandsons sailed back and forth over that twenty-five-hundred-mile stretch of sea. Olopana returned to Tahiti and became a king in that land. Moikeha ruled in Tahiti but, grieved in love, sailed for the northern islands, where he married two daughters of Punanui and ruled over Kauai. His son Kila sailed to Tahiti and brought his Tahitian-born half brother Laa to his father's country. Aboard the ship was a tall sharkskin drum—the first of its kind, it is said, in Hawaii—and those ashore heard from afar its throbbing as the ship approached. Laa returned to Tahiti but made one more voyage, to bring the bones of his father to rest with those of his ancestors in the sacred place of his ancient soil.

There were many voyagers. For more than a hundred years the bat-winged ships followed the Pole Star and the Southern Cross. Toward the latter part of the thirteenth century came Paoa. . . .

“His country was Wawau and Upolu and the lands south. . . .”

I was present at the meeting of the Anthropological Society of Hawaii when the evidence was produced that “Upolu” was the district of Uporu in the northern part of Tahiti—eliminating its previous confusion with the island of Upolu in Samoa. And I held in my hands the rounded sacred stone that Paoa brought from his ancestral marae and which was refound centuries afterward in the ruins of his temple on Hawaii.

“The reason why Paoa left his country is that he quar-

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reled with his elder brother Lonopele, who was a priest, a man of power. . . .”

As a result of the quarrel Paoa fled in his new-built ship.

As he was about to sail a prophet shouted from a hilltop: “Paoa, here is one who wants to go with you.”

“Leap!” called out Paoa. The prophet leaped and was dashed to death on the rocks.

One after another more prophets leaped, and one after another they perished.

When the ship was almost beyond sight of land, still another voice was heard from the hill.

“There is no place left but the sternpost,” replied Paoa.

“Then that shall be my place.”

The prophet Makuakaumana leaped and, soaring bird-like, landed on the sternpost.

Paoa then recognized his magic power. “Sit,” he ordered, “on the high seat of chiefs between the two canoes” (that is, between the twin hulls of the double ship).

Northward they sailed, and Lonopele, by his magic power, sent storms. Paoa had the twin hulls covered over with matting, lest the waves swamp them. The storm grew in fury, and the ship threatened to capsize. But Paoa called schools of bonito and mackerel that pressed close around the twin hulls, holding them level, until the storm died. Hence bonito and mackerel, forever after, were tabu to the line of Paoa.

From other sources it appears that Paoa made two voyages to Hawaii. On the first he found that the high chief Kapawa had lost his mana—the magic power of chiefs. (That is, the royal line was running thin.) So Paoa went back to Tahiti to find a new supreme chief for the Island

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of Hawaii and returned with Pilikaaiea, ancestor of a line of kings.

After Pilikaaiea and Paoa the voyages ceased. Hawaii became once more a world by itself, with but shadowy recollections of the parent lands. And the people of the First Migration—Hawaii-loa's fifth-century settlers—became in Hawaiian lore a fabulous race of pygmies, endowed with magic powers, dwelling in caves and burrows and emerging by night to do prodigious works—the Little People of Ireland in Polynesian guise. Hawaiians on the Island of Kauai say they still glimpse, in lonely places, the furtive, flitting figures of Menehune, as these pixy folk are called.

What really happened, one may surmise, is that the invaders from the south absorbed some of the earlier inhabitants and crowded others out of the more fertile areas, from island to island. The Menehune seem to have lingered longest in a last stand on Kauai. Some fled northwest to Necker and Nihoa, where their temples, built like those of the Tuamotu, and their stone implements remain. Of the Menehune themselves, there is no further trace, save in fragments of contemporary folklore on Kauai.

Although they undoubtedly were taller than the two or three feet of stature that is attributed to them in legend, they probably were smaller than the Second Migration people and had a poorer material culture. Their physique and their state of civilization were limited by their nutrition and resources. The First Migration people did not have all of the food plants, food animals, and other basic materials that enriched later Hawaiian culture.

The Islands again were alone in the vast sea. But as the

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centuries passed the great unknown world outside crept closer.

Its coming was not entirely to be unexpected, if any were able to read the warning signs. For strange ships, on two or three occasions, were wrecked on Hawaiian coasts, and fishermen, far out at sea in their canoes, sighted incredulously on the horizon the treasure galleons of Spain.

From one of those shipwrecks swam ashore Kukanaloa and his sister, who knelt on the beach in gratitude for their deliverance, and the place has since borne the name of Kulou, the Place of Kneeling.

The chief Wakalana rescued from a broken ship three men and two women, who became the ancestors of "the People of the Shining Eyes." With them came the "iron knife" that was a thing of wonder, an heirloom of princes and a prize of war.

"A painted boat, with a canopy over the stern, but without mast or sails," came bearing men "dressed in yellow, and one had a feather in his hat." They married women of the country and became chiefs in Hawaii.

Peleioholani, supreme chief of Oahu, had a war canoe that carried one hundred and twenty men, in which "Kuanui and Kauhi saw strange ships on the ocean when they went out to sea for battle."

But at least one more voyage was to be made from the Islands before Captain Cook, sailing up in turn from Tahiti on the ancient track of the followers of the stars, brought in the great world.

For in the time of the grandfather of the first Kamehameha a chief of Oahu named Kualii described a far and strange land.

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Just where Kualii went, or how, is not certain; he spoke of the land as "Kahiki"—which, by that time, meant any foreign country. His sailing directions, if he left any, have not been preserved. Only the shadowy evidence in his chant survives.

The only reference that may have any bearing on direction is the line: "Below is the land; above is the sun." Considered literally, this is so obvious that I have wondered whether "below" and "above" might not have the significance, in this chant, that they have in some other Polynesian languages, with reference to the prevailing wind. In that case the course of the sun was to windward of Kahiki, and Kahiki was a land to leeward of the sun. That doesn't help much.

The chant continues:

*In that land the sun hangs low . . .
I have seen Kahiki:
land of strange speech.
The men of Kahiki climb aloft
to the backbone of heaven,
and trample, and look below.*

It was a mountainous country then, and one whose language was foreign to Kualii. But the next sentence seems very significant:

There are no kanaka in Kahiki.

Kanaka means, literally, human being. The men of Kahiki were so different from Hawaiians that to Kualii they seemed more than human. He continues:

There is only one kind of man in Kahiki: the haole.

Haole, nowadays, means a white person or, rather, a member of certain strains of the white race. It seems to

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have meant originally "foreigner"—any person who was different racially from the Polynesian.

He is like a god . . .

The men of Kahiki were so advanced in culture that Kualii could explain them only as divine.

*He is like a god. I am a man,
a man indeed,
wandering—
the only man who arrived at that place.*

Thus, if we are to believe Kualii literally, he was the only one of his race who reached that country. This led Judge Abraham Fornander, one of the first to study the chant, to suggest that Kualii, while fishing, was picked up by a Spanish ship and taken to Manila or to Mexico about 1675 A.D.

This theory doesn't explain how he got back to Hawaii or, if the Spaniards brought him home, why there is no record of their voyage. Perhaps Kualii, in his own canoe, was driven before a storm; his companions, if any, perished, and he arrived at some island whose people were enough different from Hawaiians in physique, speech, and customs to impress him to compose the poetic language of the chant. Perhaps Kualii imagined it or exaggerated. But I think Kualii had been somewhere.

In our own time adventurous sailors have tested for themselves the possibility of the ancient voyages. Single canoes and double canoes have sailed again on the tracks of the explorers of legend. The Shining Road of Kane, the Dark Polished Road of Kane, and the Much-Traveled Road of Kanaloa have looked down again on the valiant venturing of twin ships.

CHAPTER XX

On the Track of Hawaii-Loa

CAPTAIN ERIC DE BISSCHOP came, like Hawaii-Loa, out of the south and west. After surviving two shipwrecks he and Jacques Tatibouet made a voyage as long as the most fabulous ones of Old Polynesia, in a ship as near like those as, in the circumstances, they could devise.

Two shipwrecks. First in the forty-ton junk *Fou Po*, with a crew of three Russians, bound east from Shanghai: tossed by a typhoon, hurled on the reefs of Formosa, and the wreck looted by pirates.

In a second junk, the *Fou Po II*, the two Frenchmen sailed across the Pacific with no crew but themselves, studying the equatorial current, recharting lost islands. They were seized as suspected spies by the Japanese at Jaluit in the Marshall Islands. They escaped and fled across the Pacific in the sturdy junk. They faced starvation when the food spoiled in the containers that had been opened by the suspicious Japanese in quest of contraband. The dozen parcels that remained lasted them awhile; then there were days of hunger.

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Captain de Bisschop told an audience in Honolulu that he and Tatibouet made a "soup" of lubricating grease, sea water, and curry powder. It looked good, he said, but he couldn't recommend its flavor. He recalled with emotion the half cracker that Tatibouet hid away and brought out as a surprise gift to his captain and friend on the latter's birthday.

The very next night a steamer passed within little more than a hundred yards of them, but the famished voyagers were too weak to signal her.

Already they were near land. For two days they lay becalmed off the Island of Molokai. Rallied by Tatibouet, Captain de Bisschop, as the breeze picked up, forced himself to the helm. In a cold rain they approached the anchorage of Kalaupapa, beneath the sheer cliffs that fence off the leper settlement from the ranch lands and the wildernesses of the Lonely Isle.

Three Hawaiians and the director of the settlement boarded the *Fou Po*, bore the two men ashore, and nursed them back to health in the settlement hospital. The *Fou Po*, in the night, was shattered on the rocks. But even before he left the hospital Captain de Bisschop was already planning to embark again.

In Honolulu he built his ship. The Polynesians, he reasoned, had sailed the Pacific in double canoes, and why not he?

He studied the models—constructed long after the last of the great *pahi* had disappeared—and the drawings made by early voyagers. The models, he felt, were unreliable: no craft designed just like them could sail the sea. The contemporary drawings, no doubt, were superficially true enough, but they lacked essential detail. Early descriptions

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helped as little. Captain de Bisschop concluded that no one knew how the ancient pahi were constructed or how they were navigated. For he was skeptical of what seemed to him the fanciful accounts of the following of the sacred star roads. He may never realize it, but by his own account the captain himself resorted at times to Polynesian methods of navigation. He called it seaman's instinct—a quality that the ancient Polynesians possessed to a high degree.

His judgment, as a practical sailor, was that the models were all right as museum exhibits or as souvenirs for tourists, but they did not represent ships to which a sailor could entrust his safety. And yet he set about building a pahi.

He had only the general principle to guide him: two hulls joined with sufficient rigidity to hold together and yet with sufficient flexibility to take up the strain. Details and the technique of rendering such a craft seaworthy, he had to work out from his own experience of the sea.

About all he had been able to learn of the ancient ships was that the two hulls were, commonly, up to seventy-five or eighty feet long and four or five feet apart, joined by transverse beams which supported a central deck bearing a mast or masts and a thatched shelter.

As his craft was to carry only two men, he built it less than half that length, and he judged it more practical to construct a low cabin of planks on each hull rather than a thatched house on the central platform. To attain the required balance between rigidity and elasticity, he attached the beams that connected the two hulls with chains and an ingenious system of springs.

On the sands near Waikiki where the two voyagers had established their camp, the two hulls grew—the planks

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bolted rather than sewn together, but otherwise perhaps not greatly unlike the ancient prototype—though to Honolulu eyes they looked rather like a pair of deformed sampans.

The hulls were divided and strengthened within by transverse bracing partitions, in the Chinese manner. The two masts were mounted on the deck between the hulls. They bore sails reinforced with bamboo like those of a Chinese junk—a type of rigging with which Captain de Bisschop and Tatibouet were already familiar and which they considered more durable and easier to manage than regulation canvas and rigging or than the pandanus-mat sails of the Polynesians, had any been available.

They were nine months in building the ship, another month in launching and assembling her. At dawn on October 11, 1936, *Kaimiloa—The Long Search*—as they called their craft in memory of the ancient explorers, sailed out of the Kewalo Passage on her trial run off Koko Head.

She behaved very well. Some adjustments were made to strengthen the mainmast, and *Kaimiloa* sailed on her second trial cruise the third day of November.

That cruise, the captain said afterward, “held our hearts in suspense three long days, and three longer nights, on the edge of tragedy.”

He logged an average speed that first day of six knots. Around the west cape of Oahu the sea became rough, and overnight it became rougher. By some oversight the voyagers had brought with them neither chart nor compass. A mainstay broke; a plank was torn from the deck; water entered the two hulls. In a comparative lull De Bisschop held Tatibouet by the legs while that stout seaman, hang-

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ing head downward, bored holes above the water line to clear the hulls of the water inside.

For three nights the voyagers had no sleep. The storm drove the craft. They did not even know where they were. But on the morning of November 7 they sighted the cliffs of Windward Oahu. On the eighth they doubled a point, came under the shelter of the land, and anchored in the bay of Haleiwa. *Kaimiloa* had held together against the fury of the sea.

Back in Ala Moana yacht harbor, on the Honolulu shore, they repaired their ship and waited for the end of the hurricane season in the southern seas they were to cross.

On March 7, 1937, they sailed. The craft still took water; they had still to bail. And they bored more emergency scuppers. They had to make other repairs at sea. And yet they averaged eighty-five miles a day for the first week.

Captain de Bisschop and Tatibouet had the advantage of modern instruments of navigation and a self-governing steering gear. The latter was necessary for a crew of only two men. But in other respects their voyage had much in common with those they were emulating. The wide, lonely spaces of the Pacific . . . the whirl of the constellations overhead . . . the small events that break the monotony of day after day, night after night, at sea: flying fish and frigate birds, a bonito frisking alongside . . . very rarely a passing ship . . . landfall of palm-crowned atolls . . . days of tropic calm.

Their route was south and west: they sighted Swains Island, the peaks of Savaii, the volcanic cone of Tafahi in

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the Tongas; they passed Niuafoou, the island of the tin-can mail. On April 14, thirty-six days out of Honolulu, they raised the distant hills of the two Hoorn Islands and sailed between them into the anchorage of Futuna, their first port.

And then the sea again—fair sailing and calm and storm, flights of migratory birds, sight of islands. They sailed southwesterly, to the Great Barrier Reef, and through the Torres Straits between Australia and New Guinea. Once they trapped themselves in a blind-alley channel of the Great Barrier. Cautiously, under a minimum of sail, they groped their way in little more than a fathom of water—and grounded on a rock, where they remained fixed until refloated by the tide. They passed the night at anchor, surrounded by reefs.

Next day a *bêche-de-mer* fisherman piloted them through scarcely the three feet of depth *Kaimiloa* drew. Among the rocks they struck again and again and slid off. Night fell; clouds obscured the moon. The pilot himself became confused.

It was in this emergency, and at the very crucial instant, that Captain de Bisschop employed what I recognize as Polynesian navigation. The pilot called out, "To starboard!" He was sure he was right; as the captain hesitated the pilot insisted: "To starboard!" Impelled by what he called instinct, the captain disregarded the instruction and swung sharply to port. And he was right. That "instinct," I strongly believe, was the subconscious resultant of long experience, close observation, and familiarity with the moods and phases of the sea—made up of a multitude of details such as those which the captain scorns in the explanations of Polynesian navigation: the drift and aspect

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of waves and currents, the "color" of the water, the feel of the wind, the smell of sea and shore.

They steered westward through the straits and coasted along the East Indies—fifty-five days from Futuna to Sourabaya; fifty-nine from Sourabaya to Capetown; one hundred days from Capetown, the whole length of Africa, to Tangier, where they arrived on January 4, 1938. There they "wintered" until May 8. Their voyage ended on May 20 in Cannes.

Captain de Bisschop had not proved his theory that the Polynesians, in contradiction to the weight of scientific opinion, entered the Pacific from the east rather than from the west, from the American continent rather than from Asia. But he had proved that a vessel constructed, basically, much like theirs could live at sea for more than a year, in all kinds of weather, and make its way more than half around the world.

There have been other voyages out of Honolulu in our time, not as long, but as venturesome. One at least was so—the five weeks' voyage of Captain U. Alvin Woodbury II, in no double pahi, but in a single outrigger canoe.

CHAPTER XXI

Five Changes of the Moon

CAPTAIN WOODBURY'S CANOE, the *Lealea Lani* (*Heavenly Delight*), was twenty-nine feet long, seventeen inches wide, with a mast and sail, and stabilized by an outrigger. It was such a craft as those in which parties of tourists, piloted by "beach boys," ride the surf at Waikiki. He bought it in Honolulu—a genuine Hawaiian dugout *wa'a*, said to be a hundred years old.

He installed a few improvements: an outboard motor, which he never used, and a hollow steel outrigger in place of the log that normally fulfills that function. In the hollow he stored eighty gallons of gasoline for use if becalmed. He never used the gasoline.

In that craft he and two companions spent thirty-four days at sea without a landfall and crossed, in one non-stop voyage, some twenty-five hundred miles of the Pacific from Hawaii to Samoa.

Captain Woodbury was forty-four at the time of the voyage. His companions, Don Hall, a Long Beach life-guard, and Al Eastman of San Diego, were twenty-four and twenty-three.

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They left Honolulu on the last day of December 1938 and arrived on January 13 at Kawaihae, Island of Hawaii. They called at Napoopoo and at Hilo, principal port of that island, and were observed for three days standing off Ka Lae, the southernmost point of Hawaii. That was the starting point of their thirty-four-day venture in the vaster spaces of the sea.

On April 19, 1939, they sailed, steering south for Fanning Island, one of those coral atolls that may have served as "steppingstones" in the ancient voyages.

One of the worst storms in years blew up soon after they sailed. The captain called it a ninety-mile gale. A dugout canoe won't sink, but, even with an outrigger, it can capsize, and the attachment of the outrigger to the canoe can break up in a rough sea. They had to bail constantly and to manage their craft with consummate skill and care. The mattress they had bound to the supports of the outrigger became soaked; they tried to sleep, one at a time, with arms or legs curled around the mast. Driftwood broke over the canoe with the waves. A piece of it broke Woodbury's nose.

The voyage, as the canoe tossed on the waves, was "like riding a log," said Woodbury. But the craft lived.

They didn't find Fanning Island. Normally it can be "sighted" for many miles beyond the point where it is actually visible, because of the reflection cast on the sky by its lagoon. But the storm continued; the sky was dark, and visibility was at a minimum; there was no reflection. For four days they searched, then gave up and went on.

By that time, two weeks out of port, their food was gone. They had counted on replenishing supplies at Fanning. They had started with five cases of beer and soft

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drinks, pineapple juice, and condensed milk; five cases of canned salmon, soup, corned beef, and beans; twenty-two pounds of cheese, and two tins of crackers. Water was no problem; rain fell every day of the voyage.

"Being without food in the middle of the ocean," the captain said afterward, "proved to us that hunger is more psychological than real. The average starving person feels his hunger more because he blames circumstances or other people for his condition. At sea you realize that you can't blame anyone, and you don't suffer so much. We found that water caught in the sail tasted as good as a piece of steak."

For the last twenty days of the voyage their only food was two fish and the barnacles which they scraped off the boat while swimming alongside. "The barnacles tasted mighty good," Woodbury reported. Sharks followed the canoe. One of the men speared a shark, but the creature broke the spear and escaped.

As rain drenched them every day they were never dry, and they never had a normal night's sleep. Their beards grew; "salt-water sores" ate into their limbs; their flesh wasted away. Their clothes, constantly wet, fell to pieces. In the narrow, cramped canoe, with the wind chilling their wet bodies, they never attained anything remotely approaching comfort. In interviews later they minimized their hardships. But those hardships must have been as severe as those of Polynesian explorers of old. Indeed, except by accident or in emergency, the ancient Polynesians didn't attempt voyages of such length in such tiny boats.

But Woodbury and his companions came through. On May 23, 1939—thirty-four days from Hawaii—they landed near a village in American Samoa.

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The Samoans received them with honors and with Polynesian hospitality, making their arrival the occasion for a series of lavish feasts. Unfortunately the guests of honor were in no condition to eat so heartily and had to refuse the heaps of roast pig, bananas, breadfruit, and fowl that were set before them, while the natives gorged themselves in glee. Captain Woodbury commented, with a wry grin, that by the time the three voyagers were able to eat the feasts were over.

Woodbury had lost thirty pounds. But he and his companions had made a voyage as long as most of the twelfth-century voyages of the Polynesians, in a smaller craft and with less provision for safety and comfort. They had proved, if any doubts persisted, that it could be done.

Just to show it could be done, too, Eugene C. Smith, of the Waikiki Beach Patrol, in November 1940 paddled—with his hands—a sixteen-foot surfboard in eight hours, forty-seven minutes, across the rough Molokai Channel from Molokai to Oahu.

The voyages of De Bisschop and Woodbury recall an earlier, if less hazardous, one in another *Kaimiloa*, whose quest was empire. . . .

CHAPTER XXII

His Majesty's Ship *Kaimiloa*

THE Hawaiian kingdom stood alone—a small nation, preserving a precarious independence by juggling a shifting balance among the jealous interests of the great powers.

Kamehameha III, who had “given away the life of the land” and had received it back “in righteousness,” died in 1854. He had given his people a liberal constitution and the doubtful blessing of a system of private ownership of property like that of the Anglo-Saxon nations—a change for which the Hawaiians were ill prepared. His adopted son, Alexander Liholiho, son of the former regent Kinau, succeeded him as Kamehameha IV.

Albert Edward, Prince of Hawaii, son of Kamehameha IV and of Queen Emma, died in 1862 at the age of four, leaving the royal couple childless. The king himself died not long afterward, and his brother, Prince Lot, ascended the throne as Kamehameha V, last monarch of that dynasty.

A missionary writer who was in the Islands at the time described Kamehameha V as “a stern man, with an iron

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will and a determination to rule his kingdom himself. . . . As far as I know, he had no concern for matters of religion and did not attend any church. He spent his Sundays as he pleased, either in business, in sleeping, fishing, or in other recreation."

He never married—because, according to Honolulu gossip, he loved in vain the Princess Pauahi, who married the pioneer banker Charles R. Bishop. It is said he delayed designating an heir to the throne because a kahuna told him he would die soon after doing so.

Another bit of Honolulu lore quotes the king as saying on his deathbed: "What will become of my country? I don't trust Emma; Lunalilo is a drunkard, and Kalakaua a fool." Liliuokalani wrote that Kamehameha V, as the chiefs gathered around his bed in 1872, begged his kinswoman Pauahi to take the throne. She declined and suggested his sister, Princess Ruth, who retained so much of the kingly-divine power of the Kamehamehas that on one occasion she was credited with stopping a lava flow. Nevertheless, the king did not approve this choice, although Pauahi promised, "We will all help." He asked Nahaolelua, governor of Oahu, to suggest a name. "Any one of the chiefs who are here," the governor replied. But the king died without indicating his choice.

An election was held and its results ratified by the legislature. High Chief Lunalilo, the "well-beloved," ward of the banker Bishop, was chosen. He was described by a contemporary as "a bright, cheerful, and favorite prince. . . . The people loved him for his wit when under the influence of liquor, and for his kindness and good sense when he was sober."

Within half a year Lunalilo's health failed. The chiefs

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urged him to nominate an heir. "The people elected me," he replied, "and I see no reason why they should not elect my successor."

Lunalilo died in 1874. Two candidates sought the throne. One was Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV. The other was Kalakaua, who claimed descent from Pilikaaiea, whom the priest Paoa had brought from Tahiti in the thirteenth century to rule the Island of Hawaii. There was high rivalry between the aspirants to the monarchy. Foreign planters and merchants are said to have taken part in the campaign, in the belief that Emma was pro-British and Kalakaua pro-American.

The legislators assembled in the courthouse near the water front, which later became a warehouse for the German mercantile firm of H. Hackfeld & Company, now American Factors. A crowd of Emma's adherents assembled outside.

The vote was thirty-nine for Kalakaua, six for Emma.

When the notification committee emerged the mob drove them back into the building, then fell upon the carriage which was to have conveyed the committeemen, broke it apart, and distributed the spokes of the wheels to serve as clubs. Thus armed, the crowd battered down the doors of the courthouse and surged in. Windows were smashed; chairs and desks were shattered to provide additional weapons; legislators were beaten and hurled into the street, and voices called for oil with which to set fire to the building.

The police were unable to check the rioting or unwilling to exert themselves. Liliuokalani, Kalakaua's sister, reported in her memoirs that they favored Emma. The government appealed to United States and British authori-

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ties, warships of both nations being in port, as was often the case in those years.

Commander Belknap of the USS *Tuscarora* and Commander Skerrett of the USS *Portsmouth* rushed one hundred and fifty marines ashore. The British warship *Tenedos* also landed an armed force. There was no fighting. The foreign troops guarded the courthouse, the palace, and other public buildings until the excitement subsided. Kalakaua took the oath of office in private, surrounded by bandaged legislators. In such troubled circumstances did Kalakaua, The Day of War, begin his reign.

Nevertheless, many old residents later often referred to Kalakaua's time as "the good old days." His court was a brilliant one socially, and officers of visiting warships and merchant craft added to that brilliance. Kalakaua was a striking figure, at once kingly and democratic. A convivial soul, he is said to have retained dignity and poise by taking poi cocktails before drinking. He passed buckets with his own hands as a member of the volunteer fire department; he played poker with his cronies for tremendous stakes, spent royally, and was perpetually in debt. He jested about the prospect that he might be the last Hawaiian king.

Despite the many anecdotes that picture him as a "play-boy," the earlier years of his reign, at least, achieved some constructive accomplishments. Kalakaua obtained the reciprocity treaty with the United States that secured the prosperity of the Hawaiian sugar industry—if, as well, it may have hastened the end of the Hawaiian monarchy. In 1883, when the treaty expired, the point was raised in Washington that Hawaii was getting all the benefit of the agreement, and it was renewed only in consideration of cession of Pearl Harbor for use as a United States navy

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coaling-and-repair station. That station has since become the center stronghold of United States defense in the Pacific.

Kalakaua liked good times, and he liked to travel. He had already visited the United States, at the time when the treaty was negotiated. On January 20, 1881, he sailed for a tour of the world in company with his chamberlain, C. H. Judd, and his commissioner of immigration, W. N. Armstrong. He was going to investigate personally, he said, the prospect of importing foreign labor for the sugar fields of Hawaii.

Just how much contact he achieved with foreign laborers does not appear, but at oriental and European courts where he was entertained he derived ideas regarding the pomp that a king should maintain. These ideas proved extravagant, in view of the limited resources of his kingdom.

In Austria he bought a battery of field guns for twenty-one thousand dollars. In Japan he invented an order of knighthood, so that he might reciprocate for the decorations presented to him, and rushed off an order for the medals to be cast in a hurry. In England he ordered crowns made for himself and his queen, Kapiolani, at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

No Hawaiian monarch had ever been formally crowned, and Kalakaua himself had ruled nine years when the coronation ceremony was held on the palace grounds in Honolulu. It was a glittering affair. Foreign representatives attended in full regalia: officers of American, British, and French warships—the *Wachusett*, the *Lackawanna*, HBMS *Mutine*, the *Limier*—in dress uniform; the guards in brilliant garb; chiefs and nobles with barbaric and shining

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insignia. Not all of them were there. A contemporary reporter noted that Kalakaua's rival, Emma, and the surviving Kamehamehas, Pauahi and Ruth, were not present.

For the ceremony itself an octagonal pavilion had been erected. It served as a bandstand in the palace park long after the monarchy was no more. The eight sides represented the eight inhabited islands; the domed roof, symbolizing the crown, was decorated with the emblems of nations of the world. Two thrones stood in the center of the pavilion; stately kahili (feather standards said to have originated as fly whisks) were ranged at either side.

The king appeared in the uniform of the Royal Guard, his foreign decorations gleaming on his broad chest. The queen and her ladies were in Paris gowns. A contemporary account notes that Princess Liliuokalani wore "a Parisian toilette of gold brocade and satin, with a crimson velvet train, a wreath of gold leaves on her head, and white feathers tipped with pearls." The young Princess Kaiulani, as a flower girl, appeared in "light blue corded silk, trimmed with lace, and wearing pale blue ribbons in her hair."

The ceremony was a mingling of old and new customs. Kalakaua received the tabu stick—a large ball on a staff—and the sword of state. The full-length feather cloak of Kamehameha I was draped about his shoulders. The ring of royalty was placed on his finger, the scepter laid in his hand. But the king—as was remarked at the time, like Napoleon—crowned himself, without benefit of clergy. Receiving the crown in his hands, he set it on his own head, then took up the other diadem and crowned his queen.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N., long afterward recalled that Kalakaua said to him in the course of the corona-

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tion ceremonies: "Rodman, do me a favor. If you will have the kindness to remove Lieutenant—and Ensign—from the throne it will be appreciated."

A prayer was said; the band played the "Coronation March"; the guns of the land batteries and of the foreign ships boomed out the royal salute of twenty-one guns. In the attendant festivities the statue of Kamehameha I that stands before the courthouse, opposite the palace, was unveiled.

But the crowns and the costly jewels were never worn again. Years afterward soldiers guarding the palace in a time of revolution broke the gems out of the crown and used them as stakes for gambling.

The king's debts, resulting from the coronation and other expenditures, were estimated in 1887 at a quarter of a million dollars.

Hawaiian kings, from the time of Kamehameha I, had been fond of ships. Kalakaua thought he must have a navy. From a copra trader he bought for twenty thousand dollars a decrepit English steamer, the 170-ton *Explorer*, which he refitted as a warship and renamed *Kaimiloa*, which means much the same thing.

A Honolulu newspaper commented:

The first addition to the Hawaiian Navy is to be known to the world as His Hawaiian Majesty's training ship *Kaimiloa*. When fully completed, and ready for sea, this old tub will stand the Government not far from \$50,000—which in these piping times of scarcity of money may be justly set down as one of the greatest follies of the age. People may wade to their knees in mud on the Esplanade and elsewhere about the city, and hear the cry of "no money." Providence or Madame Pele [goddess of the Volcanoes] has deserted the people in these latter days.



KAUIKĒʻEAOUʻI (Kamehameha III).

His Majesty's Ship *Kaimiloa*

But Kalakaua had a purpose in acquiring *Kaimiloa*. There were still a few independent or semi-independent nations in the South Seas. Kalakaua conceived the ambitious notion of federating them, with himself at their head, into a Pacific empire.

He had already, in 1883, sent commissioners to the Gilbert Islands and the New Hebrides, to propose a Hawaiian protectorate. The introduction of grass skirts, which have since been ineradicably associated in mainland minds with the Hawaiian hula, has been attributed to a fraternal present brought back to Kalakaua by one of these embassies. His court dancers wore the skirts in honor of their donor. But the real dancing skirt of Hawaii continues to be the garment of fresh green ti leaves.

Kaimiloa, the king's navy, bore his emissaries to Samoa. The cruise threatened to be as unfortunate as that of Boki. "It was from the first," wrote a later historian, "a scene of disaster and dilapidation. The stores were sold; the crew revolted; for a great part of the voyage the ship was in the hands of mutineers, and the secretary lay bound on the deck."

The crew was recruited from a reform school. Captain Jackson, a former British naval officer, and former head of the reform school, was in command. The ship left Honolulu on May 18, 1887. On the eve of sailing a fight occurred on board, as a result of which three officers were discharged.

Arriving in Samoa, the king's embassy and navy were received by king and chiefs with great festivity, but to little practical result. The reform-school cadets had the time of their lives. Their conduct moved Robert Louis Stevenson, then residing in Samoa, to indignation.

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Of a reception at the Hawaiian embassy he wrote: "Malietoa, always decent, withdrew at an early hour. By those who remained, all decency appears to have been forgotten." In the morning, he added, the revelers were aroused from drunken stupor and sent home. King Malietoa is reported to have said, "If you came here to teach my people to drink, I wish you had stayed away."

Even if the mission had not been mismanaged, it was probably too late. Imperial Germany already had an interest in Samoa, and other powers were preparing to move in. The German corvette *Adler* trailed *Kaimiloa* when the embassy went to Otua to confer with Mataafa, and that chief was summoned on board the German warship.

The embassy, persistent in following its instructions, then tried to win over Chief Tamasese, who favored the Germans. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor in Berlin, took the matter up with Washington. Great Britain also is said to have protested. The American Department of State sent a discreet warning to Walter Murray Gibson, Kalakaua's minister of foreign affairs (described by an unsympathetic historian as "an ex-pirate who, becoming a Mormon missionary, stole the Island of Lanai").

Meanwhile a scandal had developed in Honolulu over Gibson's influence in the government, an opium bribe, the king's extravagance, and his growing tendency to assert absolute power. A "reform" movement, in which Americans and other foreign residents were active, overthrew the cabinet and forced upon Kalakaua what his sister Liliuokalani stigmatized in her memoirs as a "bayonet constitution." Gibson, according to report, was spirited aboard a ship for San Francisco to save him from mob violence. The new cabinet, in which Lorrin A. Thurston,

His Majesty's Ship *Kaimiloa*

grandson of one of the original missionaries, was a dominant figure, recalled *Kaimiloa*.

She arrived in Honolulu September 23, 1887, and was dismantled and sold at auction for twenty-eight hundred dollars. She served for a time as an inter-Island steamer, then was laid up and burned some years later. Her engines—"thrift, thrift, Horatio!"—long turned the wheels of a sugar mill. And thus ended Kalakaua's dream of a commonwealth of brown nations in the Pacific.

Sad ships, sad ships have touched the gentle port. The saddest, perhaps, since HMS *Blonde*, to enter Honolulu Harbor was the USS *Charleston*.

In 1889 Kalakaua's guards put down a brief insurrection, the origin of which is still obscure. There were eighteen casualties. United States marines again landed, with fife and drums playing, from the USS *Adams* but took no action other than to stand by to protect American citizens and American property.

The next year the king felt his health failing. It is said a kahuna warned him, when he boarded the *Charleston* in the hope of restoring his strength in California, that he would not return and that the red aweoweo fish, harbingers of the death of chiefs, appeared in the harbor at the time. But his sister Liliuokalani, who acted as regent in his absence, and the general public seem to have been confident of his recovery.

A California newspaper, dated January 3, 1891, reported:

His Majesty, Kalakaua, reigning king of the Sandwich Islands, arrived in this city this morning, and was taken in charge by a committee of citizens appointed to wait upon

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and attend him. The king and his party reached the Raymond Hotel from San Diego last night and attended the opera here. The king, about fifty years old, is tall and well built. His skin is mahogany color, his hair shiny and curly. His bearing is dignified.

And on January 20:

King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands died in San Francisco this afternoon, at the Palace Hotel, of Bright's disease. The Hawaiian ruler had been visiting in California since December 4 and had been much feted throughout the state. At the time of his arrival here he was not well, but his condition was not believed by him to be serious. Consul McKinley said today that it was probable the king's trip to Southern California had overtaxed his strength and that the cold he contracted at Santa Barbara had hastened the progress of his malady.

There was no cable, no wireless, to Hawaii in 1891. Liliuokalani was planning the festivities that were to greet her brother's return. Invitations had been issued; the town was decorated with bunting and flags; a reception and ball had been arranged. The first intimation of tragedy was the sight of the *Charleston* rounding Diamond Head—her yards crossed, her flag at half-mast and draped in mourning black.

At Kalakaua's coronation, wrote Liliuokalani, with Hawaiian love of legend, "a cloud passed over the sun, and at the moment of his crowning, a single star appeared." His end, according to her report, was likewise attended by celestial manifestations. A triple rainbow arched across the sky as his body was borne through the palace gate.

Already gathering was the twilight of the kings. . . .

CHAPTER XXIII

The Shot That Toppled a Throne

THE United States cruiser *Boston* lay in Honolulu Harbor as revolution bubbled onshore.

It was apparent that the "missionary party," as its opponents called it, was about to overthrow the Hawaiian government. Probably there would be fighting. American lives and American property would be in danger.

On January 15, 1893, Captain G. C. Wiltse of the *Boston* prepared to land marines.

Liliuokalani, the Salt Air of Heaven, is so generally remembered today as a gentle old lady, dwelling among her memories and her flowers, that it is a bit difficult to visualize the stern autocrat that, according to records of her reign, she tried to be.

The queen, who had succeeded her brother Kalakaua as ruler of the Islands, tried to turn back the wheels that kept grinding on. An industrial revolution was taking place, and it seems now, as one looks back upon it, that political revolution was an inevitable consequence.

Americans and Hawaiian citizens of American descent

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were many in the land, and their strength was out of proportion to their number. The sugar industry, which was dominated largely by these men, already had become powerful. The foreign element in general was firmly entrenched in Island economy.

It was natural enough that more and more of these substantial citizens took part in politics. Americans and Englishmen had served in Hawaiian cabinets since the time of Kamehameha III. Even the first Kamehameha had had his foreign advisers. Throughout its history the Hawaiian monarchy had relied upon its foreign-born statesmen in its difficult times.

Even in those days there had been talk of annexation, both in Hawaii and in the United States. In Kalakaua's time the annexationists in the Islands had acquired considerable strength.

American industrial agriculturists and others in Hawaii, as they grew more powerful, had become more and more impatient with the monarchy, which many of them considered inefficient, wasteful, unreliable, and unstable. They had not approved of Kalakaua in his later years. But Kalakaua, after all, was a politician as well as a king, and he could be persuaded. His sister was more difficult.

Queen Liliuokalani viewed with suspicion the growing power of the largely American and more or less pro-annexation group. She thought the "bayonet constitution" which they had forced upon Kalakaua in 1887 gave them too much opportunity to gain control. She yearned for the absolute, divine-right authority of the ancient chiefs. She tried to reassert their powers. Like Kalakaua, she was too late. A single shot toppled her throne.

That shot was fired near the intersection of Fort and

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King streets in Honolulu at about two-thirty o'clock on the afternoon of January 17, 1893. And it hastened the coup that had been developing.

The officers of the *Boston*, arriving from Hilo on the fourteenth, had found Honolulu in a state of tension. The queen had set that day for proclamation of a new constitution. She proposed to appoint members of the upper house of the legislature and of the council of state, rather than submit them to election. From such elective privileges as remained, she would exclude foreigners who were not married to Hawaiian women. She was making a last, desperate effort to save Hawaii for Hawaiians.

The queen went to the Parliament house, now the judiciary building on King Street, and prorogued the legislature. Then, calling her cabinet to the palace, she presented the new constitution.

The Royal Guards had been drawn up in the palace square. A crowd of citizens had gathered. But the announcement which they awaited proved an anticlimax. The queen appeared on the palace balcony and told them the proclamation had been postponed. Her ministers had refused to sign it.

The opposition took swift advantage of the delay and of the evident dissension and irresolution among the queen's adherents. Men slipped in and out of downtown offices and private residences. And a dozen resolute characters planned the overthrow of the government.

A "Citizens' Committee of Safety" was organized. It included about half a dozen Hawaiian subjects, mainly of American ancestry, and about the same number of citizens of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany.

The queen's marshal, C. B. Wilson, knew of these meet-

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ings, especially one that was held at the home of Lorrin A. Thurston on Sunday evening, the fifteenth. Wilson reported later that he had urged the queen to declare martial law and authorize him to arrest the members of the committee. But the queen and her ministers were undecided, fearful of precipitating an open break, and hopeful that the agitation would subside.

Meanwhile the committee proceeded with its plans to abrogate the monarchy and form a provisional government to negotiate for annexation to the United States.

Both parties called mass meetings for Monday, the sixteenth. Charles G. Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S., a visitor who wrote chattily and voluminously of his sojourn in Honolulu, attended the revolutionary gathering, where, he commented, "with one or two exceptions, I never before listened to so many bad speeches." Lucien Young, an officer of the *Boston*, who also left a detailed account of the events of those days, called it "the largest and most enthusiastic mass meeting ever held in Honolulu." About two thousand persons were present, according to other reports, and the assemblage approved the committee's proceedings.

Thus authorized, the committee called for military volunteers. About 175 appeared, many of whom had served in the old Honolulu Guards which had been disbanded in 1890.

It is clear that the Hawaiian revolution was no mass movement. The armed forces on both sides were small. The queen had her household guards and the police force, altogether fewer than 150 men, plus some hastily recruited deputy marshals. The general public seems to have been apathetic or afraid.

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Nevertheless, Marshal Wilson, according to his own story, was for action. He believed, as did a number of neutral observers, that if the government had taken a firm stand and acted promptly and decisively, the rebels could have been rounded up and rendered harmless.

Instead the government temporized in a futile policy of appeasement. The cabinet sent a delegation to the revolutionary committee, with the queen's promise that she would abide by the existing constitution. The committeemen replied that they didn't trust her and asked the United States minister, John L. Stevens, to request an armed force from the *Boston*.

This Stevens was all too willing to do. In his correspondence with Washington he had long advocated annexation of the Islands. There is some evidence that in this proposal he had secret support from within the Washington administration.

Captain Wiltse had already given orders for the troops to land that afternoon. As Lucien Young explained, "There were several thousand American citizens and many million dollars' worth of American property at the very focus of the cyclonic condition of affairs." Indeed, it looked as if civil war, even if only on a miniature scale, was about to break out at any moment.

A company of artillery, with a Gatling gun and a "revolving cannon"; two companies of bluejackets and one of marines, complete with a band and a hospital unit, disembarked late in the afternoon at Brewer's Wharf and marched up Fort Street to Merchant Street, in the center of the business district. Here they divided: a squad of marines to the United States consulate, another to the legation on Nuuanu Street, and the rest marched up Mer-

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chant Street toward the palace square. As they passed the queen looked out from a palace window. The American troops saluted her with "arms port, drooping of colors, and ruffles on the drums."

The commanding officer sought quarters for the landing party. The old armory and the opera house were refused him. Temporarily the men encamped under the trees at the residence of an American, a half mile out King Street. But late in the evening they obtained permission to occupy a building, at the rear of the opera house, which had been used for political meetings in Kalakaua's time and which was known as Arion Hall. This building overlooked the palace square.

The queen's guards stood to arms at their barracks and in the palace grounds. The police barricaded their station and set up two Gatling guns. The rebel volunteers mustered at three rendezvous: eighty in a building on Fort Street behind the Chinese church, fifty in an old structure on Emma Square, and forty-five in the armory on Bere-tania Street.

Sentries were alert in the American camp, and fire patrols marched the streets all night. It had been rumored that the royalists were plotting to burn the houses of rebel leaders and set fire to the business quarter. Residents sent their women and children to Waikiki for safety. Two fires did occur, and the American commander called out the guard, but the night passed without fighting.

That night the rebel leaders, in appropriate conspiratory darkness, conferred under the trees on the estate of Henry Waterhouse in Nuuanu Street. John Soper, who had been marshal of the kingdom under King Kalakaua, was asked to command the army of the revolution. He re-

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fused to accept this command unless Judge Sanford B. Dole—an American born in Honolulu of a missionary family—could be persuaded to head the movement.

Dole was summoned. It appears that he was hesitant. He agreed that Liliuokalani should be deposed but suggested, it is said, that the young Princess Kaiulani, the queen's niece and heiress apparent, be inaugurated as queen under a regency. Others opposed this plan. Kaiulani, they pointed out, had been educated in England; her guardian, the British merchant T. H. Davies, was regarded as anti-American. They urged a clean-cut revolution, to be followed by annexation to the United States.

Dole agreed to think the matter over, and the next day he accepted the presidency of the Provisional Government.

The committee met at ten o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth in the office of W. O. Smith. After lunch they completed organization of the Provisional Government and prepared to seize the government building at three o'clock. Men were sent to collect arms.

Marshal Wilson, who seems to have kept himself informed of developments throughout this period, prepared to send a force to guard the government building. About a hundred Hawaiians were gathered on the steps of the opera house near by. Government police were waiting across the street to arrest Dole and the committee members when they should emerge from Smith's office.

At that moment the shot was fired.

A deputy marshal had seen a wagon leaving E. O. Hall & Sons' hardware store with munitions for the revolt, and he had sent a squad of policemen to stop it. Captain John Good, the rebel chief of ordnance, who was convoying the wagon, drew his revolver and shot the foremost police-

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man. Ed Benner, the driver, whipped up the horse and the wagon dashed away. The commotion attracted the rest of the police, who had been watching the committee's meeting place, and also drew away the crowd from the opera house.

In the confusion Dole and the committeemen, unarmed, walked to the government building and took possession. The few startled clerks who were in the offices offered no resistance. The rebel volunteers then converged from their meeting places and occupied the building. The revolutionists, having seized the treasury and the archives, considered their coup an accomplished fact.

One revolver shot and a half-hour's difference in time thus may have shaped the course of history. Had that shot not been fired the police would have been waiting to seize the rebel leaders as they emerged from Smith's office. Had the rebels waited until three o'clock, the time set, the queen's guards probably would have been at the government house.

Marshal Wilson still wanted to fight. He proposed to detail thirty men to bombard the rebels from the palace roof, opposite the government building, and enfilade with Gatling guns the streets approaching the palace square. But the ministers, Wilson said, were in a panic; the queen was confused; the royalist refugees who thronged into the police station were unarmed and disorganized.

The queen ordered the marshal to surrender. The Provisional Government was proclaimed, to continue "until terms of union with the United States shall have been negotiated."

The queen resorted to the "life-of-the-land" policy of her predecessors in earlier times of stress. Although the

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United States forces from the *Boston* seem to have taken no active part in the uprising, and their officers later insisted that their attitude had been neutral, their presence must have been a restraining influence upon the royalists and an encouragement to the rebels. The queen announced that she "yielded to the superior force of the United States" under protest, pending reinstatement on her appeal to Washington.

The troops from the *Boston* remained ashore, moving to a new camp in an unoccupied former hotel in King Street, about on the site of the present Federal Building.

An interim of uncertainty ensued while the queen and the Provisional Government played their diplomatic cards. The *Claudine* sailed on January 18, bearing commissioners accredited by the Provisional Government to the State Department at Washington. Paul Neumann, with power of attorney and funds borrowed from a bank by the queen, went to the capital to present her case. Kaiulani, the little princess for whom Robert Louis Stevenson had written one of his tenderest poems, went with her guardian to ask the United States to save the throne that had been expected sometime to be hers.

The Provisional Government waited behind its armed guards. The revolution had won, but its leaders were uneasy. It appears from contemporary records that there was unrest among the twenty thousand Japanese contract laborers in the Islands. The royalists were said to have promised these men full citizenship if the monarchy were restored. A Japanese warship was in Honolulu Harbor, and another was reported on the way. A British warship also was expected, and the Provisional ministers feared a new coup by one or the other power.

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At the height of their apprehension about four hundred Japanese laborers from a plantation some twenty miles out of Honolulu marched, armed with cane knives, on the town. But consular representatives of their own country stopped them and sent them back to the plantation.

The Provisional Government decided to take no chances. It asked the United States minister to declare a temporary American protectorate.

On February 1 the forces from the *Boston* marched to the government building; the United States flag was hoisted and the protectorate proclaimed. Nine days later the USS *Mohican* arrived, and Rear Admiral J. S. Skerrett, commander in chief of United States forces in the Pacific, took charge.

At midmonth the British warship *Garnet* joined the mixed naval concentration in Honolulu Harbor. Rumors circulated that British marines were about to land by night and seize the palace. Aboard the two American warships preparations were made to debark more troops. The Provisional Government fortified the palace behind rows of sandbags, mounted six cannon, and recruited more volunteers. British and American crews, on shore leave, fought one another in the streets, and their commanders had to deprive them of shore liberty.

On the twenty-third the Japanese armored cruiser *Naniwa* steamed into the port. Tension increased. The local malcontents became more threatening. The atmosphere calmed somewhat, however, when the Japanese commander demonstrated good will by giving up an escaped life-term convict who had obtained refuge aboard the cruiser.

Meanwhile a change of administration occurred at

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Washington, and its results threw the Provisional Government into consternation.

President Harrison had received the annexation proposal favorably and had sent it to the Senate for ratification. But on March 4 Grover Cleveland took office. One of his first acts was to withdraw the treaty from the Senate.

On March 29 the United States revenue cutter *Rush* brought to Honolulu James H. Blount of Georgia, with the President's commission to report "concerning the present status of affairs" in Hawaii. Men, women, and children gathered on the wharves. Royalists and revolutionists schemed to influence the commissioner.

Blount decided that the queen was right. He ordered Admiral Skerrett to haul down the United States flag, end the protectorate, and re-embark the troops. On April 1 Skerrett, under protest, complied. Blount, returning to Washington, submitted a report which long remained on the secular index expurgatorius in Honolulu and which caused President Cleveland, in a message to Congress, to denounce "the lawless occupation of Honolulu under false pretexts by United States forces."

The campaign for annexation continued in Honolulu. In vain Claus Spreckels harangued his fellow planters, warning them that if Hawaii became a part of the United States they would lose the right to import cheap labor from the Orient. The majority insisted that they preferred "a stable government."

In October, Albert S. Willis arrived in Honolulu as United States minister to the Provisional Government. It was rumored that he had secret instructions to inform Liliuokalani that she would be reinstated if she would declare a general amnesty to the revolutionists. A British and

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a Japanese warship arrived, then the USS *Philadelphia*. A newspaper published a letter from Secretary of State Gresham, advocating restoration of the Hawaiian monarchy.

The Provisional Government appeared determined to hold on, even if it had to fight the United States. Defenses of the government buildings were strengthened; still more volunteers were recruited, and citizen sympathizers were armed. It looked as if Americans were about to fight Americans. The commanders of the United States warships in port suspended shore leave; officers' wives ashore prepared to flee. The British and Japanese commanders obtained permission to land forces to protect their legations. The Japanese minister offered his legation as a shelter for resident American women and children from the hazards of the war zone.

Willis, having received Liliuokalani's pledge to pardon the revolutionists, demanded that the Provisional Government give up its authority to the queen. President Dole, acting as foreign minister, replied that the United States had no right to interfere and that the Provisional Government would "refuse compliance with the extraordinary demand of Mr. Willis."

The Honolulu government undoubtedly knew that Cleveland did not have the entire support of Congress. It simply sat tight and defied the United States to do anything about the situation.

And nothing was done. Cleveland, no doubt, reflected that it would be an unpopular policy that would order Americans to shoot Americans for the purpose of propping up a foreign monarchy. On May 31 the United States Congress resolved that "it of right belongs to the people of

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the Hawaiian Islands to establish and maintain their own form of government, and the United States should in no wise interfere." This statement could be read two ways, but in any case the status quo persisted in the Islands.

Balked of annexation, but still hopeful of a change of policy with a change of Washington administration, the Provisional Government proclaimed, on July 4, 1894, the Republic of Hawaii. But the royalists had not yet given up hope. A ship rounded Diamond Head, bound for a secret rendezvous, a ship whose cargo was contraband.

CHAPTER XXIV

Cargo of Revolt

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1895, the sealing schooner *Wahlberg*, of San Francisco, hove to off Moku Manana, a desolate, sea-eroded volcanic crater off the southern end of Oahu, known today as Rabbit Island. Aboard were twenty-four dozen Winchester repeaters, a hundred pistols, and thirty thousand rounds of .44-caliber ammunition, bought, according to report, by Major Seward, a former United States officer, for Claus Spreckels, planter and friend of the late King Kalakaua.

The sampan *Waimanalo*, Captain Davis in command, met the *Wahlberg* off that sparsely tenanted shore and received the munitions.

Partisans of the Republic charged that Minister Willis and members of the Cleveland administration connived with the royalists, as the royalists charged that Minister Stevens and members of the Harrison administration had conspired with the "missionary" rebels. At any rate, the USS *Philadelphia* had been withdrawn, and for the first time in twenty years no United States armed forces were in the port.

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The conspirators plotted a coup. On Sunday evening the hated "missionaries" would be congregated in Central Union Church. Bombs, made by stuffing coconut shells or pieces of pipe with powder, were to be tossed into the church. In the resulting confusion armed parties would seize strategic government buildings.

Old-timers explain that it was impossible to keep anything secret in Honolulu. Royalists and anti-royalists knew one another, in many cases were related by blood or by marriage; they mingled together socially, and nearly everyone "talked too much." Officers of the Republic learned of the plot, as the royal government had learned of the rebel conspiracy two years before. The difference was that the Republic acted more decisively.

On Thursday, January 3, rebel rifles were to be landed at Kakaako, a water-front district of Honolulu, inhabited then largely by Hawaiians, and at the fish market. Marshal Hitchcock of the Republic stationed government guards at those points, and that part of the scheme was abandoned. Detectives also broke up a royalist meeting at the immigration station. Some of the rifles were buried in the sand at Kaalawai, under the shadow of Diamond Head, and a few were smuggled into the private residence of the former queen, now the home of the Territorial governor.

Sunday night the royalists seized the signal station at Diamond Head and cut the wires leading to Honolulu. They rounded up tourists who were in the vicinity and held them prisoners, lest they give the alarm. Then the rebels gathered at Kaalawai for the march on Honolulu. Meanwhile their confederates were assembling in town.

The Kaalawai meeting was betrayed by a telephone call.

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A small squad of police and citizen guards hurried to the scene. And the first battle of the counterrevolt began.

Meanwhile Ed Benner, a Honolulu Paul Revere, carried the alarm to Central Union Church, quietly calling members of the Republic's Guard out of the services. Within an hour, it is said, the government had more than a thousand men under arms.

The first victim was a rash, if more or less innocent, "bystander." The government posse had stopped, on the way to Kaalawai, at the home of Charles L. Carter, who said he'd go along and see the fun. One of the first shots killed him.

The rebels took shelter in the gullies that seam the steep sides of Diamond Head. All the next day sniping continued. The government forces brought up artillery and lobbed shells from Kapiolani Park. Guns mounted on a tugboat bombarded the rebels from offshore.

The royalists retreated inland to the district called Moiliili, the Pebbled Ridge, then a wilderness of thorny lantana scrub and tumbled rocks. A government field gun followed them, and a score of sharpshooters, among whom was L. L. McCandless, later a delegate to Congress, attacked the royalists on the flank. Some of the rebel leaders surrendered; others fled to the mountains.

On Wednesday night a government detachment overtook a royalist band in Manoa Valley, now a residential district of Honolulu. More prisoners were taken, but Robert Wilcox and Lot Lane, leaders, escaped over the ridges into adjoining valleys.

The hunt continued. Sam Nowlein, Will Greig (son of a former "king of Fanning Island"), Carl Widemann, a planter's son, and Louis Marshall, one of the few haoles

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among the plotters, were betrayed by a woman and were captured at Kanewai Spring, between Moiliili and Honolulu.

Wilcox, who had clambered down into Pauoa Valley and thence made his way seaward, had hidden in a house on the beach at Iwilei, a region which has since become the industrial district of Honolulu. The owner of the house gave him up to the police. McCandless, who was in the squad that made the arrest, said Wilcox wept. It was his second revolution (for he had led the palace insurrection against Kalakaua in 1889), and both had failed.

Altogether it took about two weeks to round up all the fugitives. Lane, one of the last at liberty, came down from the mountains, thinking the trouble was all over, and surrendered. In all, about three hundred persons were arrested. Among them was Joaquín Miller, California's "poet of the Sierra." To the serious-minded and embattled men of the Republic, a poet, no doubt, appeared to be a suspicious character, although I recall years later seeing some verses from the hand of no less than President Dole himself.

The attempt at counterrevolution was over, and the trials began. The queen was charged with misprision of treason. When the officers called at her home, "All right," she answered, "I will go." In a black gown, with a white linen handkerchief in her hand, she walked between two guards—across the square, up the steps of the palace. She paused for a moment under her own portrait, which hung in the hall on the second floor.

A week later she signed a formal abdication. She did so, she later declared, under duress and to save her followers, six of whom, she had been informed, were to be shot.

There were no executions. Liliuokalani expressed the be-

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lief that authorities in Washington had warned the Honolulu government that such severity would defeat any prospect of annexation.

A number of suspects were imprisoned and fined, among them Prince Kuhio, who later represented the Territory of Hawaii for twenty years in the United States Congress. Terms were from five to thirty-five years, but none of the prisoners was held longer than a year. The former queen was sentenced to a fine of five thousand dollars and "five years' imprisonment at hard labor." As a matter of fact, she was confined for about eight months in an upper room of the palace, attended by her former ladies in waiting and occupying herself with her canaries, her pots of flowers, her books, and musical compositions, playing her autoharp or crocheting. Later she was pardoned with full restoration of civil rights, and when annexation finally was achieved she was one of the few former queens to become a citizen of the United States.

The world knows "Aloha Oe," the song she wrote on a happier day—a day of picnicking, in the early years of her brother's reign:

Proudly the rain-cloud sweeps upon the cliff . . .

It is wistful of melody and sentimental of text, like so many Hawaiian songs. It is a song that is sung at sailings and at funerals in those Islands that know so many farewells.

*Thus dear memories come to me . . .
Sweet rose of Maunawili,
where the birds love to dwell,
tasting fragrance . . .*

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It is a song around which clings an aroma of tears and blurred last kisses and the scent of fading flowers. . . .

*My love to you,
Sweet one dwelling in the pleasant bowers;
one fond embrace, before I go—
until we meet again!*

A song that has been sung so many times when dear ones knew they would not meet again.

CHAPTER XXV

Manifest Destiny

BISHOP WILLIS, in the Anglican cathedral at Honolulu, refused to pray for the Provisional Government or for the Republic of Hawaii. Both, he contended, were unlawful and impious. His friends dissuaded him with difficulty from continuing to pray publicly for the deposed queen. When the plague broke out in 1900 and a section of Honolulu burned, as fires started for sanitary purposes swept beyond control, he said the disaster was a judgment of heaven on the revolutionists.

President Dole and the ministers of the Republic remained on their guard against any encroachment by Britain or Japan and awaited their time.

The late Bishop Henry Bond Restarick wrote in his memoirs that annexation of the Islands to the United States had been mentioned as early as 1820. It is certain that it had been advocated in some quarters, in both countries, since 1849. In that year a Whig newspaper in Lowville, N.Y., editorially proposed it. And in the same year Robert Crichton Wyllie, of the Islands, wrote to Gerrit P. Judd,

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"My opinion is that the tide of events rushes on to annexation."

In 1854 a visitor who wrote under the pseudonym "A. Haole" predicted that "the Sandwich Islands [the British name for the Hawaiian Islands] will soon form an integral part of the United States." In 1880 Isabella Bird Bishop wrote that, after Kalakaua, annexation was "the manifest destiny" of the Islands.

Several times Hawaiian kings themselves had considered a United States protectorate, or even annexation, as a way out of difficulties with foreign powers. In 1851 United States Commissioner Luther Severance had a document, signed by King Kamehameha III and the premier, providing for a protectorate, and the USS *Vandalia* was prepared to open fire on the French warship *Serieuse*.

In the same year and in 1852 reports came from California that "filibuster" groups were being organized to seize the Islands. The advance guard of one of these gangs was believed to be aboard the clipper ship *Game Cock*, which arrived at Honolulu in November 1851. The Hawaiian minister of foreign relations was supposed to have received a warning. He took steps to raise an army to repel invasion, and the USS *Vandalia* remained on guard at Honolulu all winter.

"A few suspicious persons," wrote Laura Judd, "appeared, but the only misdemeanor proved against them was abstracting some letters from the mailbag on their way hither, by which they hoped to escape an unpleasant introduction."

Similar rumors were heard in the course of a cabinet crisis in 1853. Nineteen merchants and planters petitioned the king to seek annexation, so as to forestall a supposed

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plot of local and foreign revolutionists. In 1854 a treaty of annexation was negotiated but was not signed.

The United States, meanwhile, was expanding, feeling its muscle. The Texans had rebelled against Mexico, and the Texas republic, after a few years of independence, had joined the United States. In the war that followed the stretching "colossus" had swallowed half the territory of Mexico. The Oregon country was being settled by Americans. America was moving west.

Discovery of gold in California intensified the movement. And the expansionist policy that became general at the time pointed to the Islands. Statesmen and editors talked a good deal about "manifest destiny." In 1892 the Republican party took up the phrase.

It is of interest, in view of later history, that the German-trained Professor John W. Burgess, in 1890, included the North Americans among the Teutonic conquerors who, he predicted, would inherit the earth.

The navy had long coveted the Islands. In 1851, when Congress asked the War and Navy departments to report on the condition and requirements of United States coast defenses, Admiral Dupont replied for the navy:

"It is impossible to estimate too highly the value and importance of the Sandwich Islands, whether in a commercial or a military point of view. Should circumstances place them in our hands, they would prove the most important acquisition we could make in the whole Pacific region—an acquisition intimately connected with our commercial and naval supremacy in those seas."

In 1872 Generals Schofield and Alexander reported on the military value of Pearl Harbor, and Admirals Irwin, Walker, and Miller agreed that it would be tremendously

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useful when the sand bar at the entrance had been removed.

The reciprocity treaty of 1875 pledged Hawaii not to alienate any of its territory to any other power. When that treaty was extended in 1887, to expire in 1894, Hawaii granted the United States a coaling-and-repair-station site at Pearl Harbor. This site was not improved or used until much later. Naval officers held that Pearl Harbor was useless as long as the United States did not control the Port of Honolulu and the rest of the Island of Oahu.

Pearl Harbor was preferred, for naval purposes, to Honolulu, because Honolulu Harbor was considered too small and was occupied by commercial shipping. Moreover, Honolulu Harbor was thought to be less readily defensible. It is only one half to three quarters of a mile from deep water, and naval officers pointed out that warships could steam in and bombard the place at close range. (Guns didn't carry as far then as now.) Pearl Harbor, on the other hand, is protected by a barrier reef and a mile or more of shallows beyond the reef, which would keep large ships at a distance.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, urging establishment of a coaling-and-repair station outside the American continent, warned against letting any other power acquire Hawaii and urged that the United States obtain the Islands. In the discussion in the United States that followed the Hawaiian revolution of 1893 expansionists proposed annexation not only of Hawaii, but of Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Haiti as well.

"The ripe apple falls into our hands," the New York *Independent*, which had missionary affiliations, said of the Islands. "The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it," Minister

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Stevens, in Honolulu, wrote to Secretary of State Foster. Other advocates advised the United States to act speedily, so as to forestall Great Britain or Japan.

Britain, in 1894, wanted to lease Necker Island, Nihoa, or French Frigates Shoal as a site for a cable station. The Hawaiian Republic was willing, but under its treaty with the United States it could not grant such a lease without Washington consent. President Cleveland approved the proposal, but Congress did not uphold him.

Senator Lodge, expounding the principle of sea power, declared: "The Sandwich Islands are the key to the Pacific." The Republican platform of 1896 proclaimed that "the Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States."

Opposition, too, was heard. The New York *Times* expressed doubt whether the Islands were "worth the price," branded the revolution "a sugar conspiracy," and inquired "whether the pretended owners are the real owners." Judges argued that annexation was unconstitutional. Carl Schurz said it would invite attack.

There was much argument that was beside the point and much personal slander of prominent personalities on both sides, which is better forgotten.

Political considerations also were involved. In general, Republican leaders in the United States favored annexation, and Democratic leaders opposed it. The more sound reasons for and against annexation were, however, economic and military.

Sugar-producing interests in the United States opposed acquisition of sugar-growing territory. They didn't want to contend with Hawaiian competition on equal terms. Some groups, on the other hand, wanted to add the

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Islands' resources to those of the United States and to control trade routes in the Pacific. Isolationists urged the nation to remain within its continental boundaries and not to provoke attack by venturing outside of them. Proponents of naval power emphasized the strategic advantages of Hawaii and voiced apprehension lest the Islands fall into the power of Japan.

In the Islands the revolution had been organized mainly by business and professional men, among whom an Annexation Club had been operating for some time. Some planters had joined the movement, partly because annexation would ensure a duty-free market for sugar, and partly because they wanted a stable government and one that would safeguard their interests. Planters who opposed annexation did so on the ground that it would deprive them of additional Asiatic labor.

In the Islands, too, there was apprehension with regard to Japan. United States Minister Stevens wrote from Honolulu to Secretary of State Blaine in Washington that the United States must decide whether Hawaii was to be an American or an Asiatic country. The *Honolulu Star*, in April 1897, declared: "It is the white race against the yellow. . . . Nothing but American annexation can save the Islands."

In May of that year the Japanese cruiser *Naniwa* brought to Honolulu demands that emphasized the precarious position of the Island Republic. These demands were an outgrowth of labor immigration.

Japanese field hands had originally come to the Islands at Hawaii's request. But some people in Hawaii thought they had become too numerous. Japanese immigration companies were inducing many of their countrymen to go

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to Hawaii. Frauds were charged, and the Republic sent about eleven hundred back to Japan. This action annoyed the Japanese government. Captain Togo of the *Naniwa*, the same who later achieved fame as an admiral in the war with Russia, served a demand for an indemnity of seventy-five thousand dollars. The Republic paid it, on the advice of Americans who feared that trouble between Hawaii and Japan would complicate negotiations for annexation.

Meanwhile European powers were reaching into the Pacific. German forces seized the Chinese port of Tsingtao and Kiaochow Bay in November 1897. China leased Port Arthur to Russia in May 1898. American interests felt that their growing trade with China was threatened. In Washington, Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Mahan, the exponent of sea power: "If I had my way, we would annex those Islands [Hawaii] tomorrow."

As has already been pointed out, the Hawaiian revolution had been organized as an annexationist movement. At the end of September 1893 the Annexation Club in Honolulu claimed 1449 American members, 1671 Hawaiian, 2386 Portuguese, and 1090 others. Its opponents said that the bulk of the non-American members were plantation laborers, coerced by their employers.

Events elsewhere precipitated the solution.

William McKinley was inaugurated as President of the United States on March 4, 1897. Liliuokalani, from her retirement, sent him another formal protest against the revolution of four years before. The government of the Hawaiian Republic continued to sit tight and await developments.

By the summer of the next year the United States was at war with Spain. And the people of the United States then

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discovered the Pacific. Their men were fighting in that ocean.

News came of Admiral Dewey's victory of May 1, 1898, at Manila Bay and his request for troops to occupy the Philippines.

Honolulu was the only place between the United States and Manila where ships could coal and take on supplies. It was the only place where the soldiers could have a breathing spell ashore from the long voyage, in the course of which, some of them said, the decks of the transports seemed red hot, and the space between decks was like an oven.

Hawaii suddenly found itself in a position of unprecedented importance to the United States. It could stiffly assert its neutrality and turn away the American ships. It could remind Washington that if its allegiance had been accepted when offered, five years before, the problem would not have arisen. There seems to have been no thought of such a course. On May 10 President Dole offered the United States "the unreserved alliance of Hawaii."

The USS *Charleston* arrived and took on coal at Honolulu May 29. The *City of Peking*, the *City of Sydney*, and the *Australia* followed on June 1, bearing an American expeditionary force en route to the Philippines.

As a seagoing observer reported, a warehouse full of sandwiches was prepared, and all the beer in Honolulu was put on ice for the soldiers, from whom no money was accepted. The Republic of Hawaii was "all out for United States defense."

The ghost of Don Francisco de Paula Marín wailed unheard, and the Spanish consul made formal protest, to

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which the government of the Republic replied that "in view of the intimate relationship [of Hawaii] with the United States, it did not contemplate exercising neutrality."

The annexationists were jubilant. At last Hawaii was wanted.

In Washington, however, the Senate was not ready to accept the Islands, although the foreign affairs committees of both houses of Congress warned of the "Japanese menace." An attempt to ratify a treaty of annexation failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority.

Three days after Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila a joint resolution for annexation of Hawaii, requiring only a majority vote, was introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington. Speaker Thomas B. Reed, as chairman of the Rules Committee, blocked it for three weeks but finally consented to let it come before the House. It was passed on June 15. The vote was 209 to 91.

The Senate had had such a resolution before it since March 16. From June 20 to July 6 the senators debated it. On the sixth it was carried, 42 to 21. President McKinley signed it the next day.

The news reached Honolulu by the steamer *Coptic*, from San Francisco, on the eighteenth. Whistles blew; fireworks bloomed in the sky, and bands paraded through the streets.

Sovereignty was formally transferred just before noon on August 12—the day the peace protocol with Spain was signed. As described by the *Independent*, a newspaper which, one gathers, was not entirely sympathetic, the officials occupied a platform decorated with "tawdry bunting" and with a large rosette in front of the Hawaiian

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and American flags. United States Minister Harold M. Sewall presented a copy of the joint resolution to President Dole. Dole delivered sovereignty to Sewall for the United States. The Rev. G. L. Pearson, a Methodist pastor, prayed. Part of the Hawaiian band played "Hawaii Ponoï," the national hymn that King Kalakaua had written. The correspondent of the New York *Times* reported that all the Hawaiian members of the band had excused themselves and that Hawaiian members of the National Guard, who had to be present as a matter of discipline, covered their faces or stared at the ground.

A white handkerchief was dropped as a signal. The Hawaiian flag was lowered from the staff above the Executive Building, which had been the royal palace, and American ensigns fluttered out from three towers of that building and from the courthouse across the way. Warships in the harbor boomed salutes. Sewall proclaimed United States sovereignty, and Chief Justice Albert F. Judd of the Hawaiian Republic administered the oath of allegiance to Dole.

"Except for the annexation organization and those in the employ of the late autocracy," reported the *Independent*, "there was but scant enthusiasm, and the cheering fell flat and cold. . . . Mr. Dole had again parted his whiskers to typify the 'parting of the ways.'"

The next two years were a curious interim, in which President Dole and his cabinet carried on the Hawaiian government as a republic within a republic, under the authority of the United States, while it was debated in Washington just what should be done with the Islands now that the United States had them.

The annexation sentiment in Hawaii seems originally

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to have been pointed toward immediate reception as a state, although the annexationists themselves were not unanimous on that phase of the question. In Washington some of the opposition to annexation had been based on expressed doubt of the fitness of the Islands' native and Asiatic population for the degree of self-government that statehood would confer.

An act of Congress made Hawaii an organized territory, effective as of midnight June 13-14, 1900. Some residents of the Islands were disappointed that Hawaii was not admitted at once as a state, and this disappointment has been revived at intervals. For certain economic and other reasons the sentiment for statehood has been intensified in recent years.

On June 14—Flag Day—Sanford B. Dole, first and only president of the Republic, was sworn in as the first governor of the United States Territory of Hawaii. The Islands had become an integral and inseparable part of the United States. And business boomed.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Face of the Port

THE FACE of Honolulu, as we know it in our generation, has taken form largely since annexation. Yet there had been progress and great changes before that. The fort had been torn down in 1857, and a new prison had been built in the district called Iwilei. The water front had been pushed outward by the fill of land that made the Esplanade. Steamships were becoming more frequent, since the first of them, HMS *Cormorant*, called there from Callao on May 22, 1846, but in the nineties there was still plenty of sail in the harbor.

The late Felix Riesenbergs, writing of his visit to Honolulu in the spring of 1898 aboard the *A. J. Fuller*, 120 days from New York, recalled that there were already tolerable wharves, to which ships were warped by men walking alongside, and a "marine railway." The skeleton of Kalakaua's *Kaimiloa* still lay on the flats near the mouth of Nuuanu stream. The missionary ship *Morning Star*, which linked Honolulu with the Gilbert and Marshall islands and with the Marquesas, was in port. This must have been the third Hawaiian Board ship of that name. Riesenbergs

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described her as a three-masted schooner, whose steel mizzenmast served as a funnel for an auxiliary steam engine.

Schooners sneaked into port in those days with opium under their keels, took bearings for later location of the contraband, and sank it where the consignee could pick it up later with a net.

The old stone customs house, near the foot of Fort Street, stood well into the 1920s, as it had stood when S. S. Hill, who described the port in 1856, contracted dysentery "proceeding from the use of the water of the low country" and added that "the derangement is common to all strangers during the earlier days of their sojourn in the Islands." The abundant pure water drawn from artesian wells and from tunnels in the mountains is a later development.

So is communication by cable, wireless, and radiophone. Hill recorded his joy, on arriving in Honolulu around the end of the year, at receiving news of what had happened abroad as late as the preceding May. Such are the blessings of modernity that the visitor now can take his business worries to the Islands with him. The telephone beside his bed at Waikiki can be connected with San Francisco, New York, London, Sydney—in normal times, with almost any city in the world.

At the time of annexation inter-Island steamers had long been plying from port to port, and ships of three transpacific passenger lines called at Honolulu. There were already "diving boys" in the harbor—those bronze amphibians who plunge to catch coins in their mouths before the money sinks to the bottom. They like quarters better than dollars. The latter sink too quickly. Popular belief is that they never miss anything between a dime and a half

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dollar—but when a dredging operation was under way in 1925 idle persons collected treasure-trove by combing the outfall from the suction pipes, recovering many a coin that the divers had failed to retrieve.

The dredging of 1925 cut a channel a hundred feet wide from the main harbor into Kapalama Basin, a mile northward, along which rose the railway terminals and the wharves that serve the pineapple canneries of Iwilei. But in 1924 Honolulu Harbor had already been improved (by widening and deepening of its channel between 1905 and 1914) to the extent that the huge British battle cruiser *Hood* docked there at a commercial wharf. Further dredging improved the entire Kapalama Basin in 1941.

The half hundred or more lei sellers—who dispense an estimated million of flower garlands a year along waterfront streets and at the entrances to piers—are a relatively late development. Old-timers recall that in their day people who wanted to decorate arriving or departing friends with what irreverent visitors sometimes call “floral horse collars” made the wreaths themselves, gathering the flowers in their own gardens, or bought leis at the homes of those who made them professionally.

But the lei business has since become a \$150,000 to \$200,000 industry, handling about two thousand leis a day in Honolulu alone and perhaps another thousand at other ports. About fifteen hundred daily go to passengers of arriving or departing steamers. As the water-front vendors average about twenty sales a day and the prices run from fifteen cents up—usually up—at an average cost to the seller of ten cents, the business affords a modest living. To regulate competition and enforce “fair business practices,” a Lei Sellers’ Association was formed a few years ago, thus

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placing romance on a business basis. Prices, however, still fluctuate: experienced boat-farewellers have learned that the cost of a lei is inversely proportional to the nearness of time of a vessel's departure.

Some of the waterside lei merchants still grow their own flowers, but the trade has developed beyond the capacity of dooryard gardens. It is estimated that about fifty million flowers are used each year to make the garlands. Most of the vendors now buy them in the market from gardeners who come early in the morning with brimming baskets from valley farms. I have wondered what a Honolulu lei woman would think if she could see the wild acres on Christmas Island, deep golden with the small, crinkly-petaled ilima flower, prototype of the paper lei that inadequately represents the Islands abroad.

The band that greets arrivals was organized under the monarchy, though it is my impression that in those days it played oftener for court functions than for ships. But "Aloha Oe," the wistful song composed by Hawaii's last queen, was not played at sailings until after annexation. It has become at once a symbol of the Islands and a memorial to Liliuokalani: in affectionate tribute to her, residents of the Territory rise when it is played.

In King Kalakaua's time a small lighthouse stood in the center of the harbor entrance, opposite Pier 2. As larger ships called the obstruction made the channel too narrow, so a new lighthouse was built on Sand Island, which partly encloses the harbor on the seaward side. That lighthouse guided ships to the port until Aloha Tower, at the foot of Fort Street, was completed in 1926.

In the early 1920s we saw the steel-and-concrete piers go up which replaced the old wooden ones at which the small

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liner docked that brought us to the port. In the years following we saw most of the modern business buildings erected in which the transactions are handled that keep ships plying in and out. We saw, too, the rather desolate shore along the Ala Moana, between the harbor and Waikiki, transformed into the mile-long Moana Park. Twenty thousand people, it is estimated, take their ease or their sport in its seventy-eight acres of lawns and gardens, lagoons and palm groves, its bowling green and tennis and softball courts. President Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicated its waikiki entrance in 1934.

I should explain that Honolulu has its own terms of direction. Because of the irregular shape of the city and the course of its streets, which tend to follow the shore line or to wind up the slopes, north, south, east, and west are seldom mentioned. Toward the right, as one faces the water front, is ewa (spelled, in this sense, in lower case), and toward the left, waikiki, so called because the districts so named are in those directions. The other two points of the Honolulu compass are mauka, toward the mountains, and makai, toward the sea.

Even after the Oceanic and the Canadian-Australasian lines linked mainland ports with Australia and New Zealand by way of Honolulu, and the Pacific Mail ships called there on the way to and from the Orient, most of the freight, I am told, still went to San Francisco under sail, and clipper ships carried sugar to New York, around the Horn.

One of the schooners that plied between Honolulu and California in the eighties was the two-hundred-ton *Emma Claudine*, commanded by Captain William Matson. A sailor since the age of ten, he had arrived in San Francisco on a sailing vessel from around the Horn and remained

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there to take his master's papers and command, for a while, a schooner sailing between San Francisco and Puget Sound.

Already he had thought of the opportunities in the Hawaiian trade, and in 1882 he bought an interest in the *Emma Claudine*. She carried general cargo to Honolulu and brought back raw sugar, pineapples, coffee, and hides. Her voyaging prospered, and at the time of annexation Captain Matson had nine or ten vessels.

Annexation greatly stimulated Hawaiian business. Sugar being duty-free, plantations multiplied and the yield increased. When the coastwise shipping law, which prohibited foreign ships from carrying passengers or cargo from one United States port to another, was applied to the Islands, some of the foreign lines declined, and American shipping in and out of Honolulu gained. Steamers began to carry sugar from Honolulu to New York around the Horn, or unload it at Salina Cruz, Mexico, for shipment by rail across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Puerto México on the Gulf. I was told, in the Isthmus, that the railroad used to run nine trains a day, loaded with those cargoes.

Early in 1901 Captain Matson and associates organized the Matson Navigation Company and in 1902 added to their fleet the steamer *Enterprise*, said to have been the first oil-burning passenger vessel in the Pacific and the first to use radio communication. She had accommodations for twenty-eight passengers.

Larger steamers followed—the one-class boats that we all loved, when a voyage between San Francisco and Honolulu was a leisurely matter of a week or more, instead of the bare four and a half days that one spends now in the somewhat chilly splendor of the floating palaces that have replaced those ships. Passenger lists were small; everyone

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knew nearly everyone else aboard, and the easy informality at sea was a pleasant introduction to the atmosphere of Honolulu in those years.

Captain Matson's company revolutionized travel between the mainland and Honolulu. Eventually, absorbing competing lines, it acquired control of most of the business.

Three of the beloved old liners carried troops and supplies to France in the war of 1917-18 and brought home soldiers after the war. Those ships have since been relegated to the freight trade, in which their rusty-red bows still poke into Hawaiian harbors. The names of at least two of them have been transferred to units of the haughty new fleet.

The change in transportation was a natural concomitant of the tourist trade, which began to be taken seriously in the 1920s. The rather casual little steamers had to go, and the modest and homelike beach hotels had to give place to more glittering hostelries modeled after something in Florida or California. Honolulu hasn't been the same since. Even the decrepit wooden pier that used to sag over the coral from the edge of the banyan court at the Moana Hotel is gone. Beach boys used to loaf there in the evening and play guitars and sing. They still play and sing, but more often on the doorsteps of cottages in which parties are being held.

Inter-Island shipping has gone through the same process as transpacific. Faster and larger ships have replaced the quaint and homelike old ones. And these are not all. Ships no longer being fast enough for this accelerating world, airplanes ply between the Islands and across the Pacific. You can lunch in San Francisco, breakfast in Honolulu, lunch again in Hilo, and get back to Honolulu in time

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for dinner. As a Chinese visitor once inquired, "What do you Americans do with all the time you save?"

Both shipboard and hotel life have become more and more luxurious. It is now possible to go all the way to Honolulu, remain there for days, weeks, or months, and return without having come into contact with reality.

All this, no doubt, was necessary if tourists were to be Hawaii's "third industry." Some thirty thousand a year visit the Islands, or fifty thousand if you count those who merely pause there while their ship is in port, en route elsewhere. Among them, those who are ready to spend the most money are the most likely to insist on having everything as nearly as possible the way they have it at home.

There is a familiar pattern of regretful retrospection that is common to old-timers everywhere. When I arrived in Honolulu, kamaainas, as they are called there, assured me gravely and wistfully that Honolulu wasn't what it had been in their time. Something not wholly definable, but precious, they implied, had been lost. I have little doubt that some such remark was made in the 1790s to Captain Brown.

We of my own generation, awakening suddenly to find ourselves, in a sense, kamaainas, repeat the same phrases in nostalgic recollection of our own time in the Fair Haven. I use this word kamaaina in a relative sense. In practice a kamaaina is one who has been longer in the Islands than the person to whom he is talking. Strictly speaking, of course, a kamaaina is one who was born there; the word means, literally, "child of the land." But there can be degrees of kamaaina-hood. Although some Honolulans, I am sure, feel that no one is a genuine kamaaina unless his ancestors came to the Islands in the 1820s, the practical

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fact remains that one may become, psychologically, a kamaaina in a very few years of residence. Perhaps I may be permitted to suggest that one ceases to be an arrant malihini (that is, a newcomer or tenderfoot) and begins to become a kamaaina when he begins to say "pau" for "finished" and "pilikia" for "trouble" without realizing that these words are not a part of the English language anywhere but in Hawaii.

Anyhow, we naturalized kamaainas tell newly arrived malihinis that the good old days are pau, and we imply that that's a matter of pilikia.

The new piers were a symptom of the change. But the two things that most clearly marked the division between the "old" and the "new" Honolulu of our time were the steamship *Malolo* and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

They appeared at about the same time, in the middle-to-late 1920s. The *Malolo* was the first of the superships that were built for the California-to-Honolulu run. Kamaainas shook their heads, averring that she wouldn't be practical. Water-front experts conned her lines and found fault with her design. Indeed, people who traveled on her before she was remodeled and restabilized nicknamed her the "Roll-Over." And Hawaiians and those old-timers of other descent who had absorbed Hawaiian beliefs predicted disaster.

The name, they said, was unlucky—despite the historic circumstance, which perhaps few knew or remembered, that Kamehameha's own war canoe had borne that name. *Malolo* means "Flying Fish." The flying fish, more or less vainly fleeing pursuit, soars briefly and then falls back into the sea. The voyaging of a ship bearing that name, it was said, would be brief and troubled. Color was lent to

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this foreboding by the flaming crash of the airplane *Malolo* when it flew too low while photographing the Mormon temple at Laie.

Many a Hawaiian and some other kamaainas refused to travel on the new ship. There was so much prejudice that the company—perhaps with an eye to publicity—solemnly employed a kahuna to perform ceremonies by which the curse was officially removed. This helped somewhat, but it is perhaps noteworthy that some years later the name was abandoned in favor of that of one of the older, smaller ships that had been sold or transformed into a freighter.

There was a similar local prejudice in the beginning against the new hotel, although, with the native love of celebrating geography with poesy, a Hawaiian composer turned out a song that began: *Uluwehiwehi nani i ka'u ike la, o ka Royal Hawaiian Hotel!*

Stepping to the beach one morning for an early swim, I encountered a member of the Honolulu Board of Supervisors—a man of part-Hawaiian descent, who had been a famous cowboy in his youth, when he represented a Hawaiian ranch in the great roundups on the mainland.

"The sea has rolled," he said, "where the Royal Hawaiian Hotel now stands, and the sea will roll there again."

Rumors spread that the foundations were sinking. These reports probably were exaggerated. But it was a more serious matter that the tourists whom the hotel was intended to accommodate were not soon forthcoming. In the first few years there were more waiters than guests in the great dining room. One could wander through the vast ornate halls and encounter only lonesome-looking employes dusting off the parrot cages and renewing the flamboyant displays of tropical flowers.

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The *Malolo*, with the even larger ships that followed, and the Royal Hawaiian complemented each other. The ships brought tourists, and the Royal Hawaiian and less gaudy and expensive but equally comfortable hostelrys, which were enlarged and improved to meet the growing demand, housed them. In a few years more all the hotels were full and the ships were loaded to capacity. Lockers were being torn out to make additional staterooms, and cots were set up in odd corners. There was one summer when, for a few days, visitors had to sleep aboard ship, for all accommodations ashore were occupied.

With all this, it was inevitable that Honolulu became more and more a resort town and more and more invaded by the camp followers of the tourist army. And old-timers mourned, even as some of them gathered in their share of the ten millions or more of dollars spent annually by the invaders.

And yet the tourist trade was only the third industry. Honolulu was no mere parasite upon summer and winter travel. There was still the solid foundation of the two great industries—sugar and pineapples—and a number of smaller ones and the intricate complex of businesses more or less dependent upon them.

The United States Labor Department listed Honolulu in 1940 as tenth among United States communities in volume of construction. Tonnage in and out of the port soared. Nearly nine hundred overseas arrivals and more than twenty-six hundred inter-Island arrivals of ships were recorded at Honolulu alone, besides those at other Hawaiian ports. More than a million and a half tons of overseas cargo entered Honolulu, and nearly three quarters of a million tons went out. Fifty thousand passengers arrived

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from overseas, and nearly forty-five thousand departed. Inbound tonnage had doubled since 1929. The freight business of a single line had increased forty-three per cent within the year.

Twenty-three piers were listed, although it was said that some of them were obsolete, and it was proposed to improve these and build more. Four lines were reported planning construction of huge, fast, new vessels for the Honolulu run. The magazine *Paradise of the Pacific*, in January 1941, reported Siamese, Greek, and Dutch, as well as American and British, ships in the harbor, and Chinese, East Indian, Samoan, Filipino, Scandinavian, African, Russian, Tahitian, and Mediterranean crews, as well as British, mainland American, and Hawaiian.

The more sudden features of the increase were attributable, of course, to the national emergency occasioned by war in the world. Much of the extra freight consisted of materials for Federal construction projects that accounted in 1940 for nearly \$21,000,000 out of the year's total of nearly \$31,500,000 and supplies for the men employed in that construction. Many of the extra passengers were engineers and skilled workmen for those projects, and many were officers of the armed forces that were being expanded in Island posts.

Honolulu was crowded and noisy; living had become even more expensive than before, and it was difficult to find a place to live. An Associated Press correspondent wrote on August 10, 1941:

The speeded tempo has put a strain on public utilities that has made the automatic telephone system break down frequently, necessitating an expansion program. It has increased traffic to a point where fatalities in accidents have doubled.

The Face of the Port

On busy days 60,000 automobiles pass over the Pearl Harbor Highway into a narrow bottleneck through the Iwilei district into Honolulu. (Average daily traffic on the San Francisco Bay Bridge is only 44,189 daily.)

Garbage collection has grown increasingly haphazard because of the readiness of workers to quit for more lucrative work in defense industries. Twice a week householders pile cans and boxes of garbage on front lawns and hope they will be collected. The pervading aroma of tropical flowers is much appreciated these days. . . .

Authoritative sources place the number of disorderly houses at about sixty-five. Respectable women traveling to the Islands sometimes are shocked when they realize the identity of their cabin mates en route to be castaways in paradise.

Defense workers couldn't understand why fresh fish, caught off Honolulu, cost them forty-five cents a pound while frozen fish shipped from Alaska was selling at thirty cents, or why they had to pay sixty cents for a three-quart can of pineapple juice, produced in Honolulu, that could be bought in California for fifty-five, and three cents more for ten pounds of Hawaiian sugar than in California. They murmured at paying seven cents a pound for locally grown bananas, fifteen cents for a head of lettuce, thirty-five for a box of strawberries or a pound of cherries.

Taxable business in Honolulu had increased forty per cent, post-office receipts fifty-five per cent, customs collections one hundred thousand dollars, and Federal income-tax receipts four million dollars within the year.

The comparatively placid days were gone. And yet Honolulu was still a legend. "It is hard to get into a movie," wrote the correspondent, "but the moon still looks like a slice of papaya over Diamond Head; the spicy aroma of

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flowers overcomes the smell of uncollected garbage, and the surf at Waikiki is warm by night and by day. When the cooling trade winds wash away the cares of the day, it is no wonder that Island residents shrug off the recurring rumors that martial law for Hawaii is just around the corner."

But before describing Honolulu of today I want to tell one more story of discovery—the story of Kingman Reef.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Island That Wasn't There

IT WAS early on a May morning in 1922. Light was beginning to spread in the east. The sampan *Palmyra*, with her engine snorting steadily, was pitching through the sea, as sampans do, five days out of Honolulu.

"Surf dead ahead!"

The *Palmyra* circled and cautiously approached the area where the swell was breaking on the reef. Captain Hermann Lemmel noted down the position: 6° 23' north latitude, 162° 18' west longitude, approximately 33 nautical miles northwest of Palmyra and approximately 925 miles south by west of Honolulu.

"We're here," said Lorrin A. Thurston.

As the sun mounted higher and the sampan came nearer, the men aboard scanned their landfall. It was a triangular atoll, pointing to the north, nine and a half miles long from east to west at its base, and extending five miles north and south. Most of its coral rim was under water. All around it were depths of three to four hundred fathoms. But at low tide patches of bare coral appeared above water on the northeast, east, and southeast edges. And there was one

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spot, about ninety feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long, that stood five or six feet above the surface and apparently was out of water at all, or nearly all, times. Around it lay a shoal area, two hundred feet or more across, that was uncovered at low tide.

Thurston and his party had found land where no land was supposed to be. There had been reports, now and then over a period of many years, of a reef or shoal somewhere in that neighborhood, but the few detailed descriptions had not mentioned any dry land. The most circumstantial one had stated flatly: "We did not discover a foot of ground, rock, or sand above water, where a boat might have been hauled up."

A party landed from the sampan. Thurston and Manuel Vasconcelos and Ted Dranga and D. D. Thaanum hunted shells. With the thrilled enthusiasm of conchologists penetrating a virgin field for collecting, they clambered over the rocks. Picking up loose slabs of coral and breaking off chunks of the reef, they built a cairn. They placed documents in a glass jar, set the jar firmly among the rocks, and over it they raised the American flag.

The men took off their hats, and Thurston spoke: "On this day, May 10, 1922, I take possession of Kingman Reef for the United States of America."

To the men aboard the *Palmyra* this was not an unexpected landfall, although most of the world was not ready to admit that there was any such thing there, and I have been told that the official sailing directions for the North Pacific listed the reef as "doubtful."

Edwin H. Bryan, Jr., in his *American Polynesia*, says Kingman Reef was first reported by Captain Edmund Fanning of the American ship *Betsy*, June 14, 1798. Its

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name, however, is derived from Captain W. E. Kingman of the American ship *Shooting Star*, who sighted the reef on November 29, 1853. It had also been reported by the ship *Alice Thorndike* in 1859 and by Commander Nathaniel Green of the USS *Resaca* in 1872. On June 22, 1874, the British steamship *Tarta*, coming up from Australia, struck on Kingman and stayed aground two days. Her engines finally pulled her off, and she arrived on June 28 in Honolulu, where a British naval court took testimony from Captain J. S. Ferries and other officers of the ship.

The British barque *Henry James* was wrecked there in 1888. Captain Ralph Lattimore and his crew, with eleven passengers, made Palmyra Island in boats. First Mate Duncan McDonald and four of the crew reached Samoa, after a grueling voyage of nineteen days and thirteen hundred miles, and chartered the steamer *Vindex* to rescue their shipmates. Meanwhile Captain H. M. Hayward, in the steamship *Mariposa*, took the passengers and crew off Palmyra on May 29, nearly two weeks ahead of the *Vindex*.

As already noted, Kingman was probably the reef that wrecked the *Lady Lampson* on January 16, 1893.

And then Kingman Reef seems to have been forgotten. I was told in Honolulu that the British warship *Penguin*, surveying those waters, sailed right over the spot where the reef had been reported, and that the name was expunged from the charts. Mr. Bryan in part corrects this impression. He says the *Penguin* concluded that Kingman Reef was the same as Caldew Reef and Maria or Crane Shoal, reported by Captain Crane of the *Maria* in 1863. It appears now that the confusion was not so much with regard to the reef's existence, as it was to whether there

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was any usable land at that point. And perhaps the newness of the "discovery" was exaggerated in our press reports at that time.

But Kingman Reef was there, as it had been in 1814, when it may have been one of the American Isles reported by Captain Mather of the ship *American*—those isles that were sought in vain in the wrong position by the men of the clipper *Hornet* in 1866.

In 1921 the USS *Eagle 40*, cruising between Palmyra and Honolulu, sighted what looked like land in a position close to that reported for Kingman. The Navy Department didn't pay much attention to this report. There were islands and reefs and shoals of doubtful position and doubtful existence all over the Pacific. Some of the early whaling captains had not been very precise in their navigation. The navy had sailed over the reported sites of many islands. The *Eagle 40* party wasn't sure, anyway, that what it had seen was land. The way an *Eagle* boat travels, one aboard can't be very sure of anything.

But there were people in Honolulu and on the atoll of Palmyra who took more interest in the report. I think some of them already knew that the land existed. Leslie and Ellen Fullard-Leo of Honolulu owned most of the fifty-odd coral islets of Palmyra. They had a crew of copra cutters in residence there, and the sampan *Palmyra* was their supply ship. When Thurston landed on Kingman Reef in 1922 he carried a commission from the Fullard-Leos, authorizing him to take possession.

The *Palmyra* went on to the island for which she had been named and then back to Honolulu. Thurston reported his discovery to Washington, informing the State Department that the United States had a new possession.

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The State Department, in courteous but bored fashion, replied that he must be mistaken, for "there is no land at Kingman Reef." Washington officials said he must have landed on Palmyra or on Fanning Island.

That statement sounded ridiculous to the Palmyra-Honolulu group who knew the facts. No one who had ever seen Palmyra or Fanning could mistake either of those islands for Kingman. But they couldn't convince the State Department or the navy.

Meanwhile another Honolulu party landed on the island that "wasn't there." Captain William Greig Anderson, with whom I have sailed many leagues of the South Pacific, took his schooner *Lanikai* to Kingman Reef in 1924. He, too, left a written record there and planted some coconuts.

And still the place, officially, didn't exist. But Honolulu people felt that if Thurston said there was land in that position it was there.

Thurston was a man of influence. Grandson of one of the first missionaries in the Islands, he had served in King Kalakaua's cabinet, had represented Hawaii at Washington, and had been a member of the Provisional Government and of the administration of the Hawaiian Republic. He was the publisher of Honolulu's only morning newspaper. Eventually he made the navy listen.

In 1925 the United States fleet was maneuvering in Hawaiian waters. All the spring and the early part of the summer the ships were in and out of Honolulu. Several of them made a good-will cruise to Australia, and late in the summer Commander John Rodgers attempted the first flight from California to Hawaii—only to be forced down at sea and to drift to within sight of Nawiliwili Harbor

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before a submarine picked up him and his crew at the end of a nine days' search.

Thurston went to Admiral Coontz. "Give me a ship," he pleaded, "and I'll lead you to America's newest soil."

The navy was still skeptical of "Thurston's pipe dream," but plenty of ships were available, and it wouldn't hurt them to have a little exercise. The admiral decided to humor Thurston. The next summer, with the publisher and Captain Anderson aboard, the mine layer *Whippoorwill* steamed for the spot. The little island was right where Thurston and Anderson had left it.

On June 25, 1926, the *Whippoorwill* entered the lagoon of Kingman Reef. Lieutenant N. D. Logan flew over it and took aerial photographs. Thurston led a landing party to the cairn he had set up four years before. Near it they found Captain Anderson's record and the three coconut trees he had planted—still growing, it was reported, despite the State Department, the British Admiralty, and paucity of soil.

So Kingman Reef was officially added to the roster of United States territory. It didn't seem to be much of an acquisition at the time. As real estate, it was almost a total loss, being mostly under water. Its dry-land area amounted to little more than a couple of city lots.

Ten years later, however, Kingman Reef sprang into prominence in the public prints. Commercial and military aviation were reaching out to the steppingstones in the Pacific. William T. Miller, of the United States Department of Commerce, boarded the coast guard cutter *Itasca* at Honolulu in 1935 and surveyed all that equatorial region. When he returned he reported that Kingman Reef was more suitable for aviation purposes than Palmyra. The

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reef, he said, gave excellent protection for seaplanes, and the lagoon inside it was deeper and less obstructed than the Palmyra lagoon. A ship, he declared, could steam right into it and lie alongside the bit of dry land as at a wharf.

In December of the same year an agreement was signed by Lisle Alderton, representative of Pan American Airways, with Prime Minister Forbes and Minister of Transport Coates of New Zealand for an air route linking the Dominion with the United States. On that route Kingman Reef was selected as the first stop out of Honolulu.

The pioneer flights actually took that route and stopped at Kingman. The schooner *Trade Wind* was sent there, and some development work was done. The stations were to be Honolulu, Kingman Reef, Pago Pago, and Auckland, with a call at Apia on three days' notice for passengers and mail.

Meanwhile, however, the United States occupied Canton Island, in the Phoenix group, south and west of Kingman, and when the air service was finally established it went that way, omitting Kingman. But Kingman continued to be an emergency landing or an alternate station, and the navy hasn't forgotten that deep, safe harbor for seaplanes between the arms of the reef. President Roosevelt, in an executive order on February 14, 1941, declared it a United States national-defense area.

There isn't much land there yet, but in the infinite patience of Nature there is likely to be more as time goes on. Kingman is a young atoll and probably growing. Coral islands develop that way. In the beginning there is a shoal area, perhaps the summit of a submarine volcano, or perhaps a sunken body of land. There is also a theory that such islands got their start in the ice age, when so much

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water was frozen in the great glacial caps that the oceans were lower than they are now. Then as the ice slowly melted and the sea rose, also slowly, the coral grew upward, especially around the edges.

In any case, a shoal area gives the coral polyps and other reef-building organisms a chance. For they thrive only at rather shallow depths—down to about 150 feet. They start building. As the colony multiplies it branches outward and upward, for the tiny animals, each encased in its protective coating of lime, must be where they can get food from the water. As they die their stony integument remains, and the new, live animals build upon it. Gradually the growing reef approaches the surface. The coral will not grow out of water, but driftwood lodges upon it; storms break off pieces of coral and heap it up, and shells and sand are washed up on it. Marine animal and vegetable matter decays there, and eventually a little soil forms. Some of it is washed away, but in course of time more tends to accumulate. Seeds may be carried there by ocean currents or by birds. Some of them germinate, and vegetation appears. That tends to hold the land more firmly together. And by and by you have an island.

That is the probable history of all of the Line Islands, and most of the Bird Islands, and all the coral atolls of the Pacific. The coral tends to grow more rapidly at the outer edges, where food is more plentiful. Hence the usual shape of an atoll, with land around the edges and a lagoon inside. In course of time the lagoon tends to fill up, as remaining live coral and other organisms grow in it and as material is washed into it from the sea and from the surrounding land. It may eventually become closed off from the ocean, forming a brackish lake, as at Washington Island. In time

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it may be completely filled in or dry up, as at Jarvis Island. If the land area is large enough and grows rapidly, currents may sweep through the gaps with sufficient force to keep channels clear, as at Fanning Island.

Sometimes a coral island is lifted up by forces within the earth, or at some period the sea has subsided around it, so that the land projects a considerable distance above the water. Then the weather gnaws at the coral, dissolving its lime; waves tunnel into the shores, and the island becomes a wilderness of sharp pinnacles and cruel-edged pitfalls. Such is Makatea, in the South Pacific, which has given its name as a descriptive term for all such raised coral islands.

In most cases, however, an atoll remains low, only a few feet above the sea. But thousands of people live on such islands, and their life, though restricted, is often healthful and happy.

The island that wasn't there proved to be a real island, if only an infant one. Even in its immature state, it may prove very useful.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Crops Make the Port

TOURISTS contribute to Island prosperity, and army and navy establishments account for many millions of dollars in cargoes. But basically it is crops that make the port.

From the "Eight Seas" of Hawaii, the products, direct and indirect, of the volcanic soil flow into the Port of Honolulu and flow out again to the ports of the world. Not all Island production passes through Honolulu, of course; there are other harbors—Hilo, Kahului, Nawiliwili, and the rest. But the major port is Honolulu.

And the greatest of these products is sugar. Around a million tons a year is shipped, depending on the quotas allotted at Washington, and more could be produced, even though the arable fringe of the Islands is a small fraction of their total area.

On Oahu and Hawaii and Maui and Kauai the blue-green blades of the giant sweet-juiced grass crowd in disorderly ranks for acre upon acre. In some places the fields stretch as far as one can see. Approximately forty planta-

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tions, large and less large (for sugar is not a small-farm crop), swell the total output of Hawaii's biggest industry.

Sugar cane is a crop for which Island climate and Island soil have been found eminently fitted, although less so by nature, perhaps, than those of some more tropical regions. Conditions within the Territory vary: Hawaiian soil and Hawaiian climate are strongly local. Rainfall at one point is nearly the heaviest in the world; at another, only a few miles away, it is desert-scant. One side of a valley, one side of a ridge, has different climatic conditions from the opposite side of the same ridge or valley.

Sugar in the Islands thrives best at low elevations and with plenty of water. Where water is not naturally abundant engineering has supplied it, but science has not yet modified the effect of altitude. So the cane fields cling to the lower lands, belting about the coasts and creeping back into the valleys.

In some places water is so plentiful that the cane is floated down to the mill in long chutes, spilling in a cataract from the outfall. In others every drop is hoarded in reservoirs; pumps ply day and night over artesian wells, and tunnels have been driven deep into the rock of mountains. Sugar is a thirsty crop.

On at least one plantation bundles of cane swing on pulleys along overhead cables, traveling by air to the mill. But on most sugar lands trucks haul the cut cane, or it is loaded into crude-looking cars drawn by toylike locomotives over miles of portable track.

In the mills heavy rollers crush the cane flat. The juice simmers in huge boiling vats and is whirled in "centrifugals," which are somewhat like giant cream separators, in which the crystallized raw sugar is segregated in a brown

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mass, and the crude molasses residue is drained away for other uses.

Trucks, or the short but busy railroads of the four sugar islands, haul the "raws" to port. Ocean-going ships carry it away, their holds piled with the rough sacks (or, more recently, with bulk sugar in bins) and odorous with the molasses aroma, to refineries, mainly in California. A little sugar is refined, for local use, at Aiea, a few miles out of Honolulu. The residual molasses, of which so much is produced that the planters have long been seeking a really profitable use for all of it, voyages in tankers, some of it to be mixed with other materials to make stock feed, some to be converted into industrial alcohol, and so on. Another by-product is wallboard, from the fibrous stalk of the cane.

For some reason Hawaiian planters have not been much interested in rum—at least, not in its production—a circumstance that impresses visitors as odd, in a sugar country. This apparent oversight is attributed to the "missionary" tradition that is still strong in the Islands and to the planters' conservatism.

Indeed, without rum, they have done well. In the lean years after the first World War, when hoarded supplies of sugar were large and the price low, and in the years of the depression, some of the larger plantations continued to pay dividends out of accumulated surplus, even though their annual statements might show a net loss for the current year. Annual shipments have run around fifty million dollars to sixty million dollars in value.

The second great resource that feeds the port is the pineapple crop. It is one of the few crops that could be developed favorably in the Islands, because it doesn't conflict

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seriously with sugar. It is a dry-land plant, not needing irrigation, and it thrives at moderate altitudes that are less suitable for cane.

As a major product it is relatively recent, a post-annexation development. A few pineapples were grown by early settlers, among them the versatile Francisco de Paula Marín, and shipments were made, from time to time, in later years, but the business never acquired much volume until the fruit was put into cans.

In the days of the California gold rush Island farmers had shipped fresh pineapples to San Francisco. But it was a long haul: one voyage from Kona, where most of them were produced then, to Honolulu, and another from there to the American coast. The variety then grown was small and woody, and its sweet flavor was partly lost through the necessity of harvesting unripe fruit.

In about 1885 pineapples were planted near Honolulu, so as to eliminate the inter-Island haul. Captain John Kidwell introduced improved varieties, among them the Smooth Cayenne, which is the standard Hawaiian pineapple today. It is a larger and less fibrous fruit than the kind that had been grown before, but it spoils quickly in transit. Shippers were lucky if half their output reached market. So about 1892 canning began. But the industry did not mature until after annexation.

In the years since then a new major industry has been created. As pineapples at that time were not grown extensively or canned elsewhere, new machinery and new processes had to be devised, and a market had to be developed for a relatively new product.

The rise of the pineapple industry to its present proportions is attributed mainly to James Dole. At the time

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when the industry was beginning he was one of a group of struggling homesteaders at Wahiawa, on the central plateau of Oahu. He obtained capital and organized a corporation, which was followed, when its success became apparent, by establishment of Hawaiian branches of several big mainland canners.

The business grew to such size that a plant was set up adjoining the cannery, to make the cans. They pass on a belt directly to the spot where they are used.

There are long fields of pineapples on the elevated plain around Wahiawa and along the road between that inland town and Honolulu. Over that road big trucks roll to the canneries in the city. Other loads of the fruit travel in railway cars on the branch line that swings inland from the coast. Hawaiian homesteaders on the long red-brown slopes of Molokai load pineapples into squat barges that are towed across the channel to Honolulu. Some of the fruit is grown on Kauai and on Maui, where small independent canneries have been established. And Lanai, the smallish moundlike land off Maui, where, in Hawaiian mythology, the gods first dwelt, is a pineapple island. Bought by the original Hawaiian Pineapple Company for a reported price of a million dollars, a part of its ninety thousand acres is planted to pineapples and the rest held in reserve. It has a complete city, a harbor, an airport, and more than two thousand residents—all constituting a fief of the pineapple empire.

The "pines," as they are called for short, are harvested by hand and trucked or hauled by barge or rail to the canneries. Batteries of amazingly complicated and ingenious machines receive the whole pineapple and turn it out peeled, cored, sliced, and canned. Some wag in Honolulu

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invented the outrageously amusing canard that trained apes were to be imported to work in the canneries so that the packers could advertise their product as "untouched by human hands." As a matter of fact, the machines do practically everything, and the girls who perform the very few hand operations, such as trimming and sorting, wear rubber gloves.

Sydney A. Clark, who wrote of the Islands a few years ago (in *Hawaii with Sydney A. Clark*), reported that the American girl with a Japanese face who guided him through the largest factory declaimed: "Capacity one hundred million."

"One hundred million what?" the visitor inquired.

"I'm afraid I can't answer that. They just tell us to say, 'Capacity one hundred million.'"

The total annual pack, however, of both fruit and juice, from all Island canneries, runs to around twenty million cases of twenty-four cans each and to a value which fluctuates with the price but which has been reported at twenty-five million dollars to thirty-five million dollars. Practically all of this cargo goes through the Port of Honolulu. So do the by-products: citric acid from the cores, bran for stock feed from the peelings, jam from the waste pulp. And a few raw pineapples are shipped—about \$178,000 worth for the year whose figures happen to be before me.

Sad pineapples they are that make the voyage in the raw state. Picked unripe, they seldom if ever mellow to the golden, aromatic, sun-flushed sweetness of the fruit that is gathered at its most luscious moment in the fields and sliced lengthwise, at roadside stands, for the delight of thirsty travelers in the Islands. Nor is the canned juice,

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popular as it has become, anything but a ghost of the fresh juice that is dispensed by the gallon at a surprisingly moderate cost in Honolulu. Bring your own jug and drink the juice up quickly, for if left to Nature it ferments with an enthusiasm that is equaled only by the evil taste of the resulting liquor. Notwithstanding, experiments have developed from it an excellent brandy and even a pineapple champagne—neither of which the canners have seen fit to develop commercially for a thirsty world.

Most interesting to me have always been the lesser crops, such as the coffee from the highlands that hug the sea along the Kona coast. The red “cherries” of the coffee trees ripen irregularly along those mountainsides, around the humble farm homes of struggling small planters, mainly folk of Japanese descent who have escaped from the regimentation of the sugar plantations.

Those “cherries” are picked by hand—mostly by children. The pulp is stripped by machines from the half-oval twin seeds, and those seeds are washed and dried and sorted by hand. Some of the crop is roasted and consumed in the Islands, where it is preferred to all other coffees. Some of it goes to mainland roasters for blending. It has been at times a million-dollar business, but the growers average, according to estimates, a per capita income of only five hundred dollars a year.

There are bananas—the world’s most delicious ones, think Islanders, who prefer the small, sweet, spotted Cavendish or “Chinese” banana to any other of the many varieties grown in Hawaiian soil. The crop is a minor one. Seldom are more than one hundred thousand bunches shipped, besides those that are eaten in the Islands. Those that are shipped rarely go beyond the Pacific coast. More



The First Printing in Hawaii Done in 1822, when Liholiho (Kamehameha II) Was King of the Sandwich Islands at Honolulu.

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could be grown, but the huge eastern-owned plantations of Central America, equipped with fleets of refrigerated carrier ships, defy competition.

Between four and five million pounds of canned tuna go out through the Port of Honolulu from the factory near the water's edge, where the blue-hulled sampans tie up.

There are hides from the big ranches of the Island of Hawaii (most of the meat is consumed in the Islands), honey and beeswax, roasted and salted macadamia nuts from the heights above Honolulu, a little raw wool, fiber insulating board pressed from waste cane stalks, jelly from the guavas that grow wild on the hillsides, jam from the pohia berry that hugs the ground around the volcano. There are early potatoes, grown for maturity in the winter months to beat California potatoes to mainland markets. There are ukuleles and quaint, if usually ugly, tourist knickknacks carved of wood or of coconut shells or molded in the pottery that has only recently been made in the Islands. There are pandanus mats and smaller objects woven of the same material. There are sometimes a few flasks of rare perfumery from Island flowers.

There is avocado pulp, to be made into cosmetics or salad dressing or sandwich filling. There is guava juice, in cans, to be boiled into jelly in mainland factories, saving the cost of shipping glass containers to Honolulu and back. In late years there have been taro flour and a few fresh papayas, as the dictionary insists upon spelling the name of the fruit that is universally called, in Hawaii, papaia. Occasionally the statistics show shipments of horses. Some of the finest polo ponies and ranch horses have been bred in Hawaii.

More interesting still, to me, are the crops that failed

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through lack of capital or as a result of intensity of competition with countries where production was less costly, or because of insect pests, or for more obscure reasons. The tobacco of Kona that made such smooth-smoking cigars; the sisal that still grows, untended and unregarded, on the coral plain northwest of Honolulu; the silkworms that died, according to legend, because the recently converted natives could not be induced to tend them on Sunday; the cotton that blooms so tall in Kona, used nowadays to stuff a few mattresses for local beds; the soothing narcotic awa root, once exported to Germany for medicinal use; the kukui nut, whose oil is useful for the same purposes as the much-imported tung oil of China.

Rice once grew richly in the flooded fields of Oahu and Kauai—and I recall no other greenness so shimmeringly beautiful as that of young rice in the Island sun. Many of the farmstead huts stand empty and decaying now. The stone threshing floors beside them are crumbling away. The horned carabao that dragged the plow through the muck of the fields and the little boys who sat all day in the watchtowers, pulling wires to agitate scare-bird rattles of tin cans or lines of fluttering rags over the ripening grain, are fewer now. The small farmers of the Islands couldn't cope with the rice borer or compete with the large mechanized acreages of California, as the sisal growers couldn't compete with the Philippines and Yucatán.

The kukui trees are scattered, growing often on mountainsides and in valleys difficult of access; it is explained that the cost of gathering the nuts would destroy the profit. Coconuts, though they don't thrive as well in that latitude as they do nearer the equator, have been numerous in the Islands and are still fairly plentiful—a potential

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source of glycerin for war munitions, oil for cosmetics and margarine, charcoal for gas masks, and of fiber for a superior grade of cordage. But the coconuts are little regarded and little used, as are the delicious oranges of Kona and the less familiar tropical fruits that trickle in small quantities into local markets—soursop and water lemon and ohia, vi and star apple, litchi, and dragon's eye. More plentiful, though neglected, are mangoes, which, when free of fruit-fly larvae, are, I think, the most delicious fruit grown anywhere. Some are rare in the city of Honolulu: the small, tart thimbleberry of the ridge trails, the ohelo, sacred to the fire goddess Pele, and many another gift of Nature.

Almost anything will grow in the Islands, for the temperature varies with altitude. The disintegrated lava soil is rich and, in many places, deep. Rain or drought varies from valley to valley and from peak to peak. Almost any growing conditions can be obtained, up to the frigid barrenness of Mauna Kea. Maui has produced apples and pears and other Temperate Zone fruits and Temperate Zone grain. The homesteaders of Molokai, before they went in for the sure-cash crop of pineapples, grew huge tomatoes, squashes, and all manner of vegetables, many of which would have been worthy candidates for prizes at any county fair. They gave up these crops because it cost so much to haul them across the channel to Honolulu. And Honolulu still brings most of its vegetables more than two thousand miles, from California.

Sweet potatoes and yams and breadfruit—the food plants of old Polynesia—flourish when planted. So did taro until recently. It was once the main food crop of Hawaii. But it has been declining there and is still little known outside

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the Islands, despite its content of vitamins and its prodigal productiveness. A food chemist who has been working on the problem of increasing the Island-grown food supply tells me that the statement I have read, that taro will feed more people to the acre than any other known crop, is an exaggeration. But taro and sweet potatoes fed the Islands in prediscovery days.

The sea, as well as the land, gives up its fruits: not only fish, which is surprisingly expensive in Honolulu markets when it is considered that this is a fishing port, but many varieties of edible seaweed. Their nutritive value, in terms of calories, is not high, but they helped keep old-time Hawaiians healthy on a diet which, for commoners, consisted of taro and fish and little else.

Once the Islands produced arrowroot starch, now almost vanished. The essential principle of the two Hawaiian fish-poison plants probably could be used as an insecticide, as are similar plants that grow in other countries. Sharks used to be caught for their hides, and trepang was fished for the markets of China.

There are fine woods—koa and kou, for cabinetwork, ohia for flooring—though these are no longer obtainable in large quantity. Orchids grow wild in the mountains, whence they could be flown to mainland markets.

Rubber was planted, and edible canna, but both were abandoned. A pilot mill was set up for production of alpha cellulose for airtight wrappings from cane stalks, but I have heard no more of it in recent years. The native *oloná* plant and the roots of the pandanus and the *freycinetia* can be made to yield stout cordage. The bark of the paper mulberry, beaten into a paperlike fabric (*tapa*), served Hawaiians in olden times for clothing and bedcovering. The

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medical profession may yet rediscover the uses of the morinda fruit, whose pulp reduces fractures and sprains and which was an ingredient of a native preparation which once cured me of a dangerous infection. For a time a Honolulu laboratory extracted from the eucalyptus tree an effective remedy for colds.

Some of these things have been shipped in the past; a few, in small quantity, still go into the holds. But the port regards them lightly; its wealth is pineapples and sugar.

Almost everything else that is used in the Islands comes through the port from outside—most of the food, clothing, building material, manufactured goods, and basic raw materials. Incoming and outgoing business together total two hundred million dollars or more a year. Fish and meat products move both ways; so do fruits and vegetables, wood, wool, nuts, musical instruments, grains and grain preparations, and a few other things. The incoming list is longer than the outgoing.

That is the way economy works in normal times. A region produces what it can produce most profitably, or what it is accustomed to produce, and exchanges it for things produced more plentifully, or at lower cost, or customarily, in other regions. The arrangement works reasonably well as long as nothing interferes with trade and transportation, and it makes a living for many middlemen who otherwise would have to go to work producing something, provided there was anything they knew how to produce.

But in times of stress, such as war or rumor of war or a shipping strike, Island residents realize that such a system is not only artificial but hazardous; that if anything interrupted transportation for a considerable time Honolulu

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and the rest of Hawaii might get hungry. It has often been suggested that it might be difficult to sustain life indefinitely on sugar and pineapples.

It has been calculated that there is enough food in the Islands at any one time to feed the population for about forty-five days. After that, if the Islands were effectively blockaded, more than four hundred thousand people would face starvation. Army and navy authorities and the University of Hawaii have been urging, for years, a program of diversified farming to prepare the Islands for such an emergency. Until recently they had small success. Planters were reluctant to take land out of the two major crops, which continued profitable. They were said to have discouraged other industries and independent farming, lest these activities compete with them for labor.

In the recurring emergency that began in 1939 something more definite was begun. A master plan was drawn up by a group including the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, the Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, and the extension service of the University of Hawaii, with the cooperation and advice of the United States army. As a test, seven sugar plantations and three pineapple plantations on Oahu planted vegetable crops and planned increased production of livestock and fruits, some of which, it was believed, would do very well on marginal lands.

This activity was on a comparatively small scale, but the men in charge reported that Oahu, which houses about half the population of the Territory, could feed itself in emergency, and it followed that the other islands, with smaller populations and some of them with larger areas, could do the same.

They did it in prediscovery times with less varied crops

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and less technical resources than they have now. It is possible that they had not then as large a population to feed, although Captain Cook's estimate came pretty close to the present number. Now the Islands normally import about seventy per cent of their food from the mainland.

Arrangements were made, on the basis of the test, to plant twelve thousand acres to food crops, if necessary. There was little emphasis in this program on taro and breadfruit. The latter would take too long to mature; taro ripens in eighteen months, and the farmers had been having so much trouble with it that there was a shortage. A committee reported that crawfish, which had multiplied beyond previous numbers, were boring through the mud walls of the ponds in which taro was grown, causing the fields to run dry, and were also eating the roots and corms of the plant itself, causing it to rot. The Board of Agriculture and Forestry planned to remedy this condition, but the greatest dependence was placed on sweet potatoes, which mature in five months, and on beans, carrots, cabbage, tomatoes, and onions.

The first results were not altogether as favorable as had been expected. Insects, fungus diseases, and drought cut into the yields. Sweet potatoes produced less than had been estimated: 6.2 tons to the acre on the best land, but as low as 1.9 tons to the acre in some areas. On the other hand, dry beans surprised the experimenters. They figured on 1200 pounds of shelled limas to the acre, and they got 1593.

Meanwhile they discovered that perhaps the Islands could live on sugar and pineapples, after all. Scientists at the experiment station of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association developed a process of growing yeast on waste

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molasses. Dr. Alvin Lamb, of the station, who was attached to the staff of the commanding general for work on the food problem, wrote me recently, "Yeast is being very seriously considered as a source of protein and vitamins. About two hundred people are currently using dried yeast made from clarified molasses as an addition to the diet, with marked good results in many cases from the addition of the vitamins of the B group to the diet."

He added that he and his wife were using the yeast daily and hoped that it would always be available; it was not at all like the commercial yeast cake, he said, but was "quite edible."

Meanwhile it was realized that the Islands would need a reserve supply of food for use while the crops were growing. The sweet potato is the quickest, and that takes five months. So a movement was started to store canned goods, rice, flour, and fats, and also a reserve supply of seed, with Federal aid. It looked as if the Islands were not going to let themselves be caught short.

It was noticeable that little was said in this program about fish. Obviously a naval blockade, with accompanying hostilities at sea and in the air, would interfere with fishing. But Honolulu, in normal times, is a fishing port. What of the ships from which the fishing is done?



CHAPTER XXIX

The Sampan Fleet

MOST numerous of the vessels which call Honolulu their home port are the sampans of the commercial fishing fleet.

Experience has taught me that it is necessary to define the term. Like a number of other things, the word doesn't mean quite the same in Honolulu as it does elsewhere.

The dictionary defines it as follows:

"Sampan, n. (Chinese *san pan*, literally, three planks). A form of skiff used on the coasts of China, Japan, etc."

There is an accompanying illustration, showing a sort of rowboat, apparently operated by sculling.

That isn't what the word means in Honolulu. But in the dictionary picture it is easy to recognize the basic lines of the grown-up and modernized sampans that ply with motor power out of the Kewalo Basin of Honolulu and from other Island harbors.

No doubt the original sampan that entered the Port of Honolulu from Japan looked much like that dictionary illustration, with the addition of masts and canvas, for that first sampan came under sail.

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Honolulu sampans lift sail no more. Gasoline engines kick the smaller ones through the sea, and the big ones are driven by oil-burning Diesel motors. But they still have the flattened bottom, the obliquely slanting sides, the low, square stern that marks the type. The smaller ones are still steered by a tiller gripped between the knees of the helmsman as he faces forward. Traditionally they are painted blue with a stripe of red. The bow is high and sharp, the deck without a rail and cut down to form a well toward the stern. There is practically no superstructure—only a low cabin shelter forward.

Building a sampan is a carpenter's job, rather like building a house. There are, however, no blueprints, no plans or specifications, except as to length. You tell the builder how long you want your sampan to be. He measures off a keel and puts the boat together as if it were a crate. There are no ribs; the hull is supported by braces and beams. I have been told that sampans usually are built of softwood, which will dent rather than crack, if the boat hits a reef. Draft is shallow, and speed may run as high as ten or twelve knots.

About 250 sampans chug out of Oahu ports, and most of these from Honolulu. The majority are not more than thirty feet long, but a few are as much as three times that size. Their cost ranges from three thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars. Their average life is calculated at about five years, but the engine can be salvaged and installed in a new vessel when the old one becomes unseaworthy.

The capital investment is beyond the means of most individual fishermen, and the financing is done by associations of owners. The owners get thirty per cent of the

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catch, and the crews divide the remainder. A few years ago about a hundred fishermen engaged in a sit-down strike aboard thirty sampans because the owners demanded thirty-five per cent.

When I investigated the sampan fleet sometime before this occurrence, I was told that the owners paid taxes and wharfage fees for the boats, as well as buying the gas and oil. The spokesman for the strikers, however, said the crews he represented had been paying wharfage fees, amounting to an average of ten dollars a month for each boat, and about ten dollars in incidental expenses out of the seventy per cent they were supposed to divide among themselves. This left, he said, about one hundred dollars a month for each crew.

Sampans usually start from the harbor at about four o'clock in the morning, carrying a few hundred pounds of ice. Food at sea consists of rice, dried fish, soy sauce, and tea. Quarters are cramped, and life aboard is harsh.

There are more kinds of fish in Hawaiian waters than anybody can remember. An incomplete classification enumerates more than eighty varieties, specimens of most of which can be seen in the public market almost any morning after the seven-o'clock auction, at which the miscellaneous catch is sold to dealers. But the fish that pass through the port, outbound, in tin cans are tuna, and a large number of the sampans are engaged in catching those fish.

This raises the question, what is a tuna? My understanding is that a tuna is any one of several kinds of mackerel. Locally it is usually either an ahi or an aku. The common nomenclature of fish, in the English language, is in a confused state: I find ahi defined as yellow-fin tuna, white

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albacore, and "*Germo germo*, a member of the mackerel family," and aku as skipjack and ocean bonito. In trade language, they're all tuna of different grades.

The various kinds of fish are caught by different methods, in which different sampans specialize. Aku boats cruise about thirty miles offshore, and a lookout watches for booby birds (a kind of gannet) that follow schools of fish. A school may be ten miles long and a mile wide. As much as two tons has been taken from a single school.

When the lookout cries out his signal the sampan makes for the center of the school. The engine is stopped, and as the boat drifts small live fish are tossed overside. Formerly this live bait was nehu eiao, a shining anchovy less than an inch long, which was caught by the aku boats with seines offshore or trapped in streams as the fish swam up from the sea. I have also heard that nehu were lured by thrusting electric lights at the ends of waterproof tubes, about ten feet under water, at night, and thus gathered into the nets. The nehu, however, became scarce. A great many had been used for bait, and others, fried in deep fat or dried, salted, and dipped in soy sauce, had been served as appetizers with beer. To rescue the fishing industry from its plight the Territory of Hawaii appropriated thirty-eight thousand dollars to stock its waters with similar fish from elsewhere.

Fishing is done with a line and a barbless, unbaited, shining hook. As the aku rush for the free-swimming live bait, the hooks are dropped among them, and the aku, in their greed, fail to distinguish between the shining fish and the shining hooks. The sampan crews "land" them as fast as the lines can be pulled in and dropped over again. That's why the hooks are unbarbed. A skillful fisherman

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can drop several fish into the well of the sampan in the time it would take to remove one from a barbed hook.

The following process sounds complicated, but ahi boats use aku, caught in this manner, to catch opelu, which is said to be another kind of mackerel, and the opelu in turn becomes bait for the ahi. A fisherman told me, among other curious bits of seagoing folklore, that if the fish called apahu or makua is caught the party catching it will get no opelu. Just why remains obscure; perhaps it is believed the apahu warn the opelu and the opelu then disappear.

Smaller boats, operating along the coast with live shrimp as bait, catch akule, the common name of which, in English, is said to be scad or saurel. I once saw a tremendous school of akule in Kalihiwai Bay, on Kauai, surrounded by boats from which nets were dropped to enclose them. They would be kept thus, fishermen said, several days, and enough would be taken each day to supply the market.

A number of sampans belong to the canning company and fish exclusively for the cannery. The catch is unloaded into company railway cars, which take it to the cleaning floor, the steam-jacket cookers, cooling stacks, automatic slicers, the canning line, and the sterilizers.

Individual tuna of various kinds may run as high as eighty pounds or as low as seven, but those that are canned average twenty-eight pounds. The factory can pack one hundred thousand cans a day.

Sampans bring in many other fish to the market: snapper, good for baking; mahimahi, one of the tastiest; ulua, the commonest fish in restaurants; ono, whose name means "delicious"; swordfish bigger than those celebrated by fishing tourists as record catches, and many more.

Some of the big sampans stay out for two or three weeks

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at a time among the reefs and shoals hundreds of miles to the northwest. I knew one skipper who liked to fish the distant waters around Fanning and Palmyra and Washington islands and even as far south as Christmas Island. He had a scheme to bring in one thousand live lobsters, in a tank, and one thousand boiled ones, in refrigeration. He got the lobsters, but most of them spoiled on the voyage back to Honolulu.

The launching of a sampan is attended with no little ceremony. There is a feast of rice cakes and sake (Japanese rice wine); a little of the latter, I believe, is poured as a libation to the gods of the sea, and the builder is thrown into the water, presumably to propitiate those gods with the semblance of a sacrifice.

Most of the sampan fishermen are Japanese or of Japanese descent—a circumstance which impels the navy to bestir itself periodically to keep them out of waters near Pearl Harbor or other naval reservations. Doubtless most of the fishermen are just poor, honest fellows trying to feed their families on the meager proceeds of their fishing, but the navy can take no chances. A sampan could be a very useful survey ship, and it might be easy for a genuine spy to operate among the harmless fishers.

I have told elsewhere the story of the voyage of the sampan *Myojin Maru*, renamed the *Islander*, under charter to the Bishop Museum. For seven months she was away from her home port, traveling over some nine thousand miles of sea and visiting, in the interests of science, half a hundred islands. When she poked her nose into the lagoon of Christmas Island the copra manager there told us that at first sight, from afar, he took her for a Japanese submarine. When we docked at Papeete, whither advance

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word had gone that the party of scientists was coming on an American yacht, the crowd at the water front looked at the listing, not overtidy craft and asked, "Where is the yacht?"

But the *Islander* survived storm and fire, reef and coral head and shoal, to bring us all back to Honolulu, where water-front wiseacres had predicted, at our sailing, that we never would return.

A United Press dispatch from Honolulu, dated September 12, 1941, seems to suggest that perhaps the sampans are doomed, along with so many other features of the old Honolulu:

The sixty-seven-foot tuna fishing boat *Santa Inés* reached Honolulu late yesterday after a ten-day trip from San Diego to become the first of Hawaii's modern refrigerated tuna clippers.

Thus the scene changes, even as I write. But we who lived in Honolulu in past years will not forget those stout craft of which I wrote:

*Blue sampans ride in the harbor at Kewalo
under the copper brilliance of the sun;
blue sampans reel and tilt into the trade wind
on sea-paths traced by the Hawaiian moon;
blue sampans stagger and rise gallantly out of chasms of sea
in storms blowing out of the sultry south,
in hurricanes howling over the barren isles
far to the north, in a world of wind and foam.*

*And my heart cries out to the brown fisher-folk,
silent and wind-stained, the sea-wise fisher-folk
who know, their lives long, only the unending battle with sea.
My hand stands at salute to the grave-eyed fisher-folk
and the sampans, the tossing, wind-bucking sampans,*

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*lonely and battered and infinitely small in the huge sea.
I bow my head in memory of the sampans
faded and gashed, beaten down with wind and storm,
and the gallant, uncomplaining folk of the blue sampans
that struggle home no more from the wild sea.*



CHAPTER XXX

Guns Guard the Port

IF IT WAS economic necessity that stimulated the movement for annexation within the Islands, it was military strategy that impelled the United States to annex them in a time of emergency, after having refused more than one previous offer.

Then—in 1898—Honolulu became a coaling station for naval vessels and a brief stopover place for troops and crews on the way to the Philippines. Since that time the Island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, has become the main United States defense base in the Pacific.

From a historical viewpoint one may also say that the United States annexed the Islands so as to get control of them before some other nation could do so. It has fortified them mainly to prevent any other nation from establishing a base there from which the Pacific coast of the continental United States could be attacked.

Neither Honolulu nor Pearl Harbor, the navy's own port a few miles away, appears, at a casual glance, to bristle with guns, although there are fortifications in the vicinity of both. The really big guns are out of sight most of the

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time. But Oahu, before the mass mobilization of selective-service men in 1940, was the site of the largest troop concentration in the United States.

I have no intention of going into details of the military and naval establishment in the Islands. Such things are increasingly regarded as military secrets, even if several thousand people have seen them and thousands of others have read about them. I have made no effort to learn these details. They are changing constantly. But it is no secret that even before the emergency of the 1940s close to a billion dollars had gone into defense works in Hawaii, and army and navy personnel stationed there was approaching forty thousand.

One need not be a general or an admiral to appreciate the strategic position of Hawaii. Situated somewhat over twenty-one hundred miles from California, in the latitude of central Mexico, the Islands, together with outlying auxiliary patrol bases, dominate the approaches to the Pacific coast and to the Panama Canal.

It is calculated that even if a hostile fleet could get past the patrols it could not afford to leave Hawaii, unconquered, in its rear while attacking the Pacific coast. And since modern defense is largely a matter of hitting the other fellow first, Hawaii is a base from which our own fleet could advance toward any enemy in the Pacific.

Alaska, where United States soil comes within sight of Asiatic foreign territory, is about as near to Hawaii as is the continental United States. Alaska was fortified, somewhat belatedly, in the course of the emergency, but the delay in doing so was due partly to the strength of the protection already given by Hawaii.

The defense establishment in the Islands is concentrated

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on Oahu. There are reasons for this: Oahu has the best naval harbor in the Territory, and its mountains form natural defenses along its southwest and northeast coasts. Hence Oahu is the headquarters, although there are landing fields and other outposts on other islands of the main group and outlying stations scattered along an irregular line as far as two thousand miles to the south, more than one thousand miles to the northwest, and isolated outposts much farther west, pointing to the Philippines.

Strategists have calculated that, with warning from the advance patrols, the sea and air forces based on Oahu could intercept an enemy fleet far west of the Hawaiian Islands and prevent a hostile landing on any of the Islands that would be of much value to an enemy. Or, if such a landing were made, it is held that forces from Oahu could dislodge the invaders.

The international date line passes somewhat to the west of Midway and Kure, the westernmost and northernmost of the Hawaiian Islands. It is believed that the Battle of the Pacific, if or when it occurs, will be fought mainly west of that line.

That imaginary line, where a day is dropped or added to the calendar, according to which way you're going when you cross it, bends westward around the Aleutian Islands, off Alaska, then runs back east to the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, on which it is based. It proceeds southward along that meridian and across the equator.

Some years ago the navy took over jurisdiction of Midway, along with most of the Bird Islands, northwest of the main Hawaiian group. Kure, fifty-seven miles north by west of Midway, was placed under naval jurisdiction in

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1936. Johnston, an atoll 717 nautical miles west-southwest of Honolulu, was similarly taken over.

As Midway had been a United States possession even before the annexation of Hawaii, and both Kure and Johnston had been annexed as Hawaiian territory, this extension of naval control caused little comment. Palmyra, 960 miles south by west from Honolulu, was also a part of the territory. This atoll, privately owned, was late in joining the navy. The Federal government filed suit for possession of Palmyra in 1940. The navy has since commissioned patrol bases at several of these islands and has been keeping an eye on Kingman Reef, northwest of Palmyra.

Early in 1935 the coast guard cutter *Itasca*, which had been surveying Kingman and Palmyra, quietly scouted still farther south, looking up some forgotten islands near the equator.

"There is no doubt in our minds," wrote a Honolulu correspondent in a confidential memorandum to his main office on the mainland, "that there is much more to the trip than tree planting and weather observation."

He was right. As early as 1917 the Navy General Board had recommended to the secretary of the navy that the United States reassert ownership of any of the Line Islands that were then unoccupied.

Up to 1935 Jarvis, Howland, and Baker islands appeared on most maps, when they appeared at all, as British possessions. But the United States had claims dating from discovery of two of them by Nantucket and New Bedford whaling captains and occupation by the American Guano Company in the 1850s. Desolate, sunburned patches of sand and coral, they had been uninhabited and of no use since the guano diggers had left them.

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Great Britain protested mildly, as a matter of form, when the United States, in 1935, repossessed these three equatorial islands and colonized them with Hawaiian boys from Honolulu. It was already evident, even in those days, that Britain and the United States had at least an informal understanding on defense in the Pacific.

Three years later the United States reasserted claim to Canton and Enderbury in the Phoenix Islands, southeast of Howland and Baker. The claim went back to the wreck of the New Bedford whaler *Canton* in 1854.

Captain Andrew J. Wing and his crew of thirty-two men had come around the Horn and had been a year and a half out of their home port when they reached Tahiti in January 1854 with seventeen hundred barrels of whale oil aboard. They had taken thirteen hundred more barrels of oil by March 4, when they ran into a hurricane. Their charts showed no land within ninety miles of their position, although whalers had anchored as early as the 1820s off the island that later took the name of Canton. At half-past one on the morning of March 5 the *Canton* struck on a reef and began to break up in a heavy sea.

Will Carroll, the first mate, swam through the surf and took a line ashore. The captain and the rest of the crew followed, and later they were able to recover food, water, and four thirty-foot whaleboats from the wreck.

Canton Island, as it was named later, for their ship, had little to offer them, being almost barren. According to report, it didn't even provide water. The guano shovelers who afterward occupied these islands used to get fresh water every three months by ship from Honolulu. When provisions ran low the men of the *Canton* took to the whaleboats, eight men to a boat.

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Their story, which doesn't survive in much detail, was similar to that of other castaways. They had half a pint of water each and half a sea biscuit a day as long as the supply lasted. Rain replenished the water occasionally, and they caught a few fish. Captain Wing, according to the story handed down in his family, lost ninety pounds.

They rowed on across the Pacific for four thousand miles. On May 15, forty-five days out of Canton Island, they reached Tinian Island, in the Ladrones, then under Spanish rule. The Spaniards at Tinian suspected them of being pirates and let them stay only twenty-four hours. They took on fresh water and coconuts and rowed on, four days more, to Guam, where they obtained passage home.

The island was named Canton, in memory of this event, by Commander R. W. Meade of the USS *Narragansett*, who called there in 1872 while looking for Bully Hayes.

Canton Island, brought to notice thus by shipwreck, has maintained its reputation. The guano ship *DeTrompe* was wrecked there in 1884, and the freighter *Admiral Day* hit the reef as late as September 1940.

The island entered the defense picture after American and New Zealand expeditions observed a solar eclipse there on July 8, 1937. They noted that the island afforded suitable landing places for both sea- and landplanes. The Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior, scouting around for neglected islands, colonized Canton and neighboring Enderbury the next year, as it had done with Jarvis, Howland, and Baker, but found a party of New Zealanders already operating a radio station on Canton. There was some diplomatic jockeying about, with the British holding out for permission to land

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planes at Oahu in return for American use of Canton and Enderbury. An agreement in April 1939 placed the two islands under joint American and British occupation for fifty years, with the privilege of indefinite extension, and both parties remained on Canton in neighborly amity.

The reason given for these incursions into the equatorial Pacific was that the United States wanted weather stations for commercial aviation. Weather observations actually were taken, and Canton Island became a station on the route of an air line from San Francisco and Honolulu to New Zealand. The reclaimed islands were administered by the Department of the Interior rather than by the Navy.

But these hitherto unregarded steppingstones obviously have a value in the broader defense system. Weather reports are as necessary to military as to civilian planes, and emergency landing fields or advance refueling stations are useful to aerial patrols. It is significant that much of this activity followed reports of Japanese exploitation and fortification of the islands to the westward that were placed under Japanese mandate at the close of the first World War.

A glance at a chart of the Pacific shows that Johnston, Kingman, Palmyra, Jarvis, Howland, Baker, Canton, and Enderbury form a screen—thin though that screen is—between the Japanese mandate islands and the southern approach to Hawaii or the western approach to Panama. Furthermore, Guam, which the United States took from Spain in 1898, constitutes a wedge driven directly between the mandated islands and is within sight of one of them. Almost surrounded by foreign-occupied islands, it would seem difficult to defend but doubtless could fight a useful delaying action while the fleet moved into the area.

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South of Canton and Enderbury, where islands are more thickly sown, New Zealand and Britain take up the watch in archipelagoes under mandate or protectorate or outright colonization. Even there the United States has a foothold in the eastern islands of Samoa, with a naval station at the excellent harbor of Pago Pago on Tutuila.

The widest gap in the line of outposts is between Johnston and Kingman. No land is charted there. From Kingman a row of atolls lies southeastward. After Palmyra come Washington and Fanning, both discovered by Captain Edmund Fanning of the American ship *Betsy*, but claimed by Great Britain. At Fanning, where one of Admiral von Spee's raiders destroyed the cable station in 1914, British troops were reported to have been landed in 1940 to guard against attack.

Southeast of Fanning is Christmas Island, said to be the largest coral atoll in the world, with two hundred square miles of low, flat land partly enclosing a huge, shallow lagoon. Captain James Cook, R.N., discovered it in 1777 and named it Christmas because he and his men observed that holiday there, but the United States never has given up its claim to the island under the Guano Act of 1856. The British, however, have been in at least nominal possession since 1888, and the copra plantation there has been operating under a British lease which expires in 2001.

The fact seems to be that since war sprouted wings practically all islands have acquired hitherto unrecognized value. Although all of these American-occupied equatorial outposts, being low and flat, are less readily defensible than some of the mountainous islands in the Japanese mandate and are too small to accommodate large forces, they could serve for scouting and patrol purposes. Christ-

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mas Island may have wider possibilities. Its main disadvantage is its lack of mountain barriers. It has plenty of room, both on its land surface and in its lagoon, though the latter would require some improvement.

All of the outlying stations, of course, are dependent upon the main base at Oahu. There, in recent years, no one could forget that the Island was an armed camp. The navy, usually, and the army, always, were practicing. Long lines of trucks loaded with soldiers rolled over the military roads that form a complicated network. Motorists were likely to come at any time upon batteries of mobile guns or signs warning of target practice. Almost every night the scissoring shafts of searchlights scored the sky, and flashes of anti-aircraft guns flared against the darkness, while the lights picked out the planes, like silvery nocturnal insects, far above.

Roads have been cut through hitherto inaccessible mountain passes; trails have been broken to high lookout points and firing stations. A general commanding the Hawaiian Department once took a whole battalion of artillery over the precipitous Waianae Mountains. Fuel and ammunition are buried in more or less secret places.

The fleet lies in Pearl Harbor or in Lahaina Roads or dashes to secret destinations. Planes roar out to the Bird Islands or southward to the equatorial atolls. The reverberations of battle practice at sea roll back to the coconut-fringed shore.

Indications are that the defense system that is centered at Oahu is highly modern and has been so for a long time. It is a defense of mobility. At one time officers tried to promote a project for a ring of fixed steel-and-concrete fortifications all around the island. There are some so-

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called forts flanking Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, but they don't look like the popular idea of fortifications. Forward-looking officers, anticipating the fate of the Maginot and other famous "lines," evolved a system based on quick concentration at any point on Oahu. Hence the absence of formidable-looking walls and towers; hence the abundance of hard-surfaced roads beyond the normal needs of civilian life.

Roughly, there are mountain ranges on two sides of Oahu, with narrow beaches and coastal plains at their feet and relatively open spaces between the ends of the ranges. The biggest permanent troop quarters is on the plain near the center of the island, whence a force can move quickly to any threatened point.

Maneuvers have frequently worked out the problem of repelling an enemy attempting to land at the base of the Waianae Mountains on the west shore or on the Waialua coast at the northern gap. But probably no possible landing place anywhere on the island has been neglected.

Officers say that the fleet and the air arm would make it very difficult for an enemy to come anywhere near the Islands, let alone attempt to land. Defense by attack is the navy's doctrine in the Pacific. But the army has to work on the assumption that an enemy might try to invade the Islands. It has also studied the possibility of defending the Islands alone if the majority of the fleet were occupied elsewhere—even in the Atlantic.

Big guns, which the visitor almost never sees, can be run from point to point on rails and can sink anything that comes within thirty miles or so. Dive bombers and torpedo planes can fly out some hundreds of miles farther. The army can move troops and guns from central points

Guns Guard the Port

to any part of Oahu within less than an hour. The spring maneuvers of 1941 simulated an enemy occupation of other islands of the group, and parachute landings from such bases upon Oahu itself. The army on Hawaii is also equipped to do some parachuting on the outlying islands.

It has been estimated that it would take at least one hundred thousand invading troops even to attempt an attack upon Oahu. And the distances these troops and their supplies would have to be brought, from existing bases, would make invasion extremely difficult. Admiral Harry Yarnell, in June 1941, considered the Islands so safe that he publicly advocated transferring planes from Hawaii to the Philippines.

In connection with defense in the Pacific, there are two stories which, although unsubstantiated officially, are "too good to keep."

One is that when the main Japanese fleet first steamed south, apparently for conquest of the Dutch East Indies, the Dutch authorities wirelessly a message addressed to the flagship of the United States fleet. The message was in code, but the wily Dutch made it not too difficult to decipher. The message listed East Indian ports where American warships could obtain supplies.

Just as the Dutch had intended, the Japanese picked up the message. When they had decoded it they put about and steamed at full speed for their home waters. For the latitude and longitude given in the Dutch message as the whereabouts of the United States fleet was squarely between the Japanese fleet and Japan. As a matter of fact, the United States fleet hadn't been within a thousand miles of that position, but the Japanese, at the time, apparently didn't know that.

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The other story is of the kind that officers sometimes tell after they have had a few cocktails. I disclaim any responsibility for its accuracy, as I do for that of the foregoing anecdote.

In May 1940 the fleet slipped out of Hawaiian waters under secret orders, and for ten days its whereabouts was a mystery to most of the world. All that has been established publicly as a basis for the story is that the commander in chief, Admiral J. O. Richardson, at about that time flew to Washington, where he is supposed to have conferred with high staff officers and with the President. But here is the story:

The Japanese fleet and its supply train were maneuvering at the same time around the Caroline and Marshall islands of the Japanese mandate. The United States fleet steamed in that direction. Soon, the story goes, it found itself in a position to surround and presumably destroy most of the Japanese fleet.

And this is what the admiral is alleged to have said when he arrived in Washington:

“For the first time in a hundred years we’ve got them right where we want them. It may not happen again in another hundred years. Please, oh, please, let me blow them out of the water!”

CHAPTER XXXI

Many Honolulu

PEOPLE ask me, "What is life like in Honolulu?"

As I wrote a few years ago, there are many Honolulu—as many as there are people who know the Islands or who dream of them. And all the various pictures in these many minds are more or less true, even when they seem to conflict.

Honolulu is tawdry, and it is abidingly beautiful; it is snobbish and democratic, cosmopolitan and provincial; it is an aggressively American city and a foreign colony. Life there is easy and tranquil, difficult and vexed. In short, the Honolulu scene is complex, bewildering, and intriguing.

Consider the elements that compose it. First, a climate that has mellowed somewhat even the austere spirits of the missionary families, and an oceanic isolation which, despite swift ships and planes, cables and wireless, yet has its psychological effect. The resident of Honolulu is still, to some extent, a man apart, cherishing a militant regionalism. No mainland official, no upstart newcomer, he feels, can understand the Islands or know what is good for them.

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Language, action, and attitudes reflect what an admiral of the United States fleet once described as the viewpoint of men "imbued deeply with the peculiar atmosphere of the Islands."

Even races from far continents and far islands, as generation follows generation in Hawaii, change from what they were. They are molded, physically and mentally, by the environment—becoming, slowly, no longer Chinese or Japanese or Portuguese, and yet not just the same as a continental American, but gravitating, rather, toward a common denominator that is distinctive of the Islands.

Life in Honolulu is affected by climate and soil and the Polynesian past and by all the influences that have flowed in through the port.

Honolulu doesn't forget its Hawaiian history, although the native Polynesian influence is increasingly a matter of subtle overtone rather than of direct effect. Hawaiian words, used as unconsciously as the mainlander uses slang, sprinkle the speech of Caucasian and Asiatic. The heroic bronze figure of Kamehameha I still looks down from its sculptured pedestal before the Judiciary Building where the nobles and commons of the kingdom met; the Executive Building is still called, in common speech, the Palace, and the hall where the House of Representatives meets, the Throne Room. On June 11 business houses close, and mile-long processions of floats parade the streets in memory of the Hawaiian Conqueror. Honolulu has its own holidays: Kamehameha Day; Regatta Day, with its memories of King Kalakaua; on the first of May, Lei Day, when every citizen is expected to wear a wreath and the patio of the City Hall is banked high with garlands of flowers.

No political campaign is complete without a retinue of

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guitar and ukulele musicians and hula dancers to attend each candidate. Members of the Honolulu Board of Supervisors, when a question is before them, have three choices instead of two. They may vote yes, no, or *kanalua*—which means “doubtful,” in which case the voting passes on around the circle and returns later to the undecided member, who meanwhile presumably has had time to make up his mind.

Honolulu spells the name of its favorite breakfast fruit *papaia*, instead of the dictionary-favored *papaya*, and refers to a Chinese restaurant as a *chop sui*, instead of *chop suey*, house. It speaks of a club or a business group as a *hui*, and of perplexities of any kind as *pilikia*. It calls food *kaukau*, although the word, as used in this sense, is not strictly Hawaiian, save by error or by adoption.

These are small matters, but they are symptomatic of a deep-seated localism, involved with an obscure underlying feeling that the man from other parts—the *malihini*—is in some sense a foreigner. This attitude annoys the army and navy, who, on their part, tend to regard the Islands as an occupied fortress and civilian interests as of subordinate importance.

Thus the native Hawaiian influence has not disappeared but has been transmuted, until men and women of unbroken Caucasian descent take upon themselves, unconsciously, the mantles of Hawaiian chiefs.

So the Polynesian spirit of Hawaii lingers in a multitude of little ways too numerous to list, and other influences overlap and overlie that foundation.

There is the so-called missionary element: descended in part from actual missionaries of the years from 1820 on—whose tradition is that of New England, modified by Island

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environment. The term "missionary" today is used in a political and social, rather than a religious, sense. It has a somewhat vague application, yet it is clearly understood in Honolulu. In general it connotes conservatism, keen business acumen, and economic and political control. It matters not that practically none of these people actually have been missionaries and that many of them are not even descendants of missionaries; that mission work in Hawaii was officially declared completed at about the time of the Civil War. In Honolulu parlance a certain type, a certain group, is called "missionary," and conditions or policies that are resented by those not of the group are attributed to "missionary domination."

It is possible to trace in this situation a survival of the old quarrel between some actual missionaries and some traders and sea captains, who also have their representative group in Honolulu today—although godliness, or lack of it, has little, fundamentally, to do with the situation now.

Aside from these historic rivalries, the situation, as I see it, is that certain immigrants who obtained an early foothold prospered and acquired a large measure of economic and hence also political control which is resented by those who came later or who were less fortunate. This feeling has been accentuated by the tendency of long-entrenched Honolulu business and industry to maintain a virtually closed corporation, discouraging intrusion of outsiders and keeping a tight hold on Island resources.

Much has been said and a little written of the "economic oligarchy" in the Islands. I don't wish to enter into Island controversies, and I retain kindly memories of many members of the dominant group, but in all honesty its existence can't be ignored. Look through the list of officers and

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directors of practically any large Honolulu corporation, and you'll see the same few names repeated. A comparatively small group holds the reins that guide Island destinies. It would be more sensible for Honolulu interests to admit this frankly and not try to cover it up.

I wish it clearly understood that I am neither attacking nor defending the powers in Honolulu. I am merely reporting their existence as a feature of the picture—and one which is about as much of a secret there as the Aloha Tower.

The situation is fundamentally no different from that which exists in most mainland communities. Indeed, the same things are said of our country as a whole. One cannot consistently denounce the business system under which we operate, as applied in a single locality, without denouncing it everywhere and thus making oneself liable to investigation by a committee headed by some publicity-seeking congressman. The condition is more noticeable, however, in Honolulu, because that is an isolated and comparatively small city, where one comes into more contact with the holders of power. In a large mainland city a corporation or a monopoly is something relatively far away and shadowy, a concept rather than a fact with which one is intimately acquainted. In Honolulu you meet it on the street every day.

In Honolulu you know that whether you buy a copy of a newspaper or ride on a streetcar or get a pound of butter at a grocery or a load of planks at a lumberyard, you are paying tribute, directly or indirectly, to the same group of people. That may be true in many mainland cities, but there you're less likely to realize it. In Honolulu, if you have been so unobservant as not to have noticed it, you

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find it out very quickly if you do or say something that offends the ruling group. For by the same token your own daily wage or weekly or monthly salary depends ultimately upon that same group.

I don't intend to go into the ramifications of the subject of the so-called Big Five. But as a visitor is certain to hear the term used, the reader is entitled to a brief explanation of it.

The term, in popular usage, is a symbol designating a scapegoat to which any ills that afflict the Islands, or any misfortune of the individual, may be attributed. There are, of course, no big five individuals. Roughly, there may be a dozen or more who make the final decisions. In its specific sense the term refers, however, to five corporations, known locally as factors. One of them, at the latest information, was a largely British-owned company. Two were founded by descendants of New England missionaries or by men closely associated with the mission; a fourth by a "godly" layman from Boston; the fifth is a former German concern which was seized by the alien property custodian in the course of the war of 1917-18 and which was acquired—not without a considerable scandal and prolonged litigation—by local interests more or less connected with some of the other members of the Big Five group.

These five corporations are primarily agencies for plantations, collecting commissions on both purchases and sales. But their interests are far wider than this activity. Some of them own controlling shares in plantation companies. Some have transportation interests, local or trans-oceanic, or both. Some act as wholesalers of merchandise.

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They are closely associated with banks, which in turn control many local businesses. One might say the group owns the Port of Honolulu. Trace almost any Island enterprise of considerable size down to its actual control, and you will find it linked in some way with the Big Five. Furthermore, through means that it might be tedious to explain, these large interests exert considerable control over many smaller concerns. In addition, there is a sixth organization, standing somewhat apart from the Five, and with somewhat different interests.

Sometimes members of the Big Five fall out among themselves. There is a degree of rivalry between two sub-groups among them, which are connected with the two principal banks. There have been instances of struggle for control within one or another of the major corporations or of conflicts between them. Broadly, however, their interests are the same, and they unite against any threat, from within or without, to their combined power.

I don't mean to imply that there is anything illegal involved—or anything iniquitous, if the entire industrial and commercial system under which our world operates is not to be considered so. The merchant princes who direct the corporations and their subsidiaries are simply shrewd businessmen, conducting affairs after the approved American big-business manner. They are highly solid, substantial, and reputable citizens; kind to their families and to their employes as long as the latter continue to be docile and subservient; public-spirited in matters that don't interfere too much with profits, and firmly convinced that they know better than anyone else what is good for the Islands and for Island people. Convinced, too, that in maintaining

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their own control of the Islands and in advancing their own interests, they are acting for the best interests of all concerned.

One could mention, of course, some shabby tricks that have been perpetrated in Honolulu, as elsewhere, but I'd rather not, and this isn't the place for such things. Where any group wields power of economic life and death there are bound to be some abuses. And the most glaring of those abuses have been committed, often, not by the genuine aristocrats, but by some of their satellites and inept imitators. The great lords seldom concern themselves, in person, with such matters. When any particularly unsavory job is really necessary the faithful stooges know what to do—although in a few cases, when apparently no one cold-blooded enough could be found in the Islands, some efficient economic hatchet man has been imported from the mainland and quietly disposed of after the job was done. Possibly this circumstance can be traced to the reluctance exhibited almost universally by Island folk to acceptance of responsibility for anything ungentle or unkind. Like Brutus, the great lords of Hawaii are “all, all honorable men.” Lofty and serene, they go their untroubled way, and the multitude bows, for they wear the mantles of the chiefs.

Go into the Territorial Legislature, and you'll find their representatives—although personal ambitions and local political exigencies sometimes prevent them from keeping a legislative situation entirely in hand. In the Senate Chamber you may even find a few corporation directors themselves. But for the most part, they shun the vulgarity of politics.

They don't appoint the governor. The President of the United States does that, with the advice and consent of

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the United States Senate (and of his party leaders, both national and local). Some of the Island barons regard this as a flaw in the arrangements. To be sure, senators and party leaders commonly will listen to reason, and even an appointive governor likes to be popular—especially since, by established custom, the appointee is a resident of the Territory, who must make a living in the Islands after the administration at Washington changes and his term of office expires. But the President can appoint, subject to these slight limitations, anyone he likes—and sometime the Islands might get a governor whom the local masters wouldn't like.

They had the fright of their lives when it was reported that Franklin D. Roosevelt, early in his administration, was about to name a non-resident politico of liberal tendencies as governor of Hawaii—and, for all we in the Islands knew, send in the marines to take over. Political opposition in Washington to the New Deal defeated this move (Senators Borah and Vandenberg were mainly responsible for its rejection by the Senate), but Island moguls have been a bit uneasy ever since.

I once had the task of making an argument of industrial democracy out of the circumstance that about seventeen thousand people own shares in plantations and other Hawaiian corporations. This was supposed to show that the Big Five was a myth. I don't think the argument misled anyone. The extent of influence that minority stockholders can exert in any corporation is pretty well known. It is perhaps not entirely true to say that the situation is no different from that in mainland communities. In past years, at least, control in Honolulu has been more thorough than has been generally practicable in the larger populations and

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wider spaces of the mainland. More recently certain factors have been operating to shake that control.

The principal threats to the so-called oligarchy, as far as they have been traced, are the growing influence of the army and navy; the influx of mainland people, some of them with capital; the development of labor organization since the middle 1930s, and the growth of the new-Hawaiian younger generation to a point where it is beginning to demand more nearly equal opportunity and a more active voice in affairs.

Well, so there is the Hawaiian Honolulu, now largely a misty thing of sentiment and memories, of flowers and song and wistful commemoration. There are genuine Hawaiians left, several thousands of them, but neither the tourist, the newcomer, nor even the average resident really knows them. And there's the "missionary" Honolulu, transformed into a model of economic efficiency or an all-strangling octopus, according to one's point of view. And there are numerous others. . . .

Most widely celebrated is the tourist Honolulu: compounded of mid-Pacific moonlight, flamboyant and fragrant flowers, surfboards and outrigger canoes, professionally Hawaiian beach boys, luxury liners and luxury hotels, coconut palms and volcanoes, hula dances and Hawaiian feasts, and such synthetic "native life" as the Tourist Bureau and commercial agencies can assemble and maintain. It's like something thrown on a cinema screen, and it isn't entirely convincing. Strangers arriving for the first time in Honolulu often look about them in visible bewilderment and inquire, "Where are the Hawaiians?"

A visiting population of twenty-five thousand to fifty

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thousand a year inevitably has molded the place, in part, in the image of tourist preconceptions. To readers of fiction and of travel literature Honolulu spells romance, glamour, and all the words of similar connotation. And something of that atmosphere undeniably exists to meet the demand. Part of it is in the mind, but the imagination does have something on which to feed.

To a newcomer the atmosphere is semitropical and languorous. He lodges in a hotel surrounded by assiduously cultivated tropical flora; he tours the country accompanied by "native" drivers who may have little or no Hawaiian blood but who are garrulous with garbled legend and garbled history. He hears wailing Hawaiian serenades and sees hula dances that are somewhat more decorous than the performance that commonly goes by the name of hula on mainland stages. Since the flood of humanity entering the port mounted so high, residents have had to curb the traditional hospitality that once maintained open house in the homes of prominent residents. But if the visitor knows anyone in the city he or she usually can expect a round of parties.

All in all, visitors rarely are disappointed, although they may murmur at the expense occasioned by certain monopolies.

But, "Where are the Hawaiians?" they ask, and then they add: "Why, the place is a Japanese colony!"

That's another question that can't be avoided. Well then, what about the Japanese in Honolulu?

CHAPTER XXXII

Japanese Prefecture?

ALTHOUGH in recent years the hired publicists who discourse on the charms of the Islands have maintained a discreet silence on the subject—as a corollary of the demand, fostered by their employers, for Hawaiian statehood—nothing can obscure the apparent visual evidence. The promoters of travel and of statehood are in an embarrassing dilemma. The more visitors they lure to the Islands, the more mainland people become convinced that the Islands are an undeclared prefecture of Japan.

At much expense parties of congressmen are brought to Honolulu for a round of feasting and speeches, tours of industrial and agricultural establishments and scenic highways, as well as inspection of military and naval posts. Thus the Territory makes friends where friends count—in matters of Federal appropriations, sugar quotas, political appointments, and so on. But this lavish hospitality, shrewd though it is, doesn't help the campaign for statehood. The congressmen also see the Japanese.

Technically, most of them are not Japanese, but Ameri-

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cans. All persons, of whatever race, born in Hawaii "and subject to the jurisdiction thereof," are American citizens. But this fact increases rather than allays congressional disquietude. The honorable gentlemen from the districts go back to Washington with visions of these thousands of American citizens with Japanese faces electing a governor and a legislature of their own race and sending similar representatives to sit in the national Senate and House. And they return more than ever determined to keep the Islands securely under the thumb of the Federal government.

This situation has forced a somewhat inconsistent attitude upon the Island rulers and their spokesmen, impelling them to insist that the Orientals are rapidly becoming assimilated, while at the same time retarding assimilation by keeping them down as much as possible. Young men and women of oriental ancestry complain that it is more difficult for them than for others to get employment in other than menial occupations and that if they are employed they don't receive the same wages as non-Orientals. They complain further that if they vote they are accused of seeking control, and if they don't vote they are criticized as lacking in civic responsibility.

As a matter of fact, census figures show the Japanese element, in proportion to the total population, declining and the Caucasian element gaining year by year. In numbers the Japanese group has reached its peak and is receding from it. They are divided among themselves on sectarian and other lines, and analyses of election returns indicate that they do not vote as a unit. Many of them have acquired property and some have prospered in business, but the haole leaders seem confident of keeping their own economic control. Many local spokesmen have expressed the

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belief that the "Japanese menace" in the Islands is a myth or at least greatly exaggerated.

Furthermore, scientific studies show an actual change in physical structure in the Island environment. There is also some evidence that the environment reacts on the mental outlook. The Japanese, even if a little more slowly than others, are evolving toward the neo-Hawaiian.

Of course there is still a Japanese Honolulu—the Honolulu of the teahouses and Japanese clubs, of the streets of small shops and the neighborhood public bathhouses, of Shinto and Buddhist temples, of the geta sandals and kimono robes that are seen less and less often on Honolulu streets as the years go by. The bright carp banners stream in the wind on Japanese Boy Day, and the dolls are ranged in colorful rows on Hina Matsuri, the day dedicated to girls. For that matter, the narcissus blooms, for good luck, in little pots on the old-style Chinese New Year; on the day of the Moon Festival, fat and indigestible "moon cakes" are distributed, and at Chinese weddings strings of firecrackers sputter and pop just after the *Lohengrin* march is played solemnly on a saxophone and the black-clad Christian minister performs the marriage ceremony.

These are things that add to the color and interest of Honolulu, and I'd be sorry to see them vanish as have the lantern processions of the Japanese merchants and the annual Hawaiian games that honored the god Lono.

Vestiges, one might say, remain of these and other racial segments of Honolulu life that are merging gradually into the New Hawaiian.

The haoles—that is, the whites, though the term doesn't mean precisely that—have tended in recent years to move in a countercurrent away from the eddy of racial blend-

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ing. In pioneer days settlers often married into native families. A number of Island fortunes date from such alliances. But in our own time there has been, roughly, a haole Hawaii, as distinguished from the non-haole. Socially there has been a lessening of contact between the two and a tendency to draw apart. In business their association has continued, but along with it there have been two standards of living, of prices, and of wages. The non-haole scale has been calculated at about two thirds of the haole scale.

The history of the word haole reflects the cleavage. It seems originally to have meant a stranger, a foreigner of any race. I have heard a Negro described as "a black haole." But in practice the word came to denote specifically persons of Anglo-Saxon descent. A haole was a man who didn't work with his hands but who bossed men who did. Thus the Portuguese are not commonly called haoles. For they came to work in the fields. Long after most of them have left the plantations the distinction persists in popular speech.

This distinction undoubtedly is derived from the old days when New Englanders and Englishmen were almost exclusively the landowning and employing class. It has been blurred somewhat from that fine definition. Nowadays a person who works for wages and who owns no property may be considered a haole by benefit of complexion, despite these limitations. The term has been thus extended.

Hence a new line of cleavage has developed. As business grew thousands of haoles who were not wealthy and not landowners or employers came to the Islands—men and women who had nothing but the work of their hands

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or brain. Few of them undertook manual labor, for field work was left, of necessity, mainly to those who could live on the oriental scale. Most of the newcomers were "white-collar" workers who also became, directly or indirectly, retainers of the haole economic barons.

In the prosperous times before the depression of the 1930s these retainers were reasonably contented. Lulled by the easy climate and pleasant surroundings, they were not disposed to become restive, even though the cost of living, on the white man's scale, was higher than in the nearest cities of the mainland.

The Territory shared the effects of the depression, though to no such extent as did the continent. The more prosperous sugar plantations continued to pay dividends, even if their annual reports showed a loss. They had surpluses, accumulated in fatter years. The pineapple industry, dealing, as it did, in a luxury product, passed through a difficult time that saw some heroic refinancing and some drastic changes in management. But on the whole, Hawaii, as compared with the mainland, came through relatively unscathed.

Of course the large interests took losses. My impression is that the worst losses were the result of speculation in mainland stock markets rather than of actual deterioration of Island economy. A very few firms failed. For the most part, Hawaii, with some retrenchments, went on.

It was also my impression that the blow was felt most keenly by the intermediate population, the haoles of what might be called the lower middle class and particularly employes of smaller businesses controlled by the larger ones. Salaries were cut repeatedly to approximately the same degree as on the mainland, although Island losses, in

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general, were less. This action was probably dictated primarily by caution, although some felt at the time that in some cases the general situation was made an excuse rather than a determining cause for the inroads upon their livelihood. Very few voiced these opinions openly. To do so was to invite economic extermination. People who for years had been contented, if relatively minor, cogs in the machinery of Island business realized for the first time the ruthlessness underlying the apparent benevolence of that machine.

The experience of those years, however, tended to make this employed class conscious of its position and its interests. The years since, which have seen a return of prosperity to Honolulu and, with it, a marked increase in cost of living, have also seen an effort, not uniformly successful, to restore predepression standards. This effort has been furthered, despite as ruthless repression as the more liberal Federal government of those years would tolerate, by more organization for collective bargaining than had hitherto been permitted in the Islands.

Commentators have traced the emergence, in recent years in the Territory, of a middle class, for which there had been virtually no provision in the old system. In reality there are at least two middle classes. One comprises, roughly, haoles of relatively small resources, including employes and some small independent businessmen, who are struggling to maintain a haole standard of living. The other middle class is composed of the younger generation of non-haole and mixed descent, which is struggling to attain that standard.

This situation contains elements of conflict, of which the masters have not hesitated to take advantage. An em-

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ployer of my acquaintance once said in a moment of stress, "You can all quit, and I'll hire a crew of Japanese boys." But eventually, no doubt, economic necessity will force the two middle classes to pool their interests.

In recent years a few cracks have been opening up in the old monopolies, as mainland enterprise and mainland capital have begun to "muscle in." The very fact that this has become possible indicates how times have changed. There are even some indigenous attempts at economic independence. All this must be disquieting to the socially charming and often kindly and benevolent aristocrats.

Then there is the army and navy Honolulu. Not that military and civilian groups are hostile to each other or that they don't mix: many an Island family of prominence marries its daughters to officers of the armed forces, and there are also business alliances with respect to construction contracts, sale of supplies, and so on. Nevertheless, there is a sharp difference between the military and naval Honolulu and the civilian Honolulu. The military mind regards the Islands as primarily a defense post; the civilian regards them as a source of material profit. Each group tends to regard the other as a necessary evil.

The army and navy have been charged by civilian leaders with plotting to destroy the façade of representative government, behind which local interests rule the Islands, and to set up in its stead a military and naval commission responsible only to Washington. Fear of such a development, together with Washington control of sugar quotas, is behind the recent agitation for statehood. Up to the early 1930s statehood was merely a dream of local politicians, who looked upon it as a potential source of more political jobs. Planters, and business interests gen-

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erally, opposed statehood, in the apprehension that it would increase taxes.

The liberalism of the New Deal, conflicting, as it did, with conservative policy in the Islands, and the threat of appointment of a "carpetbag" governor after the navy clashed with preponderant civilian opinion in regard to the tragedy of errors known as the Massie case of 1931-32, prepared the way for a change of front.

I shall not review the Massie case in detail, but since it became one of the major news stories of the year in which it occurred, abroad as well as in the Islands, and since it had severe repercussions in Honolulu, it is in order to give a brief summary.

The Massie case was and is a controversial subject in Honolulu. The entire truth about it may never be learned. Briefly, the known facts are these: On the evening of September 12, 1931, the wife of a navy officer left a party, alone, at what is known as a teahouse, on the road to Waikiki. Some hours later she appeared at her home and told of having been kidnaped and assaulted by a group of men. When examined by physicians she had a broken jaw; the other elements in her experience are a matter of controversy.

At about the time when the assault is asserted to have occurred five young men of various ancestries, some of whom had police records, were arrested in another part of town as a result of a traffic dispute. After viewing these men several times the officer's wife identified them as her assailants. A jury disagreed as to their guilt, and they were released under bond pending a second trial.

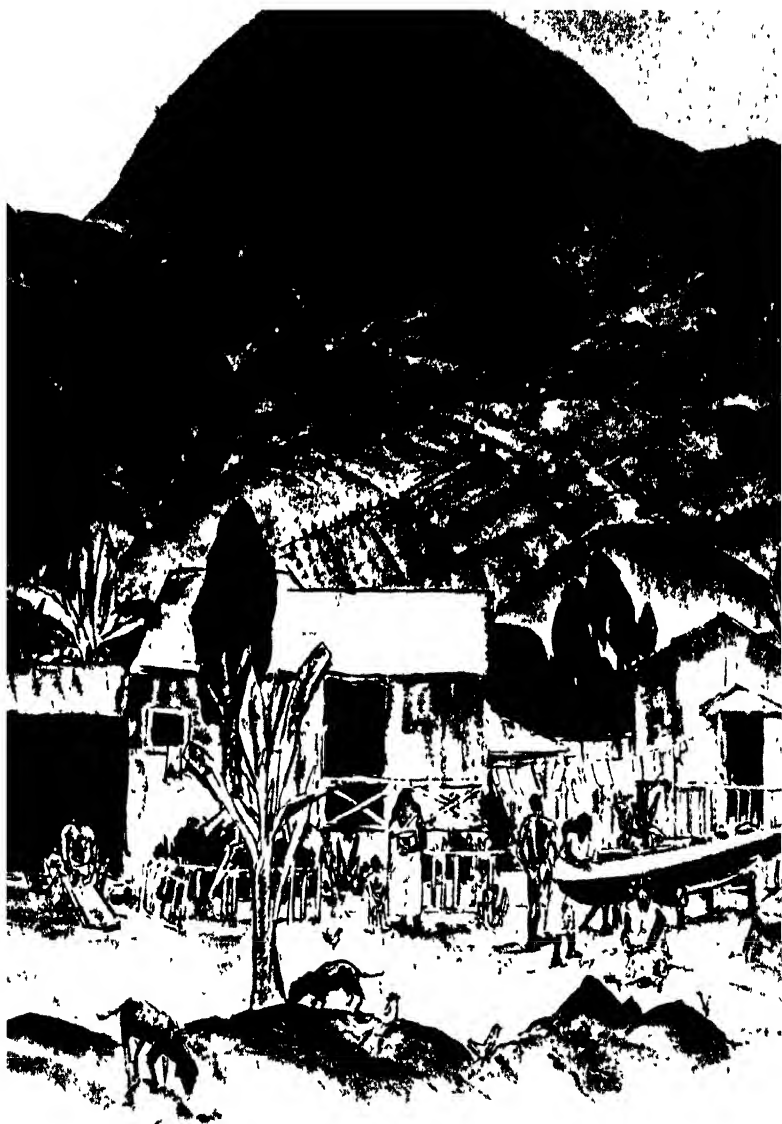
A heated dispute developed between naval and civilian

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elements, the former impugning the administration of justice in the Territory and the latter asserting that the navy was making the occurrence a pretext for seizing administrative control of the Islands.

Meanwhile one of the accused youths was kidnaped and beaten, and another, when he called at the courthouse to report to the court, as required by his bond, was lured into an automobile, taken to the home of a member of the family of the complaining witness, and killed. Members of the family, together with two sailors, were tried for murder. They were defended by the late Clarence Darrow. The trial attracted world-wide attention in the press, and much misinformation about conditions in the Islands was circulated. A jury found the defendants guilty of manslaughter, and they were sentenced to ten years in prison. Governor Lawrence M. Judd—under alleged pressure from Washington—commuted the sentence to one hour in the custody of a Territorial official. I am told that Governor Judd refused an offer of several thousand dollars to write the story for a magazine of national circulation.

Such were the repercussions of the affair that by order of the United States Senate, Seth W. Richardson, attorney general of the United States, conducted an investigation in Honolulu, and the Territory of Hawaii engaged one of the most famous mainland detective agencies to investigate independently. The results of both inquiries were voluminous and somewhat inconclusive. The extent of the feeling aroused may be judged by the circumstances that persons entering the courtroom at the murder trial were searched for weapons and that the National Guard, manning machine guns, occupied strategic street corners in Honolulu. The original assault case, which had been scheduled for



"Komo mai, nou ka hale [Enter, the house is yours]."

A Hawaiian Village of the Present Time.

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retrial, lapsed when the complaining witness, in defiance of the court, left the Territory.

Much of the propaganda emanating from Honolulu interests since that time has been aimed to counteract the unfavorable publicity which the Islands received as a result of the case and which was out of proportion to the intrinsic importance of the affair. Navy wives carried guns; the tourist trade fell off, and prospective residents canceled plans for settling in Honolulu. Sensational press accounts pictured the Territory as a precarious colonial outpost where savage natives lurked in the jungles to pounce upon unwary whites. As late as 1939 I was asked, in Mexico, whether Honolulu was not an extremely unsafe place in which to live or to visit.

The farther these stories traveled, the more fantastic they became. I saw a Danish newspaper which set forth that United States marines had landed to suppress a native uprising in Honolulu. The story was illustrated with a photograph of the Palace as it must have appeared in King Kalakaua's time. In front of it were drawn up the "marines," whose uniform indicated that they probably were members of the old royal guard.

The immediate cause of the shift of sentiment with regard to statehood, however, was the passage by Congress of the Jones-Costigan amendment to the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Under this legislation Hawaii was treated as a "foreign" source of sugar in the allotment of quotas which could be shipped to the mainland. The planters and factors, shocked at what they regarded as unfair discrimination, swung virtually overnight to active support of a campaign for statehood. They have since spent undeclared but obviously enormous sums to prepare public opinion,

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both in the Islands and on the mainland, for admission of Hawaii as a state.

Among other contributory factors have been dislike of certain Federal-government policies, fear of increased Federal interference in Island affairs, and the specter of military and naval government. The army and navy, particularly the latter, have tended to regard the civilian economic and political system of the Islands as an encumbrance. Although officers of both services commonly disclaim any desire to interfere in civilian affairs, certain high officers in the past have frankly proposed government by a commission which would include military and naval representatives. Planters and factors who see their control thus threatened are in a continuous state of jitters over such a possibility.

Indeed, from a standpoint of civilian interests even other than those of the so-called Big Five, a military-naval dictatorship would be unwelcome. Despite the complimentary things that are sometimes said of them, the economic overlords whose castles front on the streets a few blocks up from the harbor have ruled the Islands successfully and, on the whole, wisely. In furthering their own interests they have advanced Island prosperity, a little of which has trickled down to the commoners. They have made it possible for the Islands to support the four hundred thousand and more people who live there. And on the whole they have been benevolent. They are somewhat like a dog with a bone. As long as he doesn't think you are trying to take it away from him he won't bite you. But if you yourself have a bone, look out!

Under their seigniori there has been a graciousness of living in Honolulu, even for many of those in humble

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circumstances, that might be dimmed under a military government. The local lords have regimented Hawaii, it is true; they don't tolerate criticism or encourage attempts to achieve social progress from beneath. They and their satellites are shocked by even mild expression of liberal opinion; they regard the very thought of collective bargaining as "bolshevism." Such of it as has existed in recent years has been tolerated only under pressure of Federal law, imposed by a Washington administration which some of them regard as little short of impious.

Give them prosperous times and a minimum of outside interference, and they deal out largesse with the courtly gesture of medieval princes. Improved working conditions, better housing, social services, even a slight participation in the profits of good years, are approved, provided they are granted voluntarily from above and can be kept firmly under control. The lords give, and they take away, and thus is the life of the land preserved in righteousness.

And they are "nice people." I know of none who are, as a class, more pleasant and charming, more kindly in individual relationships within the system, more hospitable. In specific cases they are often surprisingly tolerant, even, from their point of view, long-suffering. In their most highhanded acts they are, predominantly, sincere. They adhere to the almost forgotten notion of *noblesse oblige*. What they do, they firmly believe, is best for the interests of the commoners as well as of themselves. Often enough, it probably is.

They have been born to a tradition, and, unconscious of anachronism, they tread the path of that tradition. When the tradition passes, as no doubt it must, there may be more freedom, of a sort, in Hawaii, but something gra-

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cious and dignified and, in its way, noble will have vanished, as it has vanished from Mexico and from the Old South.

But I had started to tell something of what life is like in Honolulu—life for the average man, who doesn't own a plantation or any considerable share of one but who, if he keeps his neck well inside his collar, can live and work there, with reasonable luck, a lifetime without being reminded, otherwise than gently, of his state of vassalage.

CHAPTER XXXIII

“Frightfully Suburban”

*The gods unroll the crimson and gold fabric of morning
and land and sea awake:*

*far forest breathes, and the bearded surf
dances, trampling the bright curve of the reef.*

*Hibiscus faces smile back at the smiling sunlight,
greeting a world made new with the new day.*

*Even these city pavements feel the touch of the ancient beauty
beneath this air that shimmers in mellow light,
and the faces of the buildings are gracious,
their roofs brushed with fragrance of many petals.*

*This is a world fit for song and for dancing,
for twining of wreaths with the clear dew still on them
to bring to the new friends, the swift sea-runners who come
gaily
to stand with us in fresh joy at the ancient altar
the fire-gods built in the time when the earth was young.*

PEOPLE are up early in Honolulu. It's a habit of tropical and semitropical lands. The mornings are so delightful that it would be a shame to miss them. They lift the spirit.

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The air is soft and fragrant. Mynah birds chatter in the trees and quarrel noisily as they strut about on the ground. A fruit falls in the garden; a palm frond swishes down to crash on the probably rather parched lawn.

You stand for a minute or two under a cool shower. At least most people do. Many Honolulu homes don't bother with hot water. If you live near the beach or within easy driving distance, perhaps you start the day with a plunge in the sea. You put on a kimono—that garment is a favorite lounging robe for both men and women in Honolulu. You eat a mellow, orange-golden section of papaya, squeezing tart juice on it from a fresh lime, and drink a cup of the fragrant coffee from the seaward slopes of Kona that is so little known on the mainland.

You dress lightly, as for a mainland spring or summer. Though the "tropic whites" of an earlier time are seen less and less often, Honolulu men commonly wear two-piece suits without what has become known in America as a "vest." Not that Honolulu is often oppressively hot. The maximum temperature is around 86°, and mornings and evenings are cool, sometimes to the point where a light sweater is comfortable. But the atmosphere does warm up considerably in the course of the day.

Still an hour or so early, by mainland standards, you go to work, passing between hedges of glowing hibiscus and under trees lanterned with crimson and gold and pink and lavender bloom. Most of the children whom you see on their way to school are barefoot. Even children of wealthy families like to keep their feet free. And many a grown man, in the privacy of his home, lays shoes and socks aside. I have known businessmen to remove their footwear while in their cars on the way home.

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The boss comes to work early too. Bosses in Honolulu usually work as hard as the men under them. If he's an Island man he's likely to be pretty reasonable, affable, and approachable.

You get about as much work done in a day as you would do in a mainland city. But if your place of employment is typical there is less tension, less strain. Island climate tends to mellow the disposition.

There is no siesta, as there is in many lands that are but little warmer than Hawaii. The New England conscience, in these Islands, has not compromised to that extent with tropical indolence. About the only concession it has made is to start early, work at a steady pace, and get through before the afternoon is gone. When quitting time comes (“pau ka hana,” as you'll say after you've lived in Honolulu awhile) you're probably not excessively tired. The day has been warm, but there has been a breeze, and you're dressed for summer. Some offices even have air conditioning, though they don't really need it. You are through earlier than you would be in most mainland employment; you have more of your afternoon left for recreation.

Perhaps you go to the beach. If you're young and active you swim in the mild water, perhaps paddle a surfboard out where the tall waves curl in. If you plan to go out in the evening perhaps you nap on the sand until the cooling of the air, toward sunset, awakens you. Then you shower again and are ready for an early dinner and such amusement as the evening may offer, which may not be much different from what you would do on the mainland. There may be dancing at one of the beach resorts, or the movies, or a party at someone's home, or more cultural pursuits. For the young and gay any of these things may be followed

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by a midnight drive around the island, with possibly a stop at some remote beach for a moonlight swim.

If you're older and domestic you may putter around your garden in your daylight hours of leisure, although the real work is likely to be done by an elderly Japanese whom you have learned to address in the "pidgin" that passes, in his circle, for English. "I think more better," you will say, "hapai Christmas tree." And he will thin out the poinsettias. Or "I think this time mebbe-so cutch-cutch," and he'll prune the shrubbery. After dinner you can settle down with a book or listen to the radio, like thousands of people in mainland homes.

If you're a housewife it is possible that you do your own work, but more likely that you have a maid, probably of Japanese ancestry. If, as is usual, she does not live in your home but comes in by the day, she may bring you orchids when she comes to work. They may grow wild in her back yard. She gets relatively low wages but expects a present at Christmas time and a day off, no matter how inconvenient it may be for you, on the emperor's birthday. She is smiling, quiet, and, if elderly, efficient. She will do things her own way, regardless of instructions. And you wouldn't know how to get along without her.

If you're wise and physically able you'll live out of doors a good deal, and rather actively. People who sit about in the Islands go soft even more rapidly than sitters-about do in harsher climes. There is apparently a confirmed tradition among women living in Honolulu that their health requires a trip to the mainland about every two years, regardless of the fact that many can't afford it and many get along very well without it. There is a folklore belief that the mild and little-varying climate of the Islands

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“thins the blood.” I know of no scientific opinion that it does any such thing or that the blood is capable of being “thinned.” What Island life does do is make the skin more sensitive to changes of temperature. I have observed that most Island residents who visit the mainland do so in the summer months, when most of the mainland is hotter than Honolulu ever gets, and that they hurry back before snow falls. It is also noteworthy that more mainlanders visit Honolulu in the summer than at any other time. People who have a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise seldom become “run down” in the Islands.

Your house—unless you live in the congested Waikiki district—will be set in a fairly spacious yard, probably adorned with shrubbery and flowers and blossoming trees. It likely will be of the bungalow type, wide and low, with no stairs to climb and with a broad veranda, known locally as a lanai. Some of the newer houses are designed with patios, but the old tradition is that much of the household life centers on the lanai.

Doors and windows are nearly always open. In the old days they had no locks. More recently, with the changing times attributed by old-timers to the influx of malihinis and to the appearance of an unemployed and discontented younger generation of the traditionally subject class, it has been necessary to take precautions.

About the only time a Honolulan thinks of an overcoat is when he borrows one to go to the mainland. Many a Honolulu man doesn't own a hat or an umbrella or rubbers. The sun helmets affected by some tourists are viewed locally with derision. The sun, if you're not hardened to it, will burn your skin more quickly in Honolulu than on the equator, but sunstroke is so rare that, although I

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can't say it never occurs, in all my years in the Islands I never heard of a case of it. Though some go in for rain-coats and Chinese paper umbrellas, rain is commonly regarded somewhat in the Polynesian spirit. You get wet, and you dry off, and no harm done.

Yes, you can catch cold in Honolulu; there are epidemics of influenza, and people die of pneumonia there, as elsewhere. It seems to be not a matter of exposure to weather so much as of exposure to germs. Infection of almost any kind is likely to thrive in a warm climate. Most cases of "coral poisoning," I believe, are due not to any inherent viciousness in the coral itself, but to infection of the ragged wound which the coral makes. One learns to treat cuts and scratches, from any source, promptly when they occur. Honolulu, however, has the reputation of being a healthy city, though it supports a surprising number of physicians.

Life in Honolulu differs from life on the mainland only in certain local details and in that quality of general atmosphere that is difficult to define but easy to recognize. When I'm asked to describe life in Honolulu I sum it up as affording the comfort and convenience of civilization in the atmosphere of Oceania. You ride to work or to play in an automobile or, if thrifty, in a bus; you store food in a mechanical refrigerator and cook with electricity or with gas; you use a dial telephone and light your house with electricity, as you would do on the mainland. You are as far removed from the primitive realities as you would be in San Francisco or Chicago or New York, except that you have no heating problem and that there are more trees and flowers about.

Someone else tills the fruitful earth; someone else weaves

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the clothes you wear and processes the food you eat and makes the things you use, as in cities elsewhere. You live by the part you play, small though it may be, in a vast and intricate economic system, in which, if something goes wrong on the other side of the world, you may feel the resulting pinch.

That's what you do anywhere, unless you're able to go back to the primitive and dig your living directly out of the earth or fish it out of the sea. And yet in Honolulu life is different. The burden seems lighter; there is a gaiety in the air; there is more of the spirit of play.

There are, too, some lingering elements of small-town atmosphere: there is gossip and local rivalry and envy, as where isn't there? But on the whole, life in Honolulu is pleasant and comfortable. In that climate the ills of the world seem easier to bear. The Big Five are very generous with the climate.

Living in Honolulu tends to be more expensive than in most mainland cities. Rents run higher; food costs more—at least the kinds of food eaten by haoles do—and clothes may cost more per garment, although the wardrobe is simpler, being designed basically for only one kind of weather. One has fewer kinds of clothes and more of a kind and has more laundry and cleaning done.

Except for visitors, as such, Honolulu is no place to go without definite assurance of a job and no place to go on a job that is insecure. Jobs are few; it's a long way back, and transportation is costly. It is also no place to go with the intention of establishing an independent business, unless one has plenty of capital. Entrenched interests have not been friendly to competition, and outside interests have only begun to make an opening. Nor, unless one has a

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definite offer, is there much opportunity, in normal times, in most trades or in small businesses. In many of these there is the problem of competing with the oriental standard of living.

I have been asked whether it is possible to "go native" in Hawaii and live on the land. A few have done it, but in general the chances are not favorable. There isn't much land, and most land that is any good is in sugar or pine-apples and under control of corporations. Some sort of subsistence farming might be possible, but it would be a difficult and restricted existence and probably precarious. If one is determined to try it one might thrive better on some South Sea island which has a lower scale of material civilization and more room.

Islanders boast of the absence of snakes and of the more deadly tropical insects in their country. That's true enough, and the forests are blessedly free from poison oak and poison ivy. As a matter of fact, however, insect life thrives there, as in most warm climates, and it threatened to destroy the plantations until science came to the rescue with parasite control. Honolulu people are so accustomed to the insects and creeping forms of life around them that they take little notice of them.

Most of the household pests, it is true, have been unintended importations. The mosquito came in the water casks of ships something over a hundred years ago. Now there are several kinds of mosquitoes, and they work in shifts, one kind only at night. I have been told that although the malaria-carrying mosquito exists there it carries no malaria, because there are no malarial people for it to bite and thus transmit the infection. The scorpion, the centipede, and the giant spider probably were stowaways in cargoes. The

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cockroach and the gentle little house lizard likely are natives.

Newcomers often are startled at first sight of a huge flying cockroach fluttering about like some ungainly kind of bat. These insects walk as well as fly, and there are millions of them in Honolulu. It is well-nigh impossible to keep them permanently out of the older houses. Apparently they breed outside, around the bases of banana plants and palms, and crawl in through crevices and under doors. Poison them off, and the next day a new horde marches in.

Ants, too, are plentiful, as they seem to be nearly everywhere in the world. And termites: at least two kinds of them. One species lives in the ground and tunnels up into any wooden construction that touches the earth. I am told that this persistent devourer of houses builds covered runways over concrete or other obstacles, in order to get into wood. Another kind swarms like bees and flies in at the windows, wriggling through screens and the spaces between sash and casing, then drops its wings and bores into the furniture. Both kinds devour the interior of the wood up to the paint or varnish, leaving a hollow shell that may collapse in a cloud of dust when you least expect it. Before that time, however, you may have detected them from the tiny round pellets of wood that rattle out of the infested objects as the termites digest the edible portions and excrete the remainder. This circumstance impelled a whimsical acquaintance of mine to suggest that termites be crossed with elephants for the automatic production of croquet balls.

Cockroaches esteem as a delicacy the paste that holds the binding of books together. They consume it with gusto, leaving unsightly spots on the binding. The flying

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termite, too, has literary tastes. He will start at one end of a row of books and eat his way through to the last appendix. I knew of one erudite colony of *Coptotermes* that thus perused an entire set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. And of course there are silverfish and clothes moths and other creatures whose habits I haven't investigated.

The dwarfish Island scorpion and the big and lively centipede are not as dangerous as they look; the sting of the former and the bite of the latter are about as painful as a bee sting. They inhabit gardens and greenhouses but have an instinct for exploration or for coming in out of the rain. Scorpions creep in between sheets of old paper or among clothes that are laid away in drawers. Centipedes are more chummy. They get into bed with you and bite you when you roll over on them. I knew a navy officer, of somewhat eccentric tastes, who used to tame both scorpions and centipedes and who became quite fond of his odd pets. It is true that a scorpion can be lifted gently in the palm of the hand with impunity, but I can't recommend the practice. There's always the possibility that the scorpion may misunderstand one's peaceful intentions.

The big spider—known colloquially as the doorknob spider because of his size and his habit of remaining motionless on the wall for long intervals—is harmless and indeed beneficial, despite the fright he gives to strangers who mistake him for a tarantula. Though he can't be called sociable he's really a friend in his quiet way: he keeps down many more harmful creatures. He has an appetite to match his size. I've seen one attack a full-grown centipede.

Another friend, and a more attractive one, is the small lizard that darts around lighting fixtures, snapping up flies and winged termites. A visiting pianist was startled out

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of four octaves when one of these little reptiles fell from the ceiling and landed on the keys. But they are really in-offensive and help to exterminate insects. When approached gently they are fairly tame. Sitting very still, while reading, I have had a lizard run up my arm and perch on my shoulder, guarding me from mosquitoes.

Islanders do what they can to exterminate cockroaches and termites, and small boys grind centipedes under their bare heels, but considerable tolerance is exhibited. On my first working evening in Honolulu I went out to lunch with an old resident of the city. Very few restaurants were open at night in those years, and we went to a humble café in Bethel Street. When we were served I called my companion's attention to the ants that were running a lively foot race around the rim of his coffee cup—doubtless because the dishwasher had neglected to remove the residue of sugar left by some earlier customer. “That's nothing,” he replied. “Just so it isn't a centipede—they splash so!”

With all its brisk modernity, Honolulu is still the sort of place where stories can originate like the one about the statue that took a taxi ride.

There are several stories about the statue of Kamehameha the First. To begin with, the tall bronze that stands in front of the Judiciary Building in Honolulu isn't the original. It's a copy. When it was being modeled by Thomas R. Gould, in Florence, there was some discontent in the district of Kohala because the sculpture was to be set up in Honolulu instead of in Kamehameha's home neighborhood, where Kohala people felt it belonged. A kahuna of that district said, “Wait and see. Kamehameha will come to Kohala.”

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The original was shipped on the German barque *G. F. Haendel*, of Bremen, in September 1880. The *Haendel* caught fire and sank off the Falkland Islands. A junk dealer salvaged Kamehameha and set him up on the beach at Port Stanley, in the Falklands, but for more than a year he had no takers. In December 1881 the ship *Earl of Dalhousie* touched at Port Stanley on the way to Honolulu with Portuguese laborers for the plantations. Captain Jarvis of the *Earl of Dalhousie* paid a hundred pounds for the statue and took it to Honolulu, where he arrived March 30, 1882. The Hawaiian government bought it for £175 and installed it in Kohala, the district of Kamehameha's birth. And the kahuna said, "Didn't I tell you?"

But they say in Kohala that the statue had to be moved slightly. At first the face of Kamehameha was staring right into a house across the way. People who lived in the house hurt themselves or fell ill or suffered business losses. The Conqueror's gaze was too strong for them. They never did have any luck until he was turned around to face in another direction.

But my story is about the copy that stands in front of the Judiciary Building in Honolulu. The proceeds of insurance on the lost original paid for it, and most visitors think it's the only one there is. Of course it doesn't look like Kamehameha, as anyone can see from the actual portrait in the Palace, although a Hawaiian posed for the sculptor. But it represents him in spirit.

It's not my story, really; I hasten to lay the responsibility upon the taxi driver who said the incident happened to him. I heard it on a night watch at sea below the Line, from a man to whom the taxi driver had told it. And here is the story:

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The driver, who, if I remember correctly, was called Joe, was cruising along King Street, after taking a passenger home, sometime after midnight. As he passed the courthouse he saw a figure standing at the curb, with hand upraised, and stopped. The night was dark, and he couldn't see the man clearly, but Joe knew by the way he spoke that he was a Hawaiian. The passenger told him to drive to the Pali.

This order was not necessarily surprising, as people drive to the Pali at all times of day or night, for the view or just for the ride. The cab operator took his passenger to that historic spot and parked there until the man had looked long enough, then headed back for town.

He was a bit surprised when his passenger said he wanted to go to the courthouse. But he was more surprised when he got there. By this time the belated moon was up above the trees, and it shone full on the pedestal where the statue ought to be. And the statue wasn't there.

This in itself startled him. But the next thing he knew, his passenger had alighted from the cab and was climbing up on the pedestal, and he saw that it was the bronze Kamehameha himself.

“I was so flabbergasted,” said Joe, “that I stepped on the gas and drove away as fast as the old jalopy would take me, and I clean forgot to collect the fare.”

I had finished a talk before a group at Wellesley and was answering questions from the audience.

“What,” inquired one listener, “do people do for amusement in Honolulu?”

My reply probably wasn't very comprehensive. After all, there are concerts in Honolulu, and art exhibitions, and

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evenings of conversation. There are night clubs, cocktail parties, and dances, as there are elsewhere. As it happened, most of the recreations that occurred to me at the moment were outdoor sports.

“It sounds,” my questioner commented, “frightfully suburban!”

CHAPTER XXXIV

O Lotus Nights, O Easeful Pools of Stars!

DREAMLESS, yet breeding dreams, the coconut palms mount the golden ladder of light. The striding sun, whom the demigod Maui snared in the great crater across the channel, hangs poised over Barber's Point and plunges abruptly into the sea. And "the yellow edge of night," the eighth breath of the god Kane, creeps over sea and land.

Night in Honolulu is soft and furry and mysterious, despite the glow of neon, the hum of motors, the voices, and the trampling of feet on paved streets. The familiar scene takes on an altered aspect, scented delicately with fragrances of flowers and fruit and the salty breath of the sea. Footfalls of half-forgotten gods move through the velvet shadows where the waves lap lightly against the modern piers.

Harbor lights wink rhythmically on and off, like some endlessly repeated message in code. Shafts of yellow radiance fan out across the water from freighters moored in Kapalama Basin; rows of portholes gleam from the

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liner that lies at the foot of Fort Street. The masts of the schooner-yacht that arrived lately from the deeper-south sea rise dark against the sky. Off to the left, where the reef curves past the crouching bulk of Diamond Head, flare the torches of fishermen. And far out, rising and falling and winking out behind the swells, the little, lonely lamps of belated sampans twinkle between the twin vastnesses of sea and sky.

Somewhere a song wails into the night, weaving a somber melody around the muttering throb of strings; the syllables fall petal-soft in the round Hawaiian tongue.

And you feel again that catch in the throat, that burning behind the eyelids, that quickening of heart and breath. You laugh at yourself for it, reminding yourself that all this is just so much romantic nonsense. But it gets you, just the same.

FOR ONE LEAVING THE BRIGHT ISLANDS

*You will remember the shadowy rivers of twilight
pouring like dark winds over the bright land.*

*You will remember the swift, fierce thrust of palms
into the deep violet flow of evening,
into the spinning burnished disk of the moon.*

*You will catch breath, then, and choke back a sob, hearing
again the low plash and chatter of waves,
hearing far thunder glooming over the coral—
ghostly and dim the far-off thunder booming
in the shadowy flood of dusk.*

. *(Music quivers in the warm dusk of your hair,
your lips are bright with dawn;
your beauty flows like a dark wind
over the troubled landscape of the day.)*

•

O Lotus Nights, O Easeful Pools of Stars!

*Pray then to the twelve dark winds of Kane,
pray to the restless insistent waves of the sea,
pray to the violent strong upthrusting mountains
and the great bubble-striped sunset sky
that you may taste again the shadowy rivers of twilight
under the darkening palm fronds, hearing far thunder
muttering, chanting afar in the magic of evening,
and sad guitar notes dripping like summer rain
under the amber cadence of the moon.*

UA PAU KA OLELO

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